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ANNE-MARIE-LOUISE D'ORLÉANS

THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Memoirs of
LA GRANDE MADemoISELLE
Duchesse de Montpensier

TRANSLATED BY
GRACE HART SEELY



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TO
Mademoiselle Marguerite d'Alés
MILLE AMITIÉS

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THE MEMOIRS OF LA GRANDE
MADEMOISELLE

1627-1693

THE MEMOIRS OF LA GRANDE MADEMOISELLE

Biographical Sketch

THREE hundred years ago, in the gracious land of France, there lived an incurably romantic woman, Anne-Marie-Louise d'Orléans, the granddaughter of Henri IV of France, the niece of the reigning king, Louis XIII, and the greatest heiress of early seventeenth-century Europe. Strangely enough, this most accomplished social being failed to achieve any one of the suitable and splendid marriages planned for her. We shall never know exactly why. Through birth and personality she was cast for a principal rôle in the drama of seventeenth-century court life, but, either because of the lack of support from the other performers or the overacting of her own part, she was forced merely to watch the play from the wings.

Mademoiselle, in court parlance, or La Grande Mademoiselle as she is known to history because of her height, was the daughter of Gaston, Duc d'Or-

léans, that son of Henry the Great who, inheriting few of his father's superb qualities, has been remembered only because of his adventures in conspiracy. So detestable were these adventures, one marvels that he was tolerated at all. For Gaston d'Orléans was, to quote Sainte-Beuve, "the soul of all the political intrigues directed against Cardinal de Richelieu," while he ceaselessly compromised his friends and abandoned to tragic fates the men who had worn his colors. "The lives of his friends did not weigh a feather in the balance against a few provinces and a rolling drum." This traitor-prince was exiled from court during the childhood of his daughter, who, bereft of her mother, the Duchesse de Montpensier, was reared at the palace of the Tuileries amid all the luxury and pomp befitting her rank and fortune and under the occasional scrutiny of King Louis XIII and his queen, Anne of Austria.

In that early seventeenth-century day, people disagreed about what a young girl ought or ought not to know. Since learning often meant affectation, cultivation rather than education was the requisite of that critical age. A young girl who showed signs of marked intelligence affected a gentleman with dismay, so that the *jeunes filles* even of the highest nobility were often incredibly ignorant and

knew little of study save writing and the making of reverences. Such in matters of education was Anne-Marie-Louise d'Orléans, Duchesse de Montpensier.

For her cultivation she was taught the remnants of the polite manners brought from Italy by François I. She "adored" poetry, she sang in a manner termed "impassioned." From her earliest days she was afflicted with delusions of grandeur. She thought of herself as an Olympian goddess, born too late. Had she lived in this day of Freudianism, she would have been interesting psychologically.

As a personality La Grande Mademoiselle is arresting. Her supreme self-confidence, her awareness of herself as a dramatic figure, her superb belief in her ability to manage unerringly a life of achievement and splendor—these qualities, more than education or cultivation, were her equipment for meeting the crowded years of an intricate court life. She early formed the habit of catching happiness as and when it flies. She took life in swift, exhilarating drafts. The present was unquestionably good, but the future was to be a magnificent adventure. The promising and brilliant years ahead beckoned. Never would she, like the foolish virgin of the empty lamp, permit Opportunity to knock at her door and pass unheeded. Rather, Opportunity

should do her bidding. Was she not the happy princess of blood royal who consistently knew what she wanted, and by the divine right of kings should she not have it? She was radiant in her acceptance of this conviction. For this she would have a clear-eyed readiness.

At the tender age of nine years La Grande Mademoiselle attended evening fêtes—in particular the court theater, for which, like all true Frenchmen, she cherished a passion. All that she knew of history was gained from the tragedies given at this theater, so that Corneille was perhaps her greatest teacher. She loved the play because she saw in it her own dreams and wishes, all her longings to be great and worthy of her royal house. In this day the court and the comedies were inseparable—comedies in which love in fantastic forms took possession of the stage. Thus, Mademoiselle learned the lessons of life and of the world from the court plays as well as from the salons established by the *précieuses*, those charming women who “kept the school of manners” and touched with subtle refinement the morals and conversations of the day. Here Mademoiselle learned to curb her “impetuosities,” to delight in the “delicate mannerisms” of the “adorable Madame de Rambouillet.”

All who attended these salons were in love or pretended to be; they greeted one another by asking archly, "And pray, madame, what think you of love to-day?" As Mademoiselle thought very well and very frequently of it, she early decided to devote her talents and her life to the perfection of this particular art. Love might be a sort of madness, but it should be for her, nevertheless, the intensely vital thing, life's supremely good gift. So it was she came to believe one of her proud ancestry had only to reach out and seize happiness; that she was by birth and wealth and intelligence so superior a creature that every crowned gentleman in Europe, bachelor or widower, would be eager to place his coronet upon her attractive ash-blond hair. Thus she was happy in her extraordinary way.

In September, 1638, her cousin Louis XIV was born at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, and of herself at the age of eleven she says, "I went to see him every day and I called him my little husband," whereupon Cardinal de Richelieu, her godfather, reprimanded her and sent her back to Paris. "He talks to me as if I were a little girl," she complained to her governess; yet she grew more and more frightened at the "scorching splendor of the cardinal." Although Mademoiselle was older than the dauphin by eleven

years, Queen Anne repeatedly said to her, "You shall be my daughter-in-law," so that the idea of becoming Queen of France was firmly fixed in her mind at this early age, when she was known to possess "untrammelled ways" and to have some knowledge about everything, an everything colored by a lively if erratic imagination.

By the time she was sixteen, Mademoiselle "of the almond-shaped blue eyes" had become, in spite of constant flattery, a girl of peculiar personal attraction, imposing her will on all about her, treading the beaten path of court functions, smiling a bit fatuously at the things life held for her, and facing the world with an unmistakable flourish. At this age she was preoccupied with only the surface of life. Her world was compounded of pomp and glamour, of festivities and adulation, of cardinals and courtiers. She led a life of "beautifully complex frivolities." There was no one to tell her that there was a more serious world. "There never were so many balls," she confides to her memoirs, and "I went to all of them. Whenever I appeared I put all the court in good humor." For with the death of Louis XIII (May, 1643) Anne of Austria, leading her son to parliament, had been declared queen-regent, with "full, entire, and absolute authority." Within

twenty-four hours she had appointed Cardinal Mazarin Chief of Council, and Paris enjoyed itself with characteristic abandon. What could be more natural for this picturesque princess than to give her complete attention to amusements and, in particular, to her marriage projects?

Taught by Corneille, La Grande Mademoiselle believed her marriage should be dictated by reason rather than by inclination, so that when in 1644 Philip IV of Spain became a widower, she foresaw for herself *un mariage de raison* and was confident that her high destiny of queen lay within her grasp. She spent her days in watching for the Spanish envoy who might arrive momentarily to ask for her hand and her vast estates. She realized that she would not have the support of Cardinal Mazarin in the accomplishment of this marriage, as he would remember that this King of Spain was an enemy to France, but she hoped that the queen-regent would assist her in the alliance, especially when an occasion presented itself in the person of the queen's brother. Such a hope was vain. "They flattered us with this honor, and . . . our good faith was such that we did not perceive their lack of sincerity." This situation may seem theatrical, but for Mademoiselle it was governed by an element of grim reality, for the

greatly desired Spanish king allied himself with an Austrian house and the Duchesse de Montpensier began to learn that life was a complicated affair.

The troubles of the English royal family provided the undaunted Anne-Marie-Louise with a more sure and serious suitor. The wife of the soon-to-be-decapitated Charles I of England, Queen Henriette-Marie de France, to whom the French monarchs gave the hospitality of the Louvre in Paris during her exile, suddenly conceived the idea of marrying Mademoiselle de Montpensier, her niece, to her son, the future Charles II of England. They chanced to be of the same age. Moreover, the vast Montpensier wealth would bring needed money to the unstable English royal house. This ex-queen assured Mademoiselle that her son would certainly overcome all obstacles and thus would seat her as queen upon the English throne.

La Grande Mademoiselle played with this idea but not enthusiastically. This timid, half-starved scion of English royalty did not possess the exalted sentiments and sure intelligence of a hero of Corneille, after whom she had patterned her consort. His future was too dark and threatening to be alluring. She was not at all eager to hazard her wealth in the hope of conquering his kingdom, saying suc-

cinctly, "When I had lost my wealth and he, perhaps, his kingdom, what would life hold for me?" Moreover, this Prince of Wales could not speak French, and a dumb lover is a dull affair. Nevertheless Mademoiselle was enjoying a mild flirtation with this eager and exiled prince, when word was brought to the French court of the death of the Empress of Ferdinand III.

The Emperor Ferdinand a widower! Destiny! So confident now was Mademoiselle de Montpensier of becoming an empress that she smiled at the Prince of Wales in a cold, aloof manner and dismissed his suit. So outspoken was she in her hopes of an imperial marriage that the flattering courtiers about her, taking advantage of her unusual credulity, told her that not only the court of Vienna but all the courts of Europe desired an alliance with her.

"And why not?" one hears her ask. "Am I not the 'Granddaughter of France,' to whom the gods have decreed the whole of life, not just its fringes? And shall I meet this abundant life as Queen of England or as Queen of France or as Empress?" She decided that so far-reaching a decision demanded meditation. She retired to the convent of the Carmelites at Saint-Denis, where during eight days she gave her thoughts to *le bon Dieu*. Then she

emerged resolute in her choice: "The desire to be an empress followed me wherever I journeyed, even when serving God."

Thus the adulation of court life and the glitter of an imperial crown blinded her eyes and she lost her sense of values. In her desire for diadems she now let fall the only crown—the English one—ever safely within her hand. Now golden Opportunity, wearing a gray, graceless garment, knocked at her door and passed unheeded.

There were times when she was unwise, even ridiculous. This was one of them; for now, growing suspicious of the diplomacy of Cardinal Mazarin and impatient at the emperor's delay or indifference, Mademoiselle listened to the proposals of M. de Saujon, a soldier in the service of Gaston d'Orléans, relative to the possible negotiation of her marriage—an unprecedented thing for a private individual to do, however great her rank.

While serving in Flanders, with the opportunity of journeys into Germany, M. de Saujon began certain intrigues, evidently without Mademoiselle's knowledge, with the view of privately forwarding this marriage with the Emperor Ferdinand or, failing that, with his brother, the Archduke Leopold.

M. de Saujon was maladroit. He was arrested and imprisoned, Ferdinand married an Austrian princess, Mademoiselle, "haughty and unashamed," had a violent tête-à-tête with the queen-regent and Mazarin, and Anne-Marie-Louise d'Orléans found herself a prisoner at the Tuileries, with orders that none might be admitted to her presence.

Here, for the first time in her breathless, head-long years, this terribly alone young girl knew the chilling sense of failure. Here she imagined herself an object of ridicule to all those who failed to see the real loneliness of her position. Yet she was firm in her conviction, both now and in after years, that but for the inaction of the queen and the cardinal and the indifference of her father to her future *établissement*, or marriage alliance, she would have been affianced to the emperor.

Mademoiselle had, however, the sympathy of all classes of Parisians. It was known that she had denied any knowledge of the intercepted and incriminating letter found on the person of M. de Saujon and that she had defended herself calmly and courageously. They resented her imprisonment. The nobles believed that all these matrimonial failures were due to the secret hostility of Cardinal Mazarin,

while the people, to whom this haughty princess loved to condescend, acclaimed her by naming her the "Princess of the People."

A few months later Mademoiselle emerged to play a rôle in the political arena, firmly convinced after many bitter meditations that a member of her house of Orléans, according to the history lessons of a century, was "better fitted to carry a lance than to hold a distaff." She might not possess the talent single-handed to achieve a suitable husband, but she would justify her title of "Granddaughter of France."

The wars of the Fronde—the name given to the political intrigues of the mid-seventeenth century during the minority of Louis XIV—were until the Revolution of 1789 the last struggle of the French nobles against the encroachments of absolute monarchy. They gave La Grande Mademoiselle her opportunity. She was not alone in her hostility to the despotic minister of Queen Anne. Many of the nobles believed that Cardinal Mazarin was draining the state coffers for his personal glory, threatening the political rights of the nobility and of the parliament, and taxing the people unendurably. The well-known infatuation of the queen for her minister fanned the flame of hostility.

The quarrels between the court and the parliament relative to taxes and prerogatives became each day more serious, while the people of Paris grew restless, angry. Thus the Parliament of Paris, under the pretext of lessening the injustice to the people, ranged itself on the side of all these discontented ones, and when Mazarin, in an attempted coup d'état, ordered the arrest of two of the popular magistrates, a general revolt broke out (August 26, 1648). The army of the Fronde led by the Prince de Condé blockaded and defended Paris against the royal army under the command of M. de Turenne.

The great threw in their lot with the small. The aristocracy led the way, in feathered hats and satin doublets. The people armed themselves for street fighting, erected barricades, and forced the queen and her son and her minister to leave Paris. They took refuge at Poitiers, supported by an army led by Turenne, while Gaston, after attempting to play the part of mediator between the queen-regent and Cardinal Mazarin on the one hand and the Prince de Condé and the party of the Fronde on the other, finally gave his support to the latter and was declared *Lieutenant-Général* of the kingdom.

It was a day when women possessed power by reason of their charm and beauty. If they reigned in

politics, why not in *les affaires militaires*? So the wars of the Fronde have been called a "ladies' war" because of the number of women who marched in the army or influenced the government at the Hôtel-de-Ville, the headquarters for the party of the Fronde.

Meanwhile La Grande Mademoiselle saw the uprisings in the streets and the barricades erected around the Palais-Royal, the symbols of the popular opposition to the government which had humiliated her, and she determined to take the side of the people. Thus she would signalize her sympathy with them—these people whose fancy her grandfather, the great Henry of Navarre, had captured. She, too, would win them, fight with them if need be, and "conquer glory." Once more she wears her old superb air of self-assurance—the anger of the queen, the opposition of Mazarin, the indifference of the emperor forgotten.

These disorders of the Fronde spread to the provinces now ravaged by marching bands of soldiers. The king's army was advancing toward Orléans, the appanage of the house of Orléans. Its citizens sent word to Gaston d'Orléans of their need of his aid were they to maintain their allegiance to him and his party of the Fronde. He refused to go,

himself, but he gave his consent that his daughter should go in his place, to the aid of their city. This adventure and her later influence in Paris gained through it gave to Mademoiselle the right to live in history.

In March, 1652, she took the road to Orléans, accompanied by lords and ladies, light cavalry, and raw recruits. She wore a gleaming helmet à l'*Amazone* and a gray habit "covered with military lace of pure gold." She rode at the head of an army which, led by the thrill of her enthusiasm, thought her "every inch a handsome queen and soldier," while her *en avants* and martial attractiveness almost put the regiment out of step. All Orléans climbed upon its walls at her approach, to watch this maneuver. She gained entrance to the city, and only just in time, for the next morning the army of the king was knocking at the gates. "I let *les Mazarins* know that I was mistress of Orléans," as, indeed, she was. Drums greeted the entry of the "new Maid of Orléans"; she held a council of war at which she told the people why the nobles had risen to drive out Cardinal Mazarin. The disorder was quelled; the populace acclaimed her.

"Every one kissed my hands," she wrote, while "I nearly died with laughter to see myself in so

amusing a situation." This military adventure may seem to-day a scene from *opéra-bouffe*, yet it was Mademoiselle's one exultant hour in a whole lifetime of defeat. She lived in a golden haze of adulation. Upon her return to Paris there was only one cry: "*Vive la petite-fille de la France*," while the army gave a magnificent fête in her honor. Meanwhile the Prince de Condé in frequent conversations told her that peace must soon be made and led her to believe that her marriage with the future Louis XIV might be one of its conditions.

Not only was La Grande Mademoiselle acclaimed by the people but her palace of the Tuileries rather than the queen's Palais-Royal was now the social center of Paris. It was easy to believe that she was the "one best fitted to share the throne of France." She knew that crowns had been won on battle-fields. She appears at the court fêtes in company with the dauphin, now fourteen years old and already showing promise of the royal presence of the Sun-King. She realizes that this future Louis XIV fears rather than loves her, and yet why should he not prefer a marriage with her, his cousin whom he knows and likes, though she is eleven years his senior, to one with an unknown foreign princess? Why not, in-

deed? And so, in her profound self-confidence Mademoiselle determines "to espouse the King of France" and persuades herself that he intends to espouse her, although there is no evidence that he ever considered this marriage.

A patient passivity was foreign to Mademoiselle's impulsive nature. This marriage must happen soon, soon. At the salons she had learned that one dared colossally for so worthy a thing as love, and at this very moment the Prince de Condé offered her this dare. His army of the people was at the gates of the city, hard pressed by the royal army led by Turenne. A dissension among the Frondeurs had prevented these troops from entering the city the evening before. Mademoiselle—so the Prince de Condé said—must use her unquestioned influence at the Hôtel-de-Ville. The gates of the city must be opened to Condé and his army, now threatened with annihilation by the army of Turenne, superior in numbers.

So it happens that La Grande Mademoiselle, as if to furnish one more proof of her power with the people, as if to convince the young king of the wisdom of an alliance with the princess of his subjects, drives to the Hôtel-de-Ville and with magnificent vehemence influences the city authorities to open the

gates to Condé and his soldiers, "while all the men in the square shout with joy and all the women weep their tenderness."

She does more. Now she hurries to the Bastille, to watch this battle at the gates in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. It is a fearful one and appears to be going to Turenne and the royal cavalry. Condé and his men are fighting for their lives. Quickly she orders the cannon of the Bastille to be turned upon the king's army. The Parisians refuse nothing to their princess. The army of the Fronde marches into Paris. The Prince de Condé and his troops are saved and acclaim her as their savior, but La Grande Mademoiselle is lost. For the din of this acclaim reaches the ear of the king. It is disturbing. It holds too much of challenge to that world of Paris which must belong to him alone; too much of adulation for Mademoiselle rather than allegiance to his Majesty.

"*Voilà*," jeered Mazarin; "those cannon-balls have killed a husband." Indeed, the king never quite forgave Mademoiselle her part in the battle at the Saint-Antoine Gate nor forgot the sound of the cannon of the Bastille, turned by her orders upon the army of her sovereign.

Immediately there followed a letter from this

soon-to-be-crowned king, advising Anne-Marie-Louise d'Orléans, Duchesse de Montpensier, that he was returning to Paris permanently; that he had need of the palace of the Tuileries to lodge his brother; that he would require her to leave the court within twenty-four hours.

Unhappy Mademoiselle!—banished from the only home she had ever known, which recently she had expected to leave only to enter the Palais-Royal as Queen of France. Never again would she take cities and be acclaimed by the populace. Never would she be Queen of France. She knew now that a precious thing was dropping from her hands which she might never recover. It was the type of defeat that demanded all her magnificent defiance of misfortune.

Within the stipulated time this royal duchess fled from Paris in a hired coach “to hide her too-much grief” in her ancestral château of Saint-Fargeau, a forlorn place, half in ruins, in the valley of the Loing. Here this intense, impulsive, likable girl of twenty-five, walking about the decaying moat of her medieval castle, whispered desolately to herself: “What else in life is there? What takes the place of the things one loses?” At Paris life rushed on and on without her. At Saint-Fargeau, “the greatest desert

in the world," life was stagnant, a bleak disillusion, an overwhelming solitude.

Yet cannot one make an art of solitude and unhappiness? She will try. She sends to Paris for her architect, Le Vau, and lives uncomplainingly in an attic while he carves stately windows out of ponderous walls, turns a vast room into an adequate if chilly theater, raises broad steps to a broader terrace from which one discovers a charming view. While she awaits these alterations she learns through letters and the court "Gazette," arriving twice a week, that the dauphin has been solemnly crowned as Louis XIV (June, 1654) and that life is one long festivity at the court where the "first cousin of the king" may not appear.

Eh, bien! But the Duchesse de Montpensier must not be forgotten. Life at Saint-Fargeau must be as gay as a dance tune. She sends to England for a pack of hounds to enliven the hunting, to the Tuileries for her violins, that all may dance; she engages a troupe of comedians, for "I can no longer live without the plays." The succession of visitors who come from the court to Saint-Fargeau bears witness to Mademoiselle's popularity and the enjoyment of her unfailing gaiety. Before her arrival at Saint-Fargeau, books were for her an uncharted sea. Now she

A page from the original Mémoires in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

develops a passion for reading, especially the fashionable romances of her day.

"I am a very ignorant creature," she wrote. "Henceforth I am going to apply myself and see if it be possible to like a thing from deliberate determination." She played out-of-door games and when wearied withdrew to write in her book of *Mémoires*¹ with a refreshing naturalness and a lack of restraint which give color and value to this picture of her day. There are times, however, when she becomes so digressive that it has been necessary to make considerable abridgment of the memoirs as given in the following chapters.

There followed weeks disquieted by disagreements with her father over the management of her estates during her minority. For Gaston d'Orléans, likewise exiled from court during this period, was living at his château of Blois upon a pension which became inadequate as his gambling debts became pressing. It was helpful to have his daughter's resilient exchequer close at hand. Thus the days at Saint-Fargeau were troubled by the arrival of his messengers, bringing for Mademoiselle de Montpensier's signature documents which she did not

¹ These memoirs were begun in 1653, discontinued in 1660, resumed in 1677, and definitely abandoned in 1688, five years before her death.

understand but which she suspected gave away to her father more of her wealth than even the parental authority of that seventeenth-century day would justify. Mademoiselle therefore, with the aid of a secretary-steward, became interested for the first time in the management of her vast fortune.

These differences with her father continued throughout her five years of exile at Saint-Fargeau, during which she "suffered much." Then there were the small intrigues and unpleasantnesses among her ladies in waiting, and the weather was often rude, and always there was that insistent inner struggle which had to do with her passionate need for excitement, her restless spirit, her hungry heart. Must she restrain forever those emotions by which she wished to live? Why must life be so much less romantic than her swift surging dream of it? The "Gazette" told of a new ballet the king was dancing to the music of Jean-Baptiste-Lulli, and the court fêtes were becoming magnificent indeed. Why must she care so deeply for this world of color and swirl which was passing her by?

She would go upon a journey—traveling with an imposing equipage and a train of baggage-mules—to Amboise, to Tours, to Forges-les-Eaux, the fashionable watering-place of her day. Everywhere she

was "treated most magnificently . . . and not like a demoiselle in banishment." She would give a splendid dinner at Chilly in honor of her aunt the Queen of England, who had written that she wished to visit her. A highly successful day it proved, for many of the courtiers crowded out from Paris to pay their respects to the English queen but in reality to honor La Grande Mademoiselle with their homage. The whole joyous occasion centered about her.

As she journeyed back to Saint-Fargeau by way of Saint-Cloud, that she might get a fleeting glimpse of her beloved Paris, she learned that her father, now on friendly terms with the king, had had an interview with the cardinal. It seemed that Gaston d'Orléans, as agreeable as he could be but seldom was, had persuaded Mazarin that Mademoiselle should be asked to return to court and make her peace with royalty. It was so sudden as to be almost incredible, but it was true. She was invited to rejoin the court at Sedan, where the king and the queen-regent were watching Turenne's campaign against the Spaniards.

Across Champagne, desolate with twenty years of warfare with Spain, she traveled along almost impassable roads, fording dangerous rivers, in constant fear of raids from the near-by enemy. At Rheims

she was met by a strong escort of cavalry sent by Mazarin to convey her and two cart-loads of money for the king in safety to Sedan. Thus it happened that she was surrounded by the same "military pomp as if it had guarded the person of a king." As she reached the court the troops gave her a military salute, while trumpets sounded "in a manner sufficiently triumphant." The queen and her ladies, the king arriving on horseback from the siege of Montmêdy, his brother, Philippe d'Anjou, the cardinal—all paid her delicate compliments, while the courtiers bowed ceremoniously before her.

Life, after all, wore a cap and bells. And when on the last day of that year of 1657 she drove impressively through the streets of Paris to take up her residence in the palace of the Luxembourg, the people of Paris greeted their princess with unfeigned enthusiasm. They had not forgotten their dashing heroine of the Fronde—the granddaughter of their great Henri, the king whom the Frenchman does not forget.

Never so merry a winter as that which followed. Ballets and comedies, lotteries and masquerades, all of which the king and his brother Philippe and Mademoiselle attended, hurrying behind masks, often on foot through the streets, from one ball to

another. The young monarch had not yet conceived his passion for pompous attire and apprehensive wigs. The etiquette of this period was informal and infectious, in vivid contrast to the ceremony and precision of the Spanish court with which French royalty was soon to become acquainted.

For Cardinal Mazarin, now at the height of his power, has brought to an end twenty-five years of warfare with Spain by the Peace of the Pyrenees and is completing, on a scale almost too magnificent for his frugal soul, the wedding arrangements of his monarch with Maria Theresa, daughter of the Spanish king. The details of these marriage negotiations run as a scarlet thread through Mademoiselle's memoirs during this period of festivity on the Spanish frontier. And so the court departs for Saint-Jean-de-Luz, where, after wearisome waiting, this marriage is solemnized in the little church of Saint-Jean-Baptiste (June 2, 1660).

La Grande Mademoiselle returned to the Luxembourg, a woman of thirty-three,—a truly advanced age as ages went in that day,—who possessed all the glittering good things of life but whose thirst for real things was unsatisfied. The coronet of queen's gold had eluded her. Very well, she would live luxuriously contented at this palace and struggle to for-

get the lonely intensity of her life. At least she would not retire to a convent—the unfailing French solace for the followers of Saint-Catherine. She enjoyed society too much for that, even though she was a bit weary of the purposeless pleasures and elegant depravities of court life. Indeed, she valued highly her personal freedom. For now she had the favor of the king, while her father's recent death had removed the menace of parental authority.

The suggestion that she marry the king's brother Philippe interested her but little. In fact, she had decided not to marry. Friendship was so much better, less selfish, less exacting. Rather, she would found a salon and encourage the *air galant* in conversation. And indeed the salon of La Grande Mademoiselle, according to Arvède Barine, "became the first in Paris, the most interesting, the most recherché." Among its habituées were Madame de Sévigné, that aristocrat who didn't know how to be dull, and Madame de la Fayette, accompanied by the elegant if cynical La Rochefoucauld.

On an August evening in 1669 Mademoiselle gave a magnificent fête, and when many of the guests had departed, "Tartuffe," still under the ban of the church, was played by Molière and his company, for which piece of superb acting Mademoi-

selle paid three hundred francs. These ten years during which she played her spontaneous rôle of *salonnière* were perhaps her best. She felt less out of drawing with her times; cared little that there were people at court who referred to her as "*La vieille Mademoiselle*"; forgot, in spirited conversation, her dwindling prestige as a matrimonial prize in the political world of Europe.

But Louis XIV had not forgotten. He held the old monarchical principle relative to the marriages of royal princesses. Sentiment was to be encouraged only as the *sauce piquante* for the dull fare of political progress. He decided to marry his cousin according to "the service of the king."

Cardinal Mazarin would have known the most alluring way to present this decision to Mademoiselle, but the cardinal is dead. So the king sends M. de Turenne, a worthy soldier but a maladroit diplomat, to bear the royal command: the Duchesse de Montpensier is to marry Alfonso VI, King of Portugal. He is a youth of twenty years, deformed, decadent, an *alcoholic terrible*. By this marriage the French king means to give support to Portugal, whose independence is threatened by Spain. The Peace of the Pyrenees prevents open warfare.

Hence, this marriage alliance. Disobedience to the king's wishes means exile.

Ten years and again the road to Saint-Fargeau. However much the Duchesse de Montpensier might want life and its candle, splendor, and power, she did not want this repellent marriage, this tawdry destiny. Yet how arbitrary these decrees of Destiny or of the king! Were these terms interchangeable?

Saint-Fargeau is intolerably dull. Its inescapable loneliness, its encompassing desolation of miles of marsh and forest land are a cruel contrast to the magnificent court fêtes or the incomparable comedies of Molière as played in her salon of the Luxembourg. Her courage fails before this vast solitude; this fear of the future stretching before her. Life is an inscrutable thing. And Charles II has been crowned at Westminster and has married a Portuguese princess. Even foggy England were better than this, for the king is endeavoring to make England forget Cromwell by dazzling it with court festivities. These her rebellious thoughts, while her vital gaiety is overwhelmed by moods of black melancholy. Deep within her, something—a fine faith, perhaps—is stricken by this injustice. Is her life to go on and on . . . ?

With the courage of despair she wrote to M. Colbert, begging him to intercede for her with the king. There was no reply. Then she wrote to the king. "I said everything I could to oblige him to permit me to return." After months of waiting, in May, 1664, Mademoiselle received the letter with the royal seal, "I willingly forget the past and permit you to come here," it said. A month later she reached Fontainebleau. The entire court met her upon the highway. She was generously fêted. The king said most graciously: "The past must be forgotten. Be persuaded that you will receive all good treatment from me in the future."

Mademoiselle returned to her palace of the Luxembourg with her bearing as characteristically proud as ever, but her voice was tinged with cynicism as she said, "One has so many friends when one returns." The last hard years had told their story on her illusions, her unquenchable spirit, her fearless self-confidence. Perhaps she would never have to feel anything again.

And suddenly a strange, almost miraculous thing happened. One day while the court was being entertained at Fontainebleau with a military review she saw an officer of her own age, small of stature but carrying his point with "such hauteur." It was the

Marquis de Péguilin. Fearlessly he rode; magnificently he bowed before the king. He was disquieting. And Mademoiselle, with all her romantic feeling dead,—so she had told herself,—knew that she loved him and that she had never loved any one before. It was as sudden as that. After so many months of loneliness it was astonishing what spring could do to one even at forty, for nothing had been like this. It was as overwhelming as an army with banners. One does not always choose with whom one will fall in love.

And this Antonin Nompar de Caumont, Marquis de Péguilin, whom the world knew as the Duc de Lauzun? He was almost all the things that one dislikes in human nature,—arrogant, selfishly ambitious, at times insolent,—but he had the irresistible gift of charm, a manner which could lure the birds from the trees. In his ardent intercourse with life, he had known all the vices of his day. He was versatile in the French manner. He had a flair for intrigue; the extent of his vanity was colossal; he was offensively proud; he told the truth selectively. “He was one of the smallest men God ever made,” but since the age of fourteen he had followed the *métier d’armes* with distinction and a splendid courage. Turenne had praised his bravery at Oudenarde,

while his military exploits at the siege of Dôle, where he had led a night attack in the presence of Louis XIV, had brought their recompense in April, 1670, when the King appointed him *Colonel-Général* of the Dragoons, a new charge created in his favor. Shortly afterward, Louis XIV made him one of the four "*capitaines de la première et ancienne compagnie française les gardes du corps du Roi*," and at the marriage of his monarch this Marquis de Péguilin, as one of the gentlemen *au bec de corbin*, marched at the right of the king, carrying the *bâton bleu*.

To the Duchesse de Montpensier he was more fascinating than any one she had ever known. As she talked with him she liked his conversation, she liked the gay high-handedness beneath his gallant manner; and when he smiled . . . ! "Finally, he pleased me," she wrote, "and I loved him passionately."

Up to this time marriage had been for her purely a political matter. She remembered those teachings of Corneille,—the strength of the will in overcoming the passions of the heart,—and now . . . this. She imagined what life with him would be like. She would make him Duc de Montpensier and share with him her numerous estates. She overlooked

completely the great and perilous gulf between them. She, the first princess of the blood royal, he, a member of an ancient but obscure Gascon family, who had reached the dizzy height of court favor only because of his ruthless ambition and the born courage of the warrior in the days when war with Spain offered many an unknown youth his opportunity. Even so, it is difficult to account for a success so disproportionate to his merits.

At first the Comte de Lauzun was frankly incredulous. He doubted his chances of marriage with one so high of rank. He may have thought of the Duchesse de Montpensier with a faint dread, knowing the danger he ran should he incur the anger of the king. Thus he gave her the smallest encouragement commensurate with her rank. In his position he could do no less. "It was I," she wrote, "who sought him." Her frequent visits with him gave her an unaccustomed mood of elation. "He has a manner of expressing himself which is most extraordinary."

The accounts of these conversations as given in her memoirs have, to quote Sainte-Beuve, "all the naïveté of a shepherdess." And she must ask his advice. Had he heard the rumor that the king might arrange her marriage with Prince Charles of Lorraine? She believed that if he loved her he would

betray himself in his replies. M. de Lauzun was too clever to commit himself openly, but played a game of cautious leads which she, unsure of him, untaught in finesse, followed admiringly.

The adroit M. de Lauzun understood perfectly, but first he must find out what this marriage might mean to him and in the meantime he would polish up his conversation, use his intelligence and charm to keep La Grande Mademoiselle enthralled. He believed that women, especially the intensely proud Bourbon women, could best be won by a method of courtship known as the iron rod. Hence his ceremonious manner but arrogant criticisms: "The manners of M. de Lauzun toward me are extraordinary," wrote the Duchesse de Montpensier, who had never before allowed a courtier to forget that she walked with kings and queens. She seemed powerless against this passion which took possession of her heart.

Now the king ordered a grand progress into Flanders, taking so numerous a court with him as to give the impression of an Old Testament migration—of a most luxurious tribe. To the Comte de Lauzun he gave the command of his vast escort. The chances of travel gave many opportunities for long tête-à-têtes and the subtle Comte de Lauzun

always managed to make himself more keenly desired; gave Mademoiselle the impression that he refrained from pleading his cause only because of his respect for her and her rank, while all the time he thought only of his own elevation and power. The Duchesse de Montpensier and her wealth could make him a great lord, the first cousin of his Majesty.

Then the game had played itself out and he had won. On the return of the court to Saint-Germain, and some say at the suggestion of M. de Lauzun, Mademoiselle wrote a letter to the king, begging his permission to be happy through marriage with his Captain of the Guards, the most loyal of his servants, the Comte de Lauzun. The king replied that her letter had astonished him. She sought an audience, which the king brought to a close by saying, "I neither counsel you nor forbid you; but I pray you to consider well."

On December 15, 1670, four gentlemen of the court presented themselves before his Majesty on the part of the Comte de Lauzun and asked the Duchesse de Montpensier in marriage "as deputies from the French nobility, who would consider it a great honor and grace if the king would permit a simple gentleman to marry a princess of the blood."

The king consented. Whereupon the Duchesse de Montpensier signed a deed of gift of estates to the Comte de Lauzun, who in turn ordered "rich livery" for his wedding and frankly hoped that the ceremony would take place in the royal chapel of the palace of the Tuileries. An infinite number of people, including the king's ministers Colbert and Louvois, crowded the palace of the Luxembourg, bringing tactful felicitations.

The next morning, Madame de Sévigné, having finished her famous letter,¹ hurried to the Luxembourg to urge the need of haste. "*Mon Dieu, Mademoiselle,*" she exclaimed, "do you not know that this delay of your marriage gives time for all the kingdom to talk, and tempts both God and the king?" Mademoiselle wished to heed the warning, but M. de Lauzun believed that too great haste was humiliating to one's pride.

There followed a golden interval of three days. On the fourth a storm of protest and ill-will, started by all the courtiers trained in and devoted to mo-

¹ Paris, December 15, 1670.

I am going to tell you the most amazing thing . . . the most extraordinary. . . . M. de Lauzun marries on Sunday, at the Louvre, with the permission of the King . . . La Grande Mademoiselle, daughter of the late Monsieur, Mademoiselle, granddaughter of Henri IV, Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orléans, Mademoiselle, first-cousin of the king, Mademoiselle, destined for a throne, Mademoiselle, the only *parti* in France who was worthy of marriage with Monsieur! Here is a pretty tale to talk about.

narchical sentiments, broke about the king. The granddaughter of the great Henri to marry a simple gentleman! It was an insult not only to royalty but to all members of the nobility. Queen Marie-Thérèse in a storm of tears besought the king to reconsider. His brother, Monsieur, reproached him vehemently. The Prince de Condé remonstrated. Such alliances would undermine the power of the aristocracy. And what about the sanctity of royal rank? Even the common people did not wish their princess to marry one unworthy of her lineage.

So Louis XIV, persuaded by the entreaties of all classes of his subjects, withdrew his consent to this *mésalliance*. His foreign ministers accredited to the European courts were advised of the rupture of the "*Affaire-Lauzun*."

And so it had fallen out like this! Her world in ruins. This the penalty a royal princess pays who dares to assert a claim to personal happiness. The record of Mademoiselle's appeals to the king to yield to her wishes, is far from pleasant reading. "I comprehend what passion means in a woman of the age and temperament of Mademoiselle who has preserved her heart hitherto untouched," wrote a contemporary observer.¹ "I confess that this tale

¹ Bussy-Rabutin in his *Correspondence*.

arouses my pity. Love seems to be a malady like the smallpox; the later it attacks the victim, the more severe the illness."

The king communicated his decision to M. de Lauzun, who "received it with all the self-control, submission, and resignation which one could desire." Madame de Sévigné wrote: "He [Lauzun] has displayed a grief mingled with a profound respect which has won the admiration of all."¹ She could not write the same of Mademoiselle, but she did feel for her a great pity. "Her weeping makes me weep, too. She is much afflicted, and always treats me as a person who feels for her grief; she is not mistaken. I have felt, on this occasion, as one seldom does for people of her high rank."²

Then Mademoiselle appeared at court, for appear she must, where the private history of her emotions was known to all. Her eyes were always filled with tears, her thoughts a stubborn throng, her heart a torrent of longing. All this the world saw, and some laughed—men and women being what they are. They also talked. Gossip in the seventeenth century was a terrible thing. There were important people at court who believed that a secret marriage had taken place between Mademoiselle and the Comte

¹ Letter of December 19, 1670.

² Letter of December 31, 1670.

de Lauzun. The letters of the day are full of it. M. Bussy-Rabutin wrote to Madame de Scudéry:

I am convinced that the affairs of Mademoiselle and Lauzun will have a happy issue, not in the manner they at first hoped, but in a more secret method to which the King will consent.

But would the Duchesse de Montpensier, having fashioned her behavior of a lifetime after that of the heroines of Corneille, all of whom dwelt in ivory towers—would she accept this secret method? It was an age when one's particular way of finding life was frankly discussed, and if the king did not consent, who better than Mademoiselle would know the danger in acting contrary to the royal orders? In the *Mémoires*, Mademoiselle's reference to this rumor is evasive. Sometimes the history of a period drops away and only its scandals remain.

Although there exists no written proof of this secret marriage, yet contemporary opinion¹ continued to believe in it, and placed the date for it as sometime between May and November, 1671. Some seventeenth-century writers gave this probable mar-

¹ In his *Mémoires* the Duc de Saint-Simon says: "He [Lauzun] always gave out that he had married Mademoiselle and appeared before the King, after her death, in a long cloak (mourning) which gave great displeasure. He also assumed ever afterward a dark-brown livery, as an external expression of his grief for Mademoiselle, of whom he had portraits everywhere." (I. 30.)

riage, and the consequent anger of the king, as the cause for the arrest of the Comte de Lauzun; for on November 25, 1671, he was taken to Pignerol in Piedmont, where he was held a prisoner for ten years. Throughout this time Mademoiselle worked indefatigably for his release. She did not know the accusation brought against him, nor did he. Was Louvois responsible for the downfall of the arrogant favorite of the king? Was Madame de Montespan, who had suffered recently from his insolence? There was no trial; no trace of a political crime. The Comte de Lauzun, enveloped in a cloud of impenetrable mystery, vanished into what but for Mademoiselle's entreaties would have been complete oblivion. And why, it was asked, this endless struggle and grief and sacrifice on the part of La Grande Mademoiselle, even though loyalty was a part of her code, unless she were working to restore a husband incognito to his privileged position at court?

However enigmatical this situation, there was only one rôle for Mademoiselle to play throughout these gaunt gray years when despair tore at her heart. She must attend all the court functions, must present herself frequently and graciously at Saint-Germain, at Versailles, lest the king, displeased at

her absence, forget the existence of his prisoner. All this she did. She even signed a deed of gift which gave to the Duc de Lauzun properties with thirty-two thousand livres¹ of yearly income. In her mind she pictured him not as he was now but as he would some day be when the king had rewarded her loyalty by granting his release.

She must endure, and suddenly life became unendurable. The Duc de Lauzun was ill in prison and just at this moment Madame de Montespan suggested to Mademoiselle that she could purchase the freedom of her lover by making the little Duc du Maine, the son of de Montespan by the king, the heir to a part of the de Montpensier wealth. Once again life touched with ugliness and sordidness. Yet in this lay her only hope. She must purchase the freedom of the Duc de Lauzun at the price of her vast possessions! "Finally," she wrote, "I resolved to make the Duc du Maine my heir, provided the king would send for M. de Lauzun and consent that I should marry him." The king graciously thanked his cousin and immediately sent M. de Colbert to execute the deed of gift. Although Mademoiselle questioned the wisdom of her swift decision, she

¹ A livre was then equivalent to a little more than two francs of the valuation of the year 1913.

made assignment of two of her estates to the Duc du Maine, and this contract was signed, February 2, 1681.

The king permitted the Duc de Lauzun to return to court but merely to pay his respects. He might not remain there. From Versailles to Saint-Germain, Mademoiselle hastened, radiant with the glow of past memories, restless with the wild happiness of seeing him after ten years of a heavily besieged devotion. This the treasure she had sailed far seas to discover. And then he came.¹ Ten times he threw himself before the feet of the king and his frigid courtesy, then knelt "with much grace" before the steadfastly loyal Mademoiselle. Like that other Maid of Orléans, she stood listening for the "voices"—the voices of her past happiness—and they failed her. An insensate bewilderment took their place. "I found him changed," she wrote. "Madame de Montespan led us to a cabinet and said, 'You will be glad to speak together.' I was silent; astonished. She then went away and I followed her."

Great and intimate dramas are played with few words. This was one of the vivid moments of Mademoiselle's life, one for which she had waited ten

¹ Early in March, 1682.

weary years, and she turned away from it. In truth, disenchantment is any world's most hopeless thing.

Dauntless, she tried to pick up the threads of her life. She searched for the Duc de Lauzun's irresistible charm of manner. She found remnants of it. Perhaps in the twilight of her life she would overtake . . . not happiness . . . but contentment, a priceless gift and rare. And then the Duc de Lauzun grew censorious, ungrateful, insolent. They quarreled. There is that tale which has drifted down through the centuries—of a day at the Château d'Eu when at Lauzun's command, "Louise d'Orléans, take off my boots," she, remembering her exalted rank, rose in righteous wrath and, seizing his riding-whip, beat him, beneath the portrait of the great Henri, the *Vert-Galant*, and received a beating in return. Only a tale, a bit of diverting gossip, perhaps, for a blasé courtier, but a tale that persists. Other quarrels ensued, concerning money; for Mademoiselle was scolded for having built her lovely house at Choisy, while the Duc de Lauzun, using the gift of Mademoiselle, had purchased¹ the Hôtel Lauzun on l'Île Notre Dame, that *bijou d'or* which still to-day enshrines the magnificence of the age of the *Grand Monarque*.

¹ In August, 1682.

Could there have been time between these endless disputes to choose a day on which they desired to marry? ¹ There was little that was fine in the quality of their relationship. The Duc de Lauzun, the *Don Juan du Grand Siècle*, was unfaithful, notoriously so, and Mademoiselle, forgetting that feminine virtue minus tact is always unappreciated, reproached him bitterly. There followed stormy scenes, until that last cruel hour at the Luxembourg when they

¹ During the summer of 1927, a new version of the secret marriage, "La Vie Amoureuse de La Grande Mademoiselle," has come to light. The Duc de La Force, a descendant of that ancient family allied by marriage with the house of Lauzun, who has in his possession "Les Archives de La Force," in this book affirms his belief in the secret marriage, but asserts that it took place between the years 1682 and 1684, or after the Duc de Lauzun's return from his imprisonment at Pignerol and after Mademoiselle had compensated him with money and estates. He cites passages in the *Mémoires* of Mademoiselle de Montpensier (p. 321) which seem to imply the king's permission for a secret marriage at this time; comments on Mademoiselle's rage because of Lauzun's "air galant with every woman" as that of a jealous wife, and speaks of the quarrelsome attitude and irritating manner of speech used by Mademoiselle and Lauzun as further evidence of the marriage. As proof of the late date of the marriage, he makes use of a private letter in "Les Archives de La Force" which shows Mademoiselle's fear, as late as 1681, lest Lauzun marry another, and at the end publishes a letter written to the Duc de Lauzun by his mother, Charlotte de Caumont La Force, Comtesse de Lauzun, in which she censures him for his behavior toward Mademoiselle. "By your unworthy behavior," she writes, "you are not only making yourself an object of ridicule to all the world but giving deep embarrassment to Mademoiselle, who, hearing the rumors of your bad conduct, can only lower her eyes without making reply. She is quite right and has every reason to wish that she had never in her life seen you nor had to suffer the pain of having your ingratitude toward her mentioned in her presence. . . . One knows here all that you have done day by day, hour by hour, since your return. I confess to you that, knowing what I do, I tremble lest God visit His judgments upon you, while I am amazed that instead of profiting by all your sufferings, you return weaker in character in the sight of both God and man than you were when you went away."

parted never to meet again. Dream could go no farther; nor hope. All the old, bright beliefs that she had sheltered and which had made her life an inner ecstasy now seemed to drop away and leave in their place a complete emptiness. Three hundred years ago, as to-day, pleasure might be purchasable, but happiness could not be bought for a price.

And thus upon a discordant note ends "the most famous love-affair of the century."

Evening, April 15, 1693: The sweetness of a Parisian springtime is in the air. A violet light rests upon the Fontaine de Médicis. Against the grille of the Luxembourg gardens the people of Paris are crowded as they await the news of the passing of their princess. They watch the cavalcade of the king arrive; they hear the closing of the ponderous gates that bar the admission of the Duc de Lauzun. A soft dusk envelops the waiting crowd, lies like a benediction upon the dark majesty of the palace where, within a shadowed room, the adventures and intensities of La Grande Mademoiselle's life are just ended. Across the square, from the church of Saint-Étienne-du-Mont, a tolling bell. Silently the crowd drifts away. Day fades imperceptibly into night. Over the empty gardens . . . a great peace.

CHAPTER ONE

Early Years at the Court of Louis XIII and Anne of Austria

MY mother's death shortly after my birth¹ was the beginning of the misfortunes of my family. It has lessened in no small degree the happiness to which my rank entitled me. The great wealth² which at her death my mother left to me as sole inheritor, might in the opinion of the world have consoled me. Yet I cannot enough regret her loss, since I realize to-day the benefits which would have been mine had I had her care in my education, her influence and devotion in questions relating to my marriage.

Soon after her death my household was arranged. I was given an equipage more elegant than any Daughter of France had ever had, better even than that of my aunts, the Queen of Spain, the Queen of

¹ In May 29, 1627.

² Marie de Bourbon, heiress of the family of Montpensier, left to her daughter her entire dowry, which comprised the duchies of Montpensier, de Chatellerault, and de Saint-Fargeau, the sovereignty of Dombes, the principality of La-Roche-sur-Yon, and other properties, the combined value of which was estimated to give to Mademoiselle de Montpensier an annuity of 330,000 livres, or 1,320,000 francs of the valuation of the year 1913.

England, and the Duchess of Savoy, before they were married. The Queen, my grandmother,¹ gave me as governess the Marquise de Saint-Georges, whose husband belonged to the Clermont-Amboise family. She was the daughter of the Marquise de Montglat, who had been the governess of the late King, of Monsieur,² of my late uncle the Duc d'Orléans, and of all of my aunts, so that she was well acquainted with court life. She was, besides, a woman of character, intelligence, and worth.

I was born in the palace of the Louvre, but was installed at the Tuileries, close to the grand gallery by which their Majesties³ often gave themselves the trouble of coming to see me.

The Queen, my grandmother, loved me deeply and showed me, so I have been told, much more tenderness than ever she had shown her own children. I believe her affection for me was but the natural result of the friendship she felt for my mother, joined to the devotion she had for Monsieur, the dearest to her of her children. Nevertheless, I was so unfortunate as to be deprived of the benefits of her affection, because of her loss of favor at court,

¹ Marie de Médicis, widow of Henri IV.

² Monsieur: the title given, since the time of Louis XIII, to the eldest brother of the King of France. In this instance, Gaston d'Orléans, father of Mademoiselle de Montpensier.

³ King Louis XIII and his queen, Anne of Austria.

which led to her being sent away from France. I was at that time so young that I don't even remember having seen her.

If there appear in me some good qualities, they are natural and must not be attributed to my training, although that was very good. I never had the fear of the least punishment. Add to that the fact that it is a very common thing for children who are objects of respect, and whose high birth and great possessions are continually the subject of conversation, to acquire manners that are unpleasantly proud. I so often had about me people who talked to me either of my riches or of my lineage that I had no difficulty in persuading myself that what they said was true, and so I lived in a state of vanity which was very unfortunate.

[1630] The exile of the Queen, my grandmother, made factions at court, and Monsieur was one of the dissatisfied. He quarreled with the King, and left France shortly after my grandmother did. His absence touched me even more deeply than did that of the Queen, and I behaved on this occasion in a manner far beyond my years. In fact, I did not want to take part in the amusements or even attend

the assemblies given at the Louvre. I was very sad when I learned that Monsieur was with the army, because of the perils he incurred. Monsieur's standing at court did not prevent me, however, from receiving every possible attention. The King and Queen treated me with unequaled kindness and showed me every kind of affection. Whenever they came to Paris they gave orders that I should be taken often to see them, and never was this done that I did not speak to the King about Monsieur.

Many things happened in those days. I was only a child, and had few opportunities to observe what was taking place about me, yet I can remember that at Fontainebleau I saw the ceremony of the Order of the Chevaliers. During this ceremony they degraded from the order the Duc d'Elbœuf and the Marquis de La Vieuville. I saw the picture of their coats of arms removed and torn up. When I asked the reason for this I was told that these men had been thus dishonored because they had followed Monsieur, whereupon I burst into tears and was so miserable that I wanted to go away from court, and I said I could not witness this performance with propriety. Yet I loved the court. I was delighted when it was held at Fontainebleau and their Majesties sent for

me. Then, for three or four weeks, I was radiant with joy because of the continuous amusements which were held there, all greatly to my liking.

The King's tenderness toward me helped to lighten my grief in knowing of his aversion for Monsieur. The sentiments of the Queen did not accord with his. I believe the friendship she showed me was only the result of that she had for Monsieur. If the histories of that time make mention of this, those of to-day could well say the reverse. I was so accustomed to their caresses, however, that I called the King *mon petit papa* and the Queen *ma petit maman*; indeed, I believed she was that, for I had never seen my mother.

When I returned to Paris, all the daughters of the nobility came to play with me. I was not so occupied with my play, however, but that I paid attention when any one spoke of Monsieur's possible return to favor. Cardinal de Richelieu, who was the first minister and had charge of all affairs, was said to wish for this, but his proposals were so humiliating to Monsieur that I could not listen to them without despairing. I could not keep from weeping when any one spoke to me about them, and in my anger I sang, in order to show my resentment, all the songs that I knew disparaging the cardinal and his niece.

I was only four or five years old when Monsieur went away. As soon as he returned to France, I went to Limours to meet him. He wished to see if, after so long an absence, I should recognize him. In order that there might be nothing which would distinguish him from the other courtiers, he took off his *cordon bleu* and then some one said to me, "See; which of all these is Monsieur?" So strong is the force of nature that without hesitation I ran and jumped upon him, and he seemed touched with a wondrous joy. While I was with him he did everything for my pleasure, and when he learned that I cared very much to dance a ballet he arranged for me to have a part in one, doubtless because I was too small to be a member of the ballet that danced before the King and Queen.

This particular ballet in which I danced was called the "Dance of the Dwarfs" and comprised a group of little girls, princesses and others of rank, and of all the lords who were of the same height as we. Our magnificent costumes and the grouping of the dancers made this a most attractive ballet. We even had new steps and *entrées*. For one of these, cages filled with birds were brought in and as the birds were allowed to fly about the room, it chanced that one of them became entangled in the folds of

the ruff worn by Mademoiselle de Brézé, Cardinal de Richelieu's niece, who was a member of the ballet. Whereupon she began to weep so violently that every one at the assembly laughed exceedingly. One may judge from this of the age of these *dames de ballet*. The King's ballet did not furnish nearly so much amusement.

[1637] Monsieur was living at the château of Blois and asked that I be brought to him there. Before I set out I sent to ask the permission of the King, who was at Chantilly. He consented, merely saying to those whom I had despatched to him that he wished me to come to take leave of him, a thing which I should not have failed to do even without this order, for I always took great care to repay with deep respect the many favors which I received from their Majesties.

Upon my arrival at Chantilly I put the whole court into good humor. The King was then troubled because of the suspicions regarding the conduct of the Queen. It was not long after the discovery of that box which gave occasion to what occurred at the Val-de-Grace, about which too much has already been heard. I found her Majesty ill in bed, as well she might be, for the chancellor had questioned

her the day before and she was still suffering from grief and humiliation, so that the presence of my governess, Madame de Saint-Georges, was a great comfort to her. It was she who had acted as intermediary between the Queen and Monsieur, so that her Majesty was glad to have a confidante to whom she could open her heart. To prevent the possibility of any suspicion, they called me in as a third person, in the belief that no one would suppose they would speak of matters of such importance before a child. Necessity obliged them to trust me and if only I had paid attention to what they said—and I have since felt greatly vexed at not having done so—I should here relate many extraordinary things which no doubt are unknown to any one. They did everything they could to make me keep these conversations secret and repeatedly congratulated me on being admitted to their confidence. It seemed to me that to forget what they said was the surest means to avoid betraying their confidence, and I managed so well to forget that I never remembered anything.

Then I set out for Blois. Monsieur came to meet me at Chambord, three leagues from Blois, the château built by François I according to an extraordinary plan. One of the most curious and remarkable things about this royal residence is its stairway, so

arranged that one may go up and another may come down without meeting, although they see each other. Here Monsieur gave himself the pleasure of playing with me. He was at the top of the stairway when I arrived, descended as I ascended, and laughed heartily at seeing me run in the hope of catching up with him. I was pleased because he was pleased, and I was even happier when I had overtaken him. Immediately afterward we drove to Blois, where the army corps of the city gave me a military salute, as all the other cities en route had done. The governor of the city addressed to me a short but solemn discourse. Then the nobility offered me a fête and the city was illuminated. I swam in joy, for it was fitting that a person of my rank should be received in this manner.

Monsieur took great pains in planning my amusements at Blois and came very often to my chamber, although I was installed in a part of the château separated from his apartments by the courtyard and he must ascend a stairway to reach me. I responded eagerly to his plans and busied myself with all kinds of pleasant things, especially battledore and shuttlecock or some other active game—a thing that I love the most in the world. Thus did Monsieur delight to give me pleasure. He also sent for the comedians

and we had plays nearly every day. When I said good-by to his Royal Highness ¹ I burst into tears. Monsieur, too, felt sad.

I passed the winter in Paris, where I had spent other winters. Twice a week I attended the assemblies given by the Comtesse de Soissons at the Hôtel de Brissac, at which we had the most delightful entertainments, in particular comedies and dancing. I adored dancing and out of devotion to me they danced there very often.

Toward the end of the winter the Queen became *enceinte* and wished me to come and stay with her at Saint-Germain. There seemed some mystery about the state of the Queen and Cardinal de Richelieu, who had no affection for Monsieur, did not wish any one so closely related to him as I to be near their Majesties. Although the cardinal, as my godfather, had held me in company with the Queen at the baptismal font and had told me that this spiritual relationship obliged him to take care of me, I felt that he mistrusted me even though he showed me friendliness. When he had consented to my journey, I hastened to Saint-Germain with the greatest joy. I

¹ Mademoiselle de Montpensier often used this title with reference to her father.

did not for a moment reflect that the birth of a dauphin would make a tremendous change in the fortunes of Monsieur, who for his part never failed to show his esteem both for her Majesty and for the King.

My attentions to the Queen were repaid with many expressions of her favor. She often said to me, "You shall be my daughter-in-law," but I was too young to comprehend.

[1638] The court was very gay at this time. The King's penchant for Madame de Hautefort, whom he sought continuously to entertain, did much to make it so. The chase was one of his greatest pleasures. We often went hunting in the forest with him. We dressed up gaily for these hunting-parties and rode fine ambling horses with rich trappings. To shelter us against the rays of the sun, each of us wore a hat trimmed with a great many plumes. The hunt was so planned as to pass handsome houses where grand collations were spread. Often on the way home the King rode in my coach, between Madame de Hautefort and me. When he was in a good humor he conversed with us about everything and most agreeably.

These hunting-parties, upon their return, went immediately to the apartments of the Queen. I took great delight in serving her at supper, although her maids carried the dishes. There was always a regular program given. We had music three times a week. Frequently some of the members of the King's entourage sang airs which the King himself had composed. He even wrote the words, and the subject was never anything but Madame de Hautefort. The King was in so gallant a mood that often at the collations which he gave us in the country he did not sit at table at all, but served us himself. However, his gallantry had only one object in view—to make us feel that he was not more attentive to Madame de Hautefort than to the others, so much did he fear the discovery of his admiration.

At other times the King's melancholy chilled every one. While it lasted he spent the greater part of the day in writing down what he had said to Madame de Hautefort and what she had replied to him, and such was his exactitude that after his death there was found in a casket a verbatim account of all the disagreements he had had with his mistresses; and to their praise, as well as to his own, it

can be said that he never loved any one but those who were at least disposed to be virtuous.

The birth of *Monseigneur le Dauphin*¹ gave me a new occupation. I went to see him every day and I called him my little husband. This remark diverted the King, who seemed to approve, but Cardinal de Richelieu, who did not like me to be prominent at court, sent orders that I should return to Paris. The Queen and Madame de Hautefort did all that was possible to keep me with them, but they could not have their way, which grieved me greatly. It was all tears and cries when I left. Their Majesties gave me many proofs of their affection, especially the Queen, who was unusually tender on this occasion.

And I was forced to endure still another disappointment. I was made to pass through Rueil to see the cardinal, who usually lived there when the King was in residence at Saint-Germain. He took it so to heart—my calling the dauphin my little husband—that he reprimanded me severely. He said that I was too grown up to use such terms; that I was very badly behaved to do so. He spoke so seriously—as if I had been a person of great judgment—that I could

¹The future Louis XIV, born September 5, 1638.

not answer him, but just wept. To appease me he gave me a collation, but this did not soften my resentment. I came away very angry at all he had said to me.

In Paris I went to court only once in two months, and whenever I did go there I only dined with the Queen and then went back to Paris to sleep. When the Queen learned of the reprimand which the cardinal had given me, she was plainly angry, but she said to me, and very kindly, "It is true; my son is too young for you, but you shall marry my brother."¹ I, who did not care to marry, listened less to these plans than to the arrangements for the winter fêtes and dances. I still attended the assemblies and the comedies which the Comtesse de Soissons² gave.

[1642] While we spent our time enjoying ourselves, many conspiracies were afoot at court. The Cardinal de Richelieu placed M. de Cinq-Mars among the attendants of the King, who soon made of him a favorite. The Marquis de Cinq-Mars was no sooner established at court than the cardinal made him his confidant, employing his services in an attempt to force from court Madame de Hautefort

¹ Ferdinand, the Cardinal-Infant of Spain, son of Philip III.

² At the luxurious Hôtel de Soissons, between the Rue Coquillière and Rue des Deux-Écus.

and Chemeraut. This caused me great unhappiness. The details of this disgrace¹ are so well known that I do not wish to say more about it, but I did regret it deeply, not only because of my regard for Cinq-Mars and de Thou but because, unfortunately, Monsieur was involved in this conspiracy for which they perished. It was even believed that his affirmation was the deciding factor in causing their death. The memory of this whole affair still makes me so unhappy that I cannot write more about it.

Monsieur came to have supper at my house, where twenty-four violins were playing. He was as gay as if Messieurs Cinq-Mars and de Thou had not been left by the roadside. I'll confess that I could not look at him without thinking of them and that, happy as I was at seeing him again, his gaiety caused me real grief. Nor am I praising myself too highly when I say that I showed more emotion over this disgrace, for which my father was largely responsible, than another person of my age would have done.

¹ Thwarted in his military pretensions by Cardinal de Richelieu, Henri d'Effiat, Marquis de Cinq-Mars, formed a conspiracy with de Thou and other courtiers under the nominal leadership of Gaston, Duc d'Orléans, to overthrow de Richelieu. The cardinal obtained evidence sufficient to force the king to order the arrest of the Marquis de Cinq-Mars. He was brought to trial, admitted his guilt, and was executed at Lyons in September, 1642.

I was not the only person who experienced a feeling of relief at the death of Cardinal de Richelieu. There were a number of people who felt this way. Imagine the relief of the Queen and of Monsieur when they learned that their greatest enemy was gone!

Shortly after the cardinal's death, the King fell ill of the malady from which he had suffered before his journey to Perpignan. I wished to show him my devotion, so I went often to Saint-Germain. The King seemed to enjoy my visits, and always received me pleasantly. I was deeply touched by his suffering. At the beginning of the month of April he grew worse, but lingered until the fourteenth day of May [1643]. He met death with a courage truly Christian. He was so well prepared to die. He could see the royal mausoleum of Saint-Denis from his chamber windows in the new château of Saint-Germain (to which he had been carried because the air was more invigorating there than at the old château), and one day he traced the road over which his body would be carried, pointing out a rough place in the road and giving orders that this should be avoided, lest the funeral chariot be overturned. I have even heard that during his illness he composed the music

of the *De Profundis* which was sung in the room immediately after his death, as is the custom on the death of kings. He gave calm and clear instructions relative to the administration of the government after his death.

The Queen was now declared regent and chose Paris as her residence. I went every day and sometimes twice a day to the Palais-Royal, where my usual occupation was to play with the King or with the Duc d'Anjou,¹ who was the prettiest child in the world, and of whom I have always been very fond. Regret for the death of the King was soon forgotten in the gaieties of the regency. The ill favor in which the Queen had lived during the lifetime of her husband now touched the hearts of all and gained her their affection.

During the illness of the late King, Monsieur had been allowed to appear at court and a reconciliation having been effected, he had obtained his Majesty's consent to his second marriage.²

In the first year of the Queen's widowhood she carefully visited every church in Paris. I cared for her so deeply that I followed her everywhere, even giving up my promenades, which I adored, in order to accompany her. Although she little appre-

¹ Second son of Anne of Austria. ² To Marguerite de Lorraine.

ciated all my attentions, yet I gave them, and without showing the ennui I felt. I really cared for her. One of our diversions was that of going for a walk in the evening in Renard's Garden, which joins the garden of the Tuileries.

The first months of the regency were as joyous as one could wish. It was nothing but perpetual rejoicing everywhere. Hardly a day passed that there were not serenades at the Tuileries or in the Place Royale. We danced everywhere, and very often at my house, although it was not at all in accordance with the proprieties to listen to the violins in a room draped with mourning.

The confusion in English political affairs which had begun during the ministry of Cardinal de Richelieu had now reached such a state that in this year [1644] the Queen of England¹ was forced to leave England and take refuge in France. She disembarked at the port of Brest, in Brittany. She was suffering from an illness for which her physicians recommended the cure at Bourbon. She had therefore gone to take it before coming to court. When she had finished taking the waters, I was sent in the

¹ Henriette-Marie, wife of Charles I, daughter of Henri IV, and sister to Louis XIII.

royal coach by their Majesties to meet her at Bourgade-la-Reine, where I found her with Monsieur, who had arrived ahead of me. As we were escorting her toward Paris, we met their Majesties a little beyond the faubourg.

After greetings had been exchanged and the usual compliments paid, the Queen of England took her place in the royal carriage. Although she had taken great pains to repair the ravages of her poor health, she was still in a most unfortunate state, so that every one felt deep pity for her. She was installed at the Louvre, where on the following day she received all the honors due a queen, and a queen who was also a Daughter of France. Whenever she appeared in Paris she was attended as a queen should be, with a royal equipage and many ladies in waiting and chariots and guards and footmen. Little by little, however, all these disappeared and the time came when nothing marked the loss of her dignity more than the absence of this retinue and the pomp to which she had been accustomed.

CHAPTER TWO

Matrimonial Adventures

NEWS of the death of the Queen of Spain¹ was now brought to the court, so that the mourning in France for the late King, which had not yet ended, was continued. There was a general feeling that the king-widower² was the proper *parti* for me. The Queen showed me that she wished passionately for such an alliance, and Cardinal Mazarin spoke to the same effect. He even told me that he had received news from Spain which had convinced him this marriage was desired in that country. Both the Queen and the cardinal spoke of it repeatedly, not only to me but to Monsieur. Their deep interest was a pretense, as it has turned out; yet they flattered us with this honor, and although they had no intention of favoring us, our good faith was such that we did not perceive their lack of sincerity. Having talked frequently to us of the affair for a while, they suddenly ceased to speak of it and everything thereafter

¹ Elisabeth de France, sister of Louis XIII.

² Philip IV of Spain, brother of Anne of Austria.

was as it would have been had there been no question of this marriage.

I remember nothing remarkable in the happenings at court during this time. I was most attentive in my visits to the Queen of England. In her misfortune her greatest pleasure was to talk in an exaggerated manner of her past prosperity,—the pleasantness of the life she had led in England, the beauty and excellence of that country, the entertainments which she had given,—but in these conversations she stressed the splendid qualities of her son, the Prince of Wales.¹ She showed me she was most desirous that I should meet him. In truth, so eager was she that I surmised her intentions, and what follows will show that I was not mistaken in my conclusions.

Political affairs in England were still so threatening that the King of England sent the Prince of Wales to France for safety. He arrived at a time when the court was at Fontainebleau. On the day he reached Fontainebleau, their Majesties had already left for a ride in the forest, where he joined them. As soon as they had dismounted, the Queen of England presented her son to the King, then to the

¹ The future Charles II of England.

Queen of France, who kissed him. Then he was presented to me. He was only sixteen or seventeen years old and quite tall for his age. He had a beautiful head, black hair, a dark complexion, and was fairly agreeable in person. He neither spoke nor understood French, a most inconvenient thing.

Every one tried to entertain him pleasantly. During the three days he remained at Fontainebleau, he was given the diversion of hunting and every other that could be devised in so short a time. He paid visits to all the princesses.

The Queen of England wished to persuade me that he was in love with me. I understood her motive from the very moment she told me he talked of me continuously; that unless she restrained him, he wished to visit me at my house at any hour; that he found me exactly the type of person whom he admired; and that he was in despair over the news of the death of the Empress because he was afraid they would wish to marry me to the Emperor.¹ I listened to all this in a most becoming manner, but I did not give her the encouragement which she perhaps had wished. I think, however, that had the prince pleaded his own cause, he would have been equally unsuccessful. I know I did not greatly value the

¹ Ferdinand III.

opinion of another, relative to a man who could say nothing whatever for himself.

Peace and great prosperity made the court a delightful place, which every one enjoyed exceedingly. At Fontainebleau we had violins and plays and various entertainments nearly every day. Then the court went on a journey, and when we arrived at Amiens the Queen received officially the news of the death of the Empress, her sister, who had died of apoplexy.

The Abbé de La Rivière¹ told me that it would be entirely fitting for me to marry the Emperor, but a little later he withdrew this statement, saying that he had gone too far; that the Archduke Leopold, his brother, would be coming to Flanders, of which he was to be made sovereign. I told him I should prefer to marry the Emperor.

Meanwhile the court returned to Paris, where the Prince of Wales showed his infatuation for me. We saw each other often, as it was the season when plays were frequently given at the Palais-Royal. The Prince of Wales did not fail to appear at all of these and always to place himself beside me. Whenever I

¹ Chaplain of Madame (Monsieur's wife) and favorite of Gaston d'Orléans.

visited the Queen of England, he conducted me in his coach; and whatever the weather might be, he held his hat in his hand until he had left me. His courtesy to me was apparent in even the smallest things.

One day when I was going to an assembly at Madame de Choisy's, which was given in my honor each year, the Queen of England—who had asked that she herself might dress me and do my coiffure—came in the evening to my apartments expressly for this purpose and took the greatest care imaginable in getting me ready. On this particular occasion the Prince of Wales, who always held the torch near me in order to throw the light clearly upon me, wore my colors of red, white, and black in all his appointments—hat, gloves, stockings, and sword-knot. I wore a feather of these colors, while it chanced that the ornament of jewels I was wearing was attached by ribbons of the same. Thus we complied with the wishes of the Queen of England.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Madame de Choisy's before I did and gave me his hand as I descended from my coach. Before entering the assembly, I stopped in a chamber to arrange my hair before the mirror, whither he followed me in order to hold the torch near me. And an extraordinary

thing, which you may disbelieve if you like, is that the Prince of Wales told Prince Robert—his first cousin and my near relative, who served him as an interpreter—that he understood everything I said to him, although he is supposed to know not one word of French!

When, after the assembly was over, I retired, I was amazed to find, when I reached my apartment, that he had followed me to the very door. Not until I had entered did he take himself away! This gallantry was performed so openly that it made a great noise in our world. It continued with the same ardor throughout the winter and finally reached its highest peak at the celebrated fête which was given at the Palais-Royal at the end of the winter, when there was a magnificent Italian comedy and music followed by a ball. For this evening's affairs the Queen [of France] wished, herself, to dress me. They were busy for three whole days in arranging my toilette. My gown was a mass of diamonds and trimmed with tufted designs in red, black, and white.

I had upon me all the stones of the crown, as well as many of the jewels then owned by the Queen of England. No one could have been more magnifi-

cently adorned than I was for the occasion, and I did not fail to find many people to tell me of my splendor and to talk about my pretty figure, my graceful and agreeable bearing, the whiteness of my skin, and the sheen of my blond hair. These, they said, adorned me more than all the riches which glittered upon me.

Everything contributed, that day, to make me prominent. There was dancing upon a grand platform arranged especially for the purpose and decorated and lighted with torches. There was in the center background of this platform a throne raised by three steps and covered with a canopy. All around the platform were seats for the women who would dance, and at their feet the dancers themselves. The rest of the room was in the form of an amphitheater which had us for a perspective. Neither the King nor the Prince of Wales would sit upon the throne, and as I alone remained upon it, I saw the two princes and all the princesses of the court at my feet. I did not feel awkward nor ill at ease and those who had flattered me as I left for the ball had still more occasion to do so the next day. There was no one who failed to tell me that I had never seemed less constrained than then; that I was of the lineage to

occupy a throne; in truth, I should occupy my own throne even more naturally when the time came for me to sit upon one.

While I was sitting there with the prince at my feet, my heart as well as my eyes looked down upon him. The thought that I should marry the Emperor was foremost in my mind. It had been reported that there was a real desire for me to be the Empress and that the Queen [of France] had the means of procuring for the Emperor every consolation he could wish. Moreover, the Queen had brought this matter definitely to my attention when, in dressing me that evening, she had talked to me of nothing but this marriage with the Emperor; had told me she wished for it passionately, adding that she would do everything in her power for its accomplishment, as she believed it would be a great happiness for my house. Thus the thought of the empire so occupied my mind that I thought no longer of the Prince of Wales except as an object of pity.

I must not forget to say that at this ball of which I have just spoken the Queen of England noticed that I looked at her son somewhat disdainfully. When she learned the cause of it, she reproached me and said I thought of no one but the Emperor. I defended myself as well as I could, but my face so

poorly disguised my sentiments that one had only to look at me in order to know them. Cardinal Mazarin also spoke to me of my marriage with the Emperor; and although he himself did nothing to further it, he assured me he was definitely working for it. The Abbé de La Rivière, with a view to his own interests, gave me a fête and declared that never would he neglect an opportunity of speaking to the cardinal and to Monsieur of this marriage. Events since that time have led me to conclude that all this was done only to beguile me.

One day Monsieur said to me: "I have realized that the talk of this marriage pleases you; if it does, I will do all that I can for it. I am convinced, however, that you will not be happy in a country where one lives *à l'espagnole*. The Emperor is older than you, and for these reasons I believe this marriage is not an advantageous one for you, nor will you be happy except in England, if that alliance is again proposed, or in Savoy."

In reply I told him that I really wanted the Emperor, and it was for me to decide. Then I begged him to agree to what I desired and to believe that I was behaving with propriety in speaking thus frankly. I added that I, too, realized the Emperor was neither a young nor a gallant man, yet one could

judge from this the real truth, which was that I cared more for my *établissement* than for the person of my suitor. Nevertheless, all my desires could not influence those who had authority to carry through the affair successfully, and from all this I gained only the annoyance of hearing it talked about for a long time.

A little later the court left for Compiègne and from there it went to Amiens, and the desire to be an empress which followed me wherever I went, and the realization of which always seemed close at hand, made me think that it would be a desirable thing for me to accustom myself in advance to the habits and thoughts which would be congenial to the Emperor's point of view. I had heard he was very religious and, following his example, I decided to become more devout. In fact, I now had the overwhelming desire to be a nun,—at least for a little while, and at the Convent of the Carmelites,—but I confided this to no one. During the eight days I spent at the convent, I so completely devoted myself to this new desire that I scarcely ate or slept. It was even rumored that I had fallen ill. I can truthfully say that during these eight days the Empire was as nothing to me; was never in my thoughts. I so far forgot my rank that I felt it were better to

serve God than to wear all the crowns of the world. My friends will not be surprised to learn, however, that this attitude of mind did not last long, since I could not forget the empire.

In truth, I learned later that there was much merriment at court when my intention of quitting the world became known. Although I abandoned the plan of becoming a *religieuse*, a devotion to this desire lingered and I became so austere that I no longer went to the Cours [la-Reine], nor wore patches nor put powder on my hair. This neglect of my coiffure made my hair so long and untidy that I was completely disguised. I wore three neckerchiefs, which stifled me in summer, and not one colored ribbon. Thus I had the appearance of a woman of forty; and, in truth, I should not have been too displeased if some one had said this of me, although I was very far from being that age. I was happy only when reading the "Life of Sainte-Thérèse" or hearing some one speak of Germany or talking about it, myself. There was such a reform in my manner that you will not be astonished to hear that this type of life did not long continue. Nevertheless, my thought of Germany was the last one I abandoned . . . while I waited . . .

Early in the autumn the court made a journey to

Fontainebleau, when I began once again to have a taste for amusements. I appeared with the liveliest joy at fêtes and promenades and at the comedies, yet always there was a longing in my heart. This affair of Germany was generally known and talked about and every one believed that the court was acting in good faith. These reports had cooled, somewhat, the ardor of the Prince of Wales, while every one said he was a despairing lover now that I was no longer tender to his suit.

[1648] The Abbé de La Rivière, who played a considerable rôle in this drama, was the first one to tell me that the news from Germany was bad and that the Emperor was going to marry one of the archduchesses of the Tyrol. He gave me to understand that this alliance was sponsored by the court of Spain and that it would be useless to work against them. My vexation at this news made me seek out the truth of the whole matter, and only then did I discover that Cardinal Mazarin and the Abbé de La Rivière had deceived me from the very first, merely dazzling me with the idea of a splendid alliance or beguiling me with a vain hope, for they had never worked in the slightest way for the success of this alliance. Although I was convinced that they had

not acted in good faith, I decided it was best not to allow myself to be angry too openly. Yet I cherished a resentment which was the more painful because I must conceal it.

Some time after this, a person named Saujon¹ got me into difficulties by paying me too much attention. In affecting to attach himself to my interests, it seems he sought only to secure his own. I pass over much that I believe there is little need of mentioning—in particular a scheme which Saujon idly took into his head but which, at the same time, became the talk of the court and of every one. Villermont, a gentleman of worth and a captain in the Guards, while a prisoner during the campaign in which Armentières was besieged, had been permitted to return to France on parole. Villermont, upon meeting his friend Saujon, repeated a conversation he had had during the campaign, in which he was told that I was held in great esteem in Germany, adding, "We should be but too happy to have such a princess as this in our country." Saujon immediately built up his scheme of profit by writing to me and asking for an audience, saying that if I would grant it, he would tell me something I should be glad to know. I therefore received him and he

¹ Captain of the Guards, in the service of Gaston d'Orléans.

told me of his good wishes for my future establishment. Thus decoyed with the idea of a suitable marriage, I betrayed in one of our conversations my disgust at the conduct of the court. Whereupon Saujon spoke of the hope he had of seeing me married to the Archduke Leopold, who, there was no doubt, would eventually become King of Spain. In order to make his negotiations more effectual, he asked permission to resign his commission in the Guards.

I confess I looked upon this affair as almost entirely a fantastic notion of his own, but as I had a fancy for fools, whether gay or melancholy, and foresaw nothing serious in it, I listened to what he had to say. Later, I was much surprised to learn that Saujon had been arrested. I could see nothing criminal in anything he had done. I asked the reason and was told that I already must know it, which made me suspect he had done more than I was aware of. I believed my innocence in this affair would support me, and yet I counted, more than later I found myself justified in doing, on the kindness of the Queen and Monsieur.

Upon receiving the news respecting Saujon, I went to the Palais-Royal, as I was in the habit of doing daily, but the Queen did not address a word

to me. I then talked with Mademoiselle de Beaumont, to whom I had permitted the liberty of speaking to me without reserve. She told me it was said that Saujon had been about to carry me off to marry me to the archduke. We burst out laughing and treated the whole affair with the ridicule it deserved, and all this most openly in the chamber of the Queen. From the palace I went to the Luxembourg¹ with the intention of speaking to Monsieur, but I found him as silent as her Majesty, so I went again to the Palais-Royal, as I was most anxious to have the matter cleared up.

When I showed my astonishment to the Queen, she did not believe me. Moreover, I learned that Cardinal Mazarin had sent for Saujon in order to investigate the matter and had bribed Saujon with every promise imaginable in order to influence him to confess that I knew to what extent he had acted. This was false. I had never known what the letter which had been taken from the person of Saujon said, and Saujon himself denied that I had any knowledge of it. This conversation lasted several hours without Mazarin's being able to obtain from Saujon the information he wished, although

¹ The palace built by Queen Marie de Médicis and the Paris residence of Gaston d'Orléans.

this position could not be agreeable to Saujon, as it completely justified me. Upon his release, Saujon sent his sister ¹ to tell me all that Cardinal Mazarin had said to him, but warned me that he believed the Queen and Mazarin would reprimand me. He asked pardon for having been the cause of this and begged me to believe that in all he had done, throughout this whole transaction, he had acted only with the best intentions.

As for me, the whole affair made me resolve that throughout the remainder of my life I would have no dealings with unwise and visionary people. I am so kindly by nature that I am inclined to believe every one else has intentions as kindly as mine, and by the time these memoirs are finished you will see the manner in which I have been ensnared by intriguing people. The sincerity with which I had acted and my ignorance of the extent of this affair seemed to me to be the necessary means of extricating myself, so I was not at all alarmed about what the cardinal had said to Saujon. In fact, I treated the whole matter as if it were a trifle.

The next day when I went to the Palais-Royal the Abbé de La Rivière sought me out to say: "I must no longer conceal from you the fact that the

¹ One of the maids of honor to Madame.

Queen and Monsieur are very angry about this *Affaire-Saujon*. You will soon know all about their anger."

I replied that I did not know what I had done that should be so displeasing to the Queen and Monsieur. However, if my conduct merited the unkind treatment which he threatened, I could only hope the Queen would tell me in private what it pleased her to say, and that Monsieur would scold me in his closet, as I was past the age when one was given reprimands before the world. Then Monsieur called me. I went at once into the Queen's Gallery. Mademoiselle de Guise, who was with me, would have followed me, but Monsieur in a rage shut the door in her face. Had not my mind been free from all remorse I should have been frightened, but I knew I was innocent, and so I advanced toward the Queen, who greeted me angrily. I went to the window, which was higher than the rest of the gallery, and I listened with all the pride possible to one who feels her cause is just. When Monsieur arrived, the Queen said sharply:

"Your father and I know all about your dealings with Saujon. We know all your plans."

I answered that I did not know to what plans she had reference, saying, "Would your Majesty do me

the honor of telling me what you mean? —for I am curious to know.”

“You know very well,” said the Queen. “He is in prison for your sake, and the whole affair is your doing.”

I replied that if Saujon had been capable of formulating such a plan, she did him too much honor in imprisoning him like a rational man, since a madhouse was the proper abode for him. And as for myself, I had never been supposed to have lost my senses, but this must assuredly be the case if I left the affair of my honor to the care of M. de Saujon.

Her Majesty was so astonished at the manner in which I responded that, turning to Monsieur and the cardinal, she cried: “What assurance! She pretends to know nothing of this whole affair.”

“It needs little assurance to speak the truth,” I replied. Whereupon she cried angrily: “It is indeed a fine thing to recompense a man for his attachment to your service by putting his head upon the block.”

As I had heard that in the service of the Queen and Monsieur several had perished in this manner, I replied, “At least it will be the first one.” Cardinal Mazarin, who had coolly listened to our talk, laughed aloud at this.

The conversation had lasted an hour and a half. It bored me and as I saw that it would never end unless I went away, I said to the Queen, "I believe your Majesty has nothing more to say to me." Whereupon I curtsied and went out from the combat, victorious but very angry.

When I reached my room I was feverish and was put to bed. The fear that many people would come to see me from curiosity rather than to console me led me to say that I wished to see no one; that I was ill, which was indeed the truth. One can imagine how very sad this kind of an experience would make me, while the thought that the noise of it would reach even foreign countries overwhelmed me with chagrin and melancholy. I learned later that both the Queen and Monsieur had given orders that no one should be admitted to my presence. Not until ten days later did I receive word that his Royal Highness would permit me to receive visits. Whereupon I was visited by all the court who were sympathetic to my cause.

Every one greatly blamed the Queen and Monsieur, for every one knew me too well to believe that I was capable of entertaining so fantastic and ridiculous a plan as the one of which they accused me, to justify themselves. I had done nothing in my

life which could make any one believe I had devised a plan so greatly to my disadvantage. As for my sadness, was it not due to my anxiety concerning what one might believe of my intentions? Did it not turn upon the too little tenderness which Monsieur was known to have for me?

After a few meditations, I decided I would best go to see the Queen and Monsieur. My failure to do so might be construed by the world as scorn on my part; might give the impression that I was acting haughtily, which was not my intention. The next day, therefore, I went to the Luxembourg. I entered the closet of Monsieur, who, when he saw me, changed color and acted as though he were ashamed. He tried to reprimand me; he began as people begin such things, but he knew that he ought to apologize to me, rather than blame me, and in truth that was what he did: he apologized, although he did not seem to know he was doing so. I wept, I know not whether from embarrassment or from tenderness.

Then I went to see the Queen. I was still highly regarded at the Palais-Royal. I entered with a proud bearing. Indeed, adversity, of which I have had a great deal since that time, has softened my pride but little. The Queen arose from her bed to

greet me. Ordinarily I entered her apartments at any hour, because of my position at court as well as my friendly relations with her. Indeed, since she became regent she had lived on the most intimate terms with me. Now, instead of approaching her as was my usual custom, I remained standing at the door, whereupon the Duc d'Anjou ran up to embrace me, saying, "My cousin, I have always been on your side and I have taken your part against all the world."

The Queen only said, "Be seated. You must be weak after your illness."

I replied that my illness had not weakened me and that I still had enough strength to remain standing. Only by thus referring to my strength could I make her remember I had been able to endure the persecutions for which she had been responsible. She blushed. As she was dressed and ready to go to mass, I presented her with her gloves, at which she drew me apart and said a few irrelevant words to me,—I do not remember them,—and then her Majesty went out and I withdrew.

The next day Cardinal Mazarin came to see me and said he was very angry at all that had happened, and he did his best to persuade me he had had no part in it. I allowed him to believe I was quite con-

vinced of this; he flatters himself that he possesses great gifts of conciliation. After that unfortunate affair, I went from time to time to pay my respects to the Queen, but not so frequently as before. I felt that the presence of a person whom she had so deeply misused could not be agreeable to her.

I now retired to my house in the country and while there received the news of the battle of Lens, which the Prince de Condé had won. Because of the aversion I had for him, I learned of this great French victory with mingled joy and vexation. I cannot think how I could be so sensitive on the subject of the prince's victories, for he gained them so often that I ought to have become accustomed to them. But we never can become entirely indifferent to that which invariably displeases us. Monsieur ordered me to return to Paris to be near the Queen—an order that was not very agreeable to me, but I did as he wished. I told her Majesty that I returned on account of the good news. This was not saying much. The next day, a remarkable day in history, I accompanied her to Notre Dame to hear the *Te Deum*. I placed myself next to Cardinal Mazarin, and as he was in a good humor I spoke to him about



CHARLES II
OF GOD KING
SCOTLAND FRANCE
Defender of



THE GRACE
OF ENGLAND
AND IRELAND etc.
the Faith.

By J. Smith

Printed by J. Smith

releasing Saujon from prison. He promised me he would work for it with the Queen.

I paid a visit of condolence to the Queen of England. Her husband had been beheaded by order of the British parliament. The court did not go into general mourning on this occasion, for want of funds. I found her not so deeply affected as she should have been. She had completely mastered her emotions, although the manner of his death must have added greatly to her affliction. She must possess great strength of will. Perhaps God gives an extraordinary amount of strength for such occasions, in order that one may submit with resignation to His will. Sometimes the continuation of sorrow and the despair which accompanies it so accustom us to grief that we become insensible to it.

I found her Majesty's second son, the Duke of York, with her. He had just returned from Holland, from the court of his sister, the Princess of Orange, with whom he had been staying since his escape from an English prison. He was about fourteen years old, very pretty, with a good face and a fine figure and of fair complexion. He spoke French well, which made his manner more attractive than

that of his brother. According to my taste, nothing so detracts from a person as the inability to converse.

Some time later the Abbé de La Rivière came to tell me that the Queen of England was using every argument possible in order to make Monsieur consent to my marriage with her son, and that this new King of England had sent my lords Perron and Germain to present his compliments to their Majesties with the request that he might be allowed to come to France. Both my lords Perron and Germain paid great court to me, while both the Queen and the cardinal seemed earnestly to desire this marriage. Her Majesty promised me that the King of England should have the powerful assistance of France, adding that the Queen of England regarded me as her daughter; that her son was passionately in love with me and wished for nothing so much as to marry me. I replied that he did me much honor and that, although the King of England required more assistance than I could render to obtain the crown which was his birthright, I would do as her Majesty and Monsieur commanded. The Queen rallied me on the subject of the King, before my lord Germain, and I blushed deeply.

I had another visit from the Abbé de La Rivière, who came to tell me that my lord Germain was

about to escort the King of England from Holland and that his Majesty desired a definite answer, as his affairs required him to proceed at once to Ireland. If I should consent to his proposal, he would remain at court long enough for the ceremony to take place and afterward we could proceed to Saint-Germain, whence he would set out for Ireland, while I remained in Paris during his absence.

So it was that now I had to deliberate solemnly with myself. I considered that if I married him I might be called upon to risk my entire possessions for the chance of reconquering his kingdom. I confess that this reflection caused me some dismay. Having been reared in opulence and comfort, I was alarmed at the prospect of reverses. The abbé told me that I had reasoned correctly, but that at the same time I must remember there was no other alliance for me in Europe, as the Emperor and the King of Spain were married, the King of Hungary affianced to the Infanta of Spain, the archduke likely never to become the king of the Low Countries; that I would consider neither the petty rulers of Germany nor of Italy, and that in France the King and Monsieur his brother were too young to marry.

To this I replied that if Monsieur wished me to

marry the King of England, I would do so, unfortunate as he now was, and should he later regain his kingdom he would regard me as mainly instrumental in its restoration from the aid given to him by my house and through consideration for me. I learned later, however, that the Queen and Monsieur, who did not wish to quarrel with the Queen of England, had said of me: "She is a person who must be won over. She will only do as she likes and we have no influence with her."

It is true that in regard to marriage they were right in forming this idea, for I had determined at a very early age that with respect to this most important event of life it was better to think of one's own interests than of those of one's relatives. As I realized that Germain was merely an intermediary in this affair, I mentioned the religion of the King of England as an insurmountable difficulty, and added that if the King cared deeply for me he would remove that difficulty. My lord Germain replied that the King of England had no power to change his religion, alleging that such an act would exclude him forever from his kingdom.

When the King of England reached France, a courier arrived to inform their Majesties, while the Queen said to me, "Your sweetheart is coming."

"I'm perishing from a desire to listen to sweet nothings," I replied. "No one has ever dared say them to me—not because of my rank, for tender things have been said to queens of my acquaintance, but rather because of my bearing, which every one knows is far removed from coquetry. Yet, without being a coquette, I am in a mood to listen to a king who offers marriage and I'm most hopeful that he will say a few tender things."

The day of his arrival every one arose early, for if we were to dine at Compiègne we must start in good time. I had my hair curled, which did not often happen. As I entered the Queen's carriage she cried out: "Look, how dressed up she is! It is easy to see that there are people who are expecting their lovers."

I was in a mood to reply that those who have had them certainly know how to prepare for them, and I should have liked to add that as mine offered marriage I had a right to deck myself out. However, I restrained myself, for I did not dare to say all this. When the King of England arrived he greeted their Majesties, then me. I found him good-looking. Perhaps he would win me this time.

The King [of France] talked to him of dogs, of horses, of the Prince of Orange, and of hunting in

his country. He replied in French. Then the Queen asked him the state of affairs in England. He did not answer. He was questioned several times upon the seriousness of events in England; he excused himself from answering by saying that he could not speak our tongue, but I assure you that from that moment I resolved not to carry through this marriage project. I suddenly acquired a most unfavorable opinion of him. That a king of his age should have no knowledge of the state of affairs in his kingdom!

We dined. He did not eat any of the ortolans,¹ but devoted himself to a piece of beef and a shoulder of mutton as if there were nothing but that to eat. Yet this indifference to food did not offend me if thereby he gave the impression of having only me in his thoughts. After dinner the Queen left me alone with him and a quarter of an hour passed before he said a single word! I wished to believe that his silence was due to his deep respect for me rather than to a lack of passion, but I confess that at this rendezvous I should have been happier had he showed me less respect. While I was suffering this polite boredom, M. de La Rivière approached me and said, "He doesn't take his eyes from you."

¹ Birds which were considered a great delicacy.

"Of what use is it to look at me? He will not say one word to me," I replied.

"It is because you were evasive about the sweet things he has already told you," the abbé replied.

Then in the hope of making the King talk to me I asked him about some of the people in his entourage, to which he replied, but without making me one pretty compliment.

The hour for his departure arrived. He took leave of the King and then said to me: "I believe my lord Germain, who speaks better than I, has been able to explain to you my sentiments and my offer. I am your very obedient servant."

"I am your very *obediante servante*," I answered. Germain paid me many compliments: then the King bowed low before me and went away.

Some time later the Empress died and upon receiving the news of this event the Queen said to me, "We will now do everything you could wish upon such an occasion." I was well content with this remark and thanked her Majesty.

Shortly afterward the Queen of England said to me, "We must congratulate you on the death of the Empress, for if this affair failed on a former occasion, it is sure to be successful this time." I replied

that I did not give it a thought, to which she added, "I am quite convinced that a King of eighteen is worth more than an Emperor of fifty with four children." She continued for some time in this unpleasant manner and concluded by saying, "My son is too poor and too unfortunate for you." But I was not deeply concerned over her remarks, for I was again thinking of the empire. In fact, I could think of nothing else.

Mondevergue was sent by the court on a mission of condolence to the Emperor upon the death of his consort. The cardinal assured me that he would do everything in his power to further this affair.

The whole affair of my marriage with the Emperor failed completely. The Emperor was to wed the Princess of Mantua. I thought no more about it, except with keen regret that I had cared so deeply. It was the ugliest spot in my life and I can say without vanity that God, who is just, did not wish to give a woman such as I to a man who was not worthy of her.

La Princesse de Condé was at this time desperately ill with erysipelas, which gave rise to a general rumor that if she died I should marry the

prince.¹ When I heard it, I couldn't help thinking about it, and in the evening as I was walking up and down my apartments with Préfontaine² we talked about it. As to birth, we were nearly of equal rank. I reflected, however, that the court would not consent to the union of our two houses,—or, rather, the two branches,—for we were both of the same name. During the time that the princess was in danger, Préfontaine and I talked of this, but did not speak of it to a single person. We discussed it in all its relations and the fact that the prince came to see me every day added to the interest of our discussion. The prince had never been complimented for his beauty, though, to make up for its lack, he had a fine figure and quite the air of a noble prince and a great captain. The recovery of the princess put an end to the matter and from that time I thought no more of it.

Madame de Choisy came to see me one day in my cabinet and began by exclaiming, "I am come to make your fortune."

"Is it not unusual to address such a remark to a

¹Louis II de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien (1621-86), called the Great Condé because of his military renown and illustrious birth. As head of his family he was the highest personage in the state after the king and the Duc d'Orléans.

²The secretary-steward of Mademoiselle.

person like myself?" I asked, to which she replied: "But if I can help you to become Queen of France? In fifteen days the King will be of age. The Princess Palatine ¹ is about to propose this affair to Monsieur."

During the King's minority I had often ridden horseback in company with his Majesty, when Madame de Frontenac ² always accompanied me. The King appeared to take great pleasure in being with me, which caused the Queen to think that he was falling in love with me or perhaps with Madame de Frontenac, and so she put an end to the riding-parties—a circumstance which annoyed the King exceedingly. As she did not tell him the reason for her action, he offered to give the Queen a hundred pistoles for the poor every time he was allowed to go riding with us, imagining that this bit of charity would overcome her objections and that she would then approve of his wishes. Upon her refusal of his offer, however, the King exclaimed, "When I am my own master, and this I shall be soon, I will go where I please." He then left the room in tears and the Queen also wept, but this quarrel was soon forgotten.

¹ Anne de Gonzague, wife of Edward, son of the Elector-Palatine Frederick V. *de Bohême*

² One of the ladies in waiting to Mademoiselle.

However, I believe the true reason of the Queen's refusal was the fear that the King would become too much accustomed to my society and that in time or from habit he might come to have a deep regard for me. Should he do so, he would discover that, excepting the Infanta of Spain, I was the best match of any that had been proposed for him. So I spoke no more of the riding-parties, for fear of displeasing her Majesty, but I confess I was extremely sorry, because I relied more upon the manner of the King toward me and the pleasure he took in my company than upon the negotiations of Madame de Choisy, while this former method of becoming queen was much more agreeable to me than the latter.

The King of England passed through France on his way to Scotland. He had raised a considerable army in England,—one twice as powerful as that of the enemy,—and yet, by I know not what ill fortune which has followed him in everything, he was defeated¹ and obliged to fly. He came to Paris. I found that he was much better-looking than upon his last visit and that he spoke French well.

He told me the details of his flight—that after having lost the battle, he had dismissed his cavaliers,

¹By Cromwell at the battle of Worcester, Sept. 3, 1651.

retaining only a single lord; that they had stayed a long time in a tree and afterward in the house of a peasant, where, in order to avoid being known, he had cut off his hair. Then he rode on horseback to London, where he had remained for a night, sleeping with the greatest tranquillity, in the morning taking boat from London direct to Dieppe. He also spoke of the miserable life he had led in Scotland, where there was not a woman to be seen and the barbarism of the men was such that they thought it a sin to play upon the violin. For these two reasons he was very low in his mind. However, he felt the loss of the battle less deeply now that he was free to return to France where he found so many charming people, for some of whom he had the greatest affection in the world. Yet he still seemed to me a bashful, timid lover who did not dare to tell me all that he felt.

Upon paying me a second visit, he asked me to give him the pleasure of hearing my company of violins, which was very good, so I sent for the musicians and we danced. In fact, we danced every day when he came to see me. All the young and good-looking people of Paris came also. They had no court to pay to any one but me, for the Queen was not in Paris. Our little assemblies began at five

or six o'clock in the afternoon and finished at nine. After supper we played various games, which were so merry that I resolved to continue these evening amusements.

The King of England wore all the airs and graces which lovers are said to assume. He showed great deference to my opinion, stared at me continuously, and, according to the report of those who heard our conversations, tried to entertain me with a great many very sweet nothings, expressing himself so successfully that every one in our world agreed that Love was more French and had more real subjects in France than in any other nation. It was whispered that I was intensely fond of him and that I should marry him for love, which displeased me excessively.

The Queen of England came in one day to say: "My niece, I hear that there is some hope of your marrying the King of France and that negotiation to that effect is under way. I want to assure you that my son and I will not seek to thwart it, but would assist you, as we realize that it is more advantageous for you to become Queen of France than Queen of England. Promise us this, however: Should not this design succeed, you will then think of our affair."

"I have never heard of any definite design," I

replied; while, in order to convince her of the truth of my answer, I consented to her speaking to Monsieur. Even so, I did not commit myself, for I knew Monsieur did not desire this marriage, but whether his aversion to it arose from the state of the King of England's affairs or from the reluctance he had always shown to seeing me settled, I could not determine. I later learned his reply to the Queen of England was to the effect that I did not belong to him but to the King and to the state, and that they must gain the consent of his Majesty. He then expressed his thanks for the honor that had been done me by the King and Queen of England. I was pleased with this answer, which amounted to nothing at all, for, considering the state of affairs in England, I never could have been happy as its queen.

CHAPTER THREE

The Wars of the Fronde

I LEFT them all at the Palais-Royal and hurried home to my apartments, which I had no sooner reached than I received news of the clamor in the city. The citizens had taken up arms; had erected barricades¹; the President of Parliament, de Blancmenil, and M. de Broussel had been arrested. I went at once to the Luxembourg, and as I passed along the quai of the gallery of the Louvre, I found companies of Swiss and French Guards under arms. As I was about to pass the Pont-Neuf I found the way barred by strong chains. The people of Paris have always loved me very much because I was born and have been reared here. This has given them a respect and an affection for me greater than that which they ordinarily have for persons of my exalted rank. So when they saw me and my footmen, they immediately beat down the chains.

After my visit to the Luxembourg, I went to the

¹ On August 26, 1648.

Palais-Royal. All the world was there, astonished by the great clamor and activity in the city. This was of little moment in itself, but as for the results which could come from it, all our history books are filled with occurrences of the kind. Since I had never seen events of this nature and was not of an age to be reflective, every incident of the sort greatly interested me. Moreover, I was not on happy terms with the Queen or Monsieur at this time, so it afforded me a certain kind of pleasure to see their embarrassment. I thought only of all the excitement throughout the evening, and in the days that followed I took great interest in watching all the people who had swords but who were not in the habit of wearing them and so carried them most awkwardly. This is the way in which I spent my time while the whole of France trembled, although I had a deep interest in its welfare.

The regiments of the Swiss and French Guards remained each night in the street in front of the Tuileries, while the citizens were under arms in every quarter of the city and the *corps-de-garde* at all the cross-streets. From my window I saw some of the wounded, and I felt a pity as well as fear, for it was a new experience for me. One morning I was awakened by the Long Roll. The troops were start-

ing to take back the Tour-de-Nesle which some of the rabble had captured. I sprang from my bed and looked out at my window. It was not long before they returned. Some of them were wounded and I was seized with a great pity.

This was the beginning of the open criticism of Cardinal Mazarin and of the troubles that have followed in which the authority of the King has been attacked. Kings when they are of an age to govern should be told that authority is a tyrant; that it is necessary to weigh events, even the least, accurately, and to examine in advance the possible results. Too much clemency at one time is as culpable as too much severity at another. Decisions should be reserved to the cleverest, and may God inspire them, in particular our kings. Although the word "fronde" came from a trifling incident, I must here set down its origin. One day at the very beginning of these uprisings which had led the parliament to convene, Bachaumont, one of its counselors, said of Mazarin, "*Je le fronderai bien* [I shall sling stones at him and hit him]." Whereupon all present began to criticize the cardinal, without, however, naming him, although every one clearly understood to whom they referred.

Shortly afterward their Majesties left Paris, un-

der pretext of having the Palais-Royal cleaned, and took up their residence at Rueil, as the château of Saint-Germain was being occupied by the Queen of England. Neither Monsieur nor I left Paris. The absence of the young King increased the license and the freedom of speech before the parliament. I found myself in embarrassing situations because of the attentions and the applause of the Parisians who knew that I had remained in Paris. In fact, many people came to see me: all Paris came, the highest and the lowest of the party. My house was never empty.

As for the Queen and Mazarin, I'll confess that I was both troubled and joyful at seeing that they were going to make a mistake and that I should be a spectator of the miseries which this mistake would bring them. In this way should I be avenged for the persecutions which I had suffered at their hands. I went out to Rueil to pay my court twice a week, choosing the days when the council was sitting, in order to have the opportunity of speaking to Cardinal Mazarin about the liberation of Saujon. I was afraid I should be accused of abandoning those devoted to my service.

The court returned to Paris, but the cardinal advised a second withdrawal while affairs continued

in their present uncertain state. It was secretly arranged that it should again depart. I was told as a great secret that we must all leave the next day, a thing which greatly surprised me. Between three and four o'clock in the morning I heard a violent knocking at my bedroom door. I awoke my women and ordered them to open it. Monsieur de Comminges¹ entered and told me that their Majesties and Monsieur were awaiting me, and gave me a letter urging me to obey with all speed. So I arose and went in the coach with M. de Comminges, for neither my own nor Madame de Fiesque's² was ready.

It was quite dark when we left. I begged to have my equipage sent after me as soon as possible. On reaching Saint-Germain, we alighted at the chapel to hear mass, while the rest of the day was spent in questioning all who arrived, concerning what was going on in Paris. I was uneasy about my equipage. However, Madame de Fiesque sent my coach, a mattress, and a little linen; but finding myself even then in need of more, I sought out the place where Monsieur and Madame lodged. Here I procured two *femmes-de-chambre* and we were all much

¹ Captain of the Queen's Guards.

² One of the ladies in waiting to Mademoiselle.

amused at comparing one another's destitute condition.

I slept in a very beautiful room at the top of the house—large, painted, and gilded, but with little fire and with no glass in the windows, which was not very pleasant in the month of January. My mattress was placed on the floor and my little sister, having no bed of her own, slept with me. Fortunately for me, the beds for Monsieur and Madame arrived and Monsieur had the kindness to give me his room, but I did not have a change of linen. My night-chemise was washed during the day and my day-chemise during the night. I had no women to arrange my hair nor to assist in dressing me, which was very inconvenient. I lived thus for ten days, when my equipage arrived.

However, the rest of the court at Saint-Germain was not so fortunate as I. Those who had beds had no curtains for them, and those who had curtains were perhaps without apparel for themselves. It was feared in Paris that the cardinal's effects would be removed under the pretext that they belonged to the King and Queen, and nothing, therefore, was allowed to pass. Their Majesties were in want of everything, while all that I required was sent to me. Nothing could equal the consideration

which I now received. Even the Queen had to ask me to send a carriage to bring her some wearing apparel, which I was glad to do, not only for the sake of serving her but in order to show her that I was of some consequence.

Thus the court was in the position in which it had sought to place the people of Paris. The intention was to starve them. Nevertheless, they were well off and we were often wanting even provisions, since the troops in the environs took everything intended for us. I was the first one to return to Paris, asking permission of the Queen and of Monsieur and on the pretext that I must pay a visit to the Queen of England at the Louvre.

[1651] New remonstrances relative to the exile of Mazarin were drawn up by the parliament and presented to the Queen. I saw the Queen. She made me tell her all that was happening at the palace. I gave her the most concise account I could, although I knew it would not be very agreeable to her. I found her more melancholy than she had ever been. Was it because Cardinal Mazarin must depart?

The cardinal was hanged in effigy at all the cross-streets in Paris—which could not have been agree-

able to him. After repeated remonstrances against his presence in France, it was resolved that he should depart, and he escaped from Paris with considerable difficulty, in disguise. Every day we heard one hundred accounts of the means their Majesties would adopt to save themselves, and of the disguises they would choose should they be forced to go farther away. Nothing could have been more diverting. The Queen could not easily forget these events. She tried to appear gay, but no one believed in her gaiety. Yet she showed great strength of mind in bearing the affliction of seeing the Prince de Condé, the greatest enemy of the cardinal, triumphing in his downfall.

The Prince de Condé withdrew to Chantilly and refused to be present at the ceremony of the King's coming of age. I witnessed the procession from the Hotel de Schomberg and afterward from the *lanterne* at the palace, taking the Queen of England with me.

The great event of Cardinal Mazarin's return to France took place about this time. The moment Monsieur heard of it he recalled his troops, which

were serving with the King's army, for Monsieur now openly declared himself against the cardinal.

The King's army was devastating the country roundabout. Orléans feared the same treatment and had reason to dread being pillaged, since the corn of the whole province and much of the property of the nobility had been sent into the city for safety. The inhabitants sent to Monsieur to ask what they should do. Whereupon he immediately sent the Comte de Fiesque and M. de Gramont to allay their fears. Not liking the manner of the governor, however, M. de Fiesque returned in haste to request his Royal Highness to set out immediately for the city of Orléans, on the ground that his presence was necessary in order to preserve from destruction a city so beautiful and a country so famous for its commerce.

All his friends had persuaded Monsieur that he must go, and he had decided to do so. He had told me some days previously that the citizens of Orléans had sent to him to beg him to come, but that in case he was not able to go he would send me. I replied that he well knew I was ready to obey him in everything, but I wagered that I should go to Orléans.

When I next went to the Luxembourg, I found everything in confusion. Monsieur had decided that he would not go, complaining that if he left Paris, everything was lost.

That evening, while I was at supper, an officer approached me and said: "Mademoiselle, we are too happy! It is you who are coming with us to Orléans." I felt in my heart a great happiness, which seemed a good omen for the accomplishment of this undertaking. I gave orders for my equipage and for all that was necessary. I asked the Comte and Comtesse de Fiesque and Madame de Frontenac to accompany me, which they were very happy to do. I retired two hours after midnight and arose at seven to go to mass because I believed that at the beginning of this undertaking I ought to present myself before God, that He might grant me the blessings I desired.

After making my adieux to all, I took leave of his Royal Highness, who said to me at parting:

"The Bishop of Orléans will inform you concerning the state of the city; take counsel, also, of the Comtes de Fiesque and de Gramont. They have been there long enough to know what to do. Above all and at whatever risk, prevent the army from passing the Loire. This is the only order I give you."

Then I entered my coach in company with Madame de Frontenac and the Comtesse de Fiesque, whom I called my *maréchaux-de-camp*. An infinite number of people who were in the courtyard and the streets gave us their good wishes. His Royal Highness provided me with an escort consisting of a lieutenant of his Guards, two exempts [Life-Guards free from ordinary duty], six Guards, and six Swiss, who surrounded my coach. M. de Rohan proposed my having fifty additional Guards, but it was agreed that there was no necessity for it. He paid me a thousand compliments because of his joy at being chosen to accompany me.

I left Paris at so late an hour as to be compelled to sleep at Chartres, leaving early the next morning. Here M. de Beaufort met me and accompanied me throughout the journey, on horseback, riding at the door of my coach. We dined at Étampes, and about two leagues from there I found my escort of five hundred horses commanded by M. de Valon—an escort composed of gendarmes and of light cavalry and of many people both French and foreigners. They were in battle formation and gave me a military salute. The light horsemen went in front of my carriage and the rest by squadrons before, behind, and at the side.

When I reached the plains of Beauce, I donned my uniform à l'*Amazone* and mounted my horse. It gave the troops great joy to see me at their head. Arrived at Toury, I found a number of officers, who showed more pleasure at seeing me than if—so they said—it had been Monsieur. They told me they were about to hold a council of war at which they wished my presence. This would be something new for me and I began to laugh. Whereupon M. de Nemours told me that I must accustom myself to the discussions of military affairs, because they could not act without my orders. We began, therefore, to consider what we should do.

M. de Rohan drew me aside and said that as he was better informed than I of the intentions of Monsieur, he would tell me what it was advisable to do. This suggestion did not at all please me. I concluded that he believed me little qualified to negotiate such affairs. However, I did not show my feelings but returned to my company and gave orders to set in motion the army at daybreak, in order to reach Orléans by evening.

When I reached Artenay, the Marquis de Flamarin was awaiting me. He told me the gentlemen of Orléans did not wish to receive me. The fact that the King was on one side of this affair and I on

the other had caused them much embarrassment. They could not decide to whom they would open the gates. In order to avoid embarrassment, they begged to make me this proposition: Would I not enter some house near by, be detained there by illness? And after the King's army had passed—and they swore to me that they would not open the gates to this army—I should be very welcome in their city.

I gave no heed to this entreaty but told him that I was going straight to Orléans. If they at first refused to open the gate to me, I should not lose courage. If I was able to enter the city, my presence would inspire the hearts of all those well disposed toward the service of his Royal Highness. Moreover, the sight of a person of my rank who was willing to expose herself to danger would in itself stir the people tremendously. On the other hand, it would be impossible for them to yield by inclination or by force to those who have no determination. If the forces of the Mazarins were stronger, then I would hold out as long as I could. If in the end I was forced to leave, I would put myself in the care of the army, since there would be no security for me elsewhere. If the worst came, I should fall into the hands of people who at least spoke my language,

who knew me, who would give me, in my captivity, all the respect which is due my birth.

They were astonished at my resolution. They appeared not to have so much of it as I. They feared what might happen, and said so in the hope of stopping me. But I, without longer listening to them, entered my coach to be off, leaving behind my escort, that I might go more quickly. I took with me only the company belonging to Monsieur.

Around eleven o'clock in the morning¹ I arrived at the Bannière Gate of Orléans, which was closed and barricaded. After it was announced that it was I, they still did not open the gate. I waited there three hours. Then, weary at all this time spent in my carriage, I sought out a chamber in a small inn near the gate which was called the "Haven of Safety." It was well named, because I was that haven of safety to this poor town. They would have been lost without me.

After diverting myself by opening the letters of the courier from Bordeaux, which were not very entertaining, I went out to walk, as the weather was beautiful. The governor sent me some jam—an agreeable thing to do, but it seemed strange to me

¹ On March 27, 1652.

that he gave me no information, merely had me understand that he had no authority. My promenade was undertaken against the advice of all the gentlemen who were with me and whom I called my ministers. They said the joy which the common people would have in seeing me would startle the more important townspeople, but this reasoning only gave me the greater desire to go, so that I did not listen to them.

The walls were lined with people who continuously cried, "*Long live the King, the princes, and down with Mazarin!*" I could not help replying, "Go to the Hôtel-de-Ville and have the gates opened," although my ministers had told me most emphatically that this was not a proper thing to say.

After much walking, I found myself at the entrance of one of the gates. Upon seeing me, the guard of soldiers took up their arms and formed a line upon the ramparts. Imagine the honor! I called out to the captain to open the gate. He made a sign to indicate that he had no keys. I replied:

"Then you must break it open, for you must be more considerate of my wishes than of those of the authorities of the city, since I am the daughter of their master."¹

¹ Gaston, Duc d'Orléans.

I grew so excited that I even threatened him, to which he replied only by bowing reverently. All those who were with me told me I was acting foolishly in thus threatening those with whom I must treat. I replied, "I want to see if threats will do more than flattery."

The day I left Paris, the Marquis de Vilène, an educated man who has the reputation of being a clever astrologer, drew me aside into Madame's cabinet and said to me, "Everything that you shall undertake on Thursday, the twenty-seventh of March, from noon until Friday, will be successful, and during that time you will achieve extraordinary things." I wrote this prediction in my note-book in order to see what might happen, although I had little faith in it. I remembered it now and, turning toward Madame de Frontenac and Madame de Fiesque, said:

"Something extraordinary is going to happen to me to-day. I have this prediction in my pocket. I shall break down the gates or scale the walls of the city."

They laughed at me, but I laughed too, in speaking of this prophecy, for there seemed little likelihood of any such prediction coming true.

I continued to walk until I found myself on the

edge of the river, where some boatmen, of whom there are a large number in Orléans, came to offer me their services, which I accepted willingly. I talked to them as one must talk to people of that kind in order to make them do what one wants. As I saw that they were well disposed toward me, I asked them if they would take me in a boat to the *Porte de la Faux*, which opened upon the river. They replied that it would be easier to break down one upon the quai, nearer the place where I was, and if I wished they would go to work there. I told them they must make haste; I thanked them and gave them money.

The better to see them work and to inspire them by my presence, I climbed upon a knoll which commanded the gate. I gave little thought concerning the best way to achieve my end. I climbed like a cat. I caught my hands on the briers and the thorns and I leaped all the hedges, but without doing myself any injury. When I had reached the top, all those who were with me feared lest I expose myself too much. They did all they possibly could to force me to turn back; they begged me to be careful. I silenced them. Madame de Bréauté,¹ who is the silliest creature, began to shout at me, I'm not even

¹ Sister-in-law of the Comtesse de Fiesque.

sure that she didn't swear, but all this amused me very much.

My presence inspired the boatmen, who worked vigorously to break down the gate. The townsmen were doing the same within the city, while those on guard at the gate watched the proceeding without hindering it in any way. When I saw that an opening had been made and that two planks had given way,—it could not have been opened otherwise, since they were held in place by two very heavy bars of iron placed crosswise,—Gramont signaled to me to advance. As there was a lot of mud on the ground, a footman lifted me up and pushed me through the opening. As soon as my head appeared within, the people began to beat the drums. I gave my hand to the captain, saying, "You will be very glad to be able to boast that it was you who helped me to enter."

The cries of "*Long live the King, the princes, and down with Mazarin!*" started up again. Two men took me and placed me upon a wooden chair, and so happy was I, so beside myself with joy, that I did not know whether I was in the chair or on the arm of it. Every one kissed my hands and I was ready to die with laughter to see myself in so amus-

ing a situation. After being carried in triumph through a few streets, I told them I knew how to walk and begged them to put me down, which they did. I waited for my ladies in waiting, who arrived a moment later, as muddy as I and quite as happy.

A company of the city marched before me, beating drums in order to clear the way for me. Half-way between the gate and my lodgings I met the governor, somewhat embarrassed, with other gentlemen of the city, who greeted me. I spoke to them first, telling them that I believed they were surprised at seeing me enter in this manner, but, as I was naturally impatient, I had grown weary of waiting at the Bannière Gate, and having found the Brûlée Gate open, I had entered. They ought to be well pleased with me, because the court, which was then at Cléry,¹ would not hold them responsible for my entrance, nor for what I should do in the future, for I intended to assume responsibility for everything, since every one knew that when persons of my rank entered a place they were masters of the situation and rightly so. Indeed, I must be the mistress of this place, because it belonged to Monsieur.

¹ About eight miles southwest of Orléans.

Then they paid me their respects, but in a frightened manner. I told them I was convinced of the truth of what they had said—namely, that they would have opened the gates to me had I waited for them. I talked with them, as we walked along, as though nothing had happened and told them I wanted to go to the Hôtel-de-Ville to take part in the discussions there. They replied that they had waited upon my coming.

Arrived at my lodgings, I received addresses of welcome from various organizations, and all the honors due me. The gentlemen who had remained behind at the inn exhibited great joy at what I had done, as well as regret at not having accompanied me upon this adventure. I was very weary. I had not eaten all day, although I had arisen at five o'clock in the morning, and in place of resting after my arrival it was necessary for me to despatch a courier to his Royal Highness and one to the army, so that I wrote letters until three o'clock. My joy was so great, however, that I felt nothing, and after finishing my despatches I amused myself, with the countesses and Préfontaine, by laughing over all the adventures we had had.

The governor gave me supper,—my servants had arrived too late to prepare one,—and in order to

spare me the trouble of going to his house, he had it carried to mine. His wife came to see me. She was very unattractive, but was rather bright and was the daughter of the Comte de Cramail.

A day or two after my arrival, I was awakened at seven o'clock that I might take a walk through the streets and to prevent the Keeper-of-the-Seals from coming to meet with the council, as he intended to do. I dressed in great haste and sent for the governor and the mayor to escort me. As the chains were stretched across the streets, I was not willing that they should be lowered, so I went on foot to mass at Saint Catherine's, a church near the bridge. Many officers of my troops were with me and I took pleasure in having them appear, that every one might see their blue sashes, by which one would know that I was *patronne* in Orléans.

Those on guard at the bridge cheered and fired a salvo. Then the cries of the people redoubled, as well as those of the soldiers on guard, whose number I had increased because I found them too weak. Thus *les Mazarins* would know from the noise made and the large number of troops that there was no hope for them. The King left Cléry that day, to go to Sully to sleep. I dined with the bishop, a man of ability, and the subject of our conversation

was always my accomplishments during this journey.

Then I went to the Hôtel-de-Ville, where I had ordered a meeting to be held. When I was seated here in a great chair and in the midst of a profound silence, that every one might hear me speak, I confess I was exceedingly embarrassed. I had never spoken in public and I was very inexperienced. The present need and the orders of Monsieur, however, gave me confidence and the ability to express myself. I began by saying:

“His Royal Highness has been unable to leave important affairs in Paris, but knowing no one dearer to him than I, nor in whom he can have a greater confidence because of my honor in being his daughter, he has sent me to protect you against the evil designs of Cardinal Mazarin or to perish with you if we cannot defend ourselves. His Royal Highness is convinced of the zeal that you have for his service and for the preservation of this country. He has asked me to tell you that in this respect your private interests are as dear to him as his own; in truth, they are so firmly united that it would be difficult to separate them.

“His Royal Highness has learned with much grief of the turbulent acts committed by the enemy

troops at Blois and its vicinity, and regrets that so many innocent persons should be the victims of the vengeance of Cardinal Mazarin. He does not doubt that if the army of Cardinal Mazarin should enter Orléans, it would treat this city with great severity, since it is the capital of his *apanage*, whose name his Royal Highness bears, and as he is deeply sensible to its welfare, he has sent me to defend the honor, the lives, and the possessions of its inhabitants and to expose myself to every danger, that I may preserve it from destruction.

“The only way of achieving this is to keep out of the city our common enemy. There may be some among you who believe that they are failing in duty by refusing entrance to the King, but it is rather to serve his interests if we can preserve for him the most beautiful and important city in his domain, while it devolves upon you more than any other citizens in France to obey his Royal Highness, since you have the honor of belonging to him. He assures you of his protection and good-will, with the hope of receiving in return the benefits of yours.

“His Royal Highness has asked me to tell you that he judges the proximity of his army to that of the Prince de Condé might incommode the city in some way, so he has ordered me to remove the army

as soon as possible. For that reason, I have asked the Duc de Nemours and the Duc de Beaufort to confer with me, and upon their advice I have had an edict published by which the officers must leave the city within twenty-four hours unless they are ill or I have given them permission to remain, that all might know that we wish to send away those who might be under suspicion. I have asked, also, that nothing be done in this respect without my participation, as I, for my part, should do nothing without theirs, for I wish to establish between us the utmost confidence."

They thanked me, and after that I went away. After returning to my lodgings, I asked the gentlemen who had conducted me if they were satisfied with me and they replied that I had spoken very well.

Shortly afterward I received a letter from his Royal Highness which, because of its tenderness, gave me so keen a joy that I cannot refrain from putting it here:

My Daughter:

You can imagine the joy that I have felt at your deed. You have saved Orléans for me; you have assured the peace of Paris. It is a cause for public rejoicing. All the people are talking of you. Every one says that your

action did justice to the granddaughter of Henri the Great. I never doubted your spirit; but in this action I discover that you have even more prudence than courage.

GASTON.

I soon received news which pleased me exceedingly—that of the arrival of Monsieur le Prince [Condé] and his army. The next morning the prince sent a letter to me by Guitant, expressive of every possible respect and with offers of service:

Mademoiselle:

Your entrance into Orléans is an exploit such as you only could have performed and is of the greatest importance. Do me the favor to believe that I shall always be inseparably attached to the interests of Monsieur and shall always evince great reverence for you, since I am with every respect and devotion imaginable, Mademoiselle,

Your very humble and obedient servant,

LOUIS DE BOURBON.

I made Guitant relate to me all that had happened to the prince on the march. He had been miraculously saved from the troops of the King. Had he been taken, no quarter would have been given. It would have been, indeed, a great misfortune for France to lose a prince who had done

so much for her and who left no way untried in his effort to drive Mazarin from the kingdom.

There was the greatest joy throughout the army at the arrival of the prince.

Now I found so little to do that I was eager to return to Paris. On the second day of May I set out from Orléans by way of Étampes, where I found an escort awaiting me and held a grand court of all the officers of the army in full uniform. They were bravely adorned, outwardly as well as inwardly. The next morning I attended mass on foot, preceded by a military band and followed by an infinite number of people. It was all very splendid. Mass over, I mounted my horse, presided at a council of war, and then rode down the line of my troops.

When I reached Paris, all the people had left the city and the road was lined with carriages. Every one had a joyous face because of my return and the extraordinary success of my journey. I found the Palais d'Orléans crowded with people. It seemed that all the women in Paris had come there to await my arrival. When I left the Luxembourg, every one in the streets crowded about me as though they had never seen me. I was a bit shy and had difficulty in making my way. All my friends

congratulated me as I passed, so that if universal applause and testimonies of good-will are capable of satisfying one, I should have been very happy that day—as indeed I was.

Arriving at my own palace, I found the Prince de Condé, who helped me from my carriage and amid the arrival of a thousand people said to me:

“If the peace is made at once, you will be Queen of France; but if one waits to make it until we shall no longer be masters, you will be nothing, no more than the others.”

Monsieur and the Prince de Condé came every day to my palace, where there were so many prominent people, as many men as women, that the court was at my house and I was as the Queen of Paris. No one went to see the Queen [of France] and when she passed in the streets no one noticed her. I do not know whether it was very pleasing to her to hear that my court was large and that no one was willing to leave my house, when so few cared to go to her house. For I was honored to the last degree; I was held in great consideration. I do not know if it was for myself alone or because there were those who believed I had played an important part in this

affair, but those who will read these memoirs will be able to judge more easily whether or not I deserved these honors.

[1652] The fighting in the streets continued. The troops of the Prince de Condé passed beside the moat one night, and as there were no buildings between them and my apartment, I could hear their drums and trumpets distinctly. I remained at my window two hours after the bells rang midnight, hearing them pass, and with a feeling of apprehension, because I was thinking of all that might happen. But through all this sorrowful meditation I felt a strange premonition that in some way I should be able to help them in this serious undertaking.

On July 2, 1652, at six o'clock in the morning, I heard a knocking at the door of my chamber. I awoke with a start and called to my women to open the door. The Comte de Fiesque entered to say that the Prince de Condé had sent him to Monsieur to tell him that he had been attacked at daybreak, between Montmartre and La Chapelle, and that the authorities refused to open the Saint-Denis Gate to his army. Monsieur had replied that he was ill, whereupon the prince had sent to beg me not to abandon him.

I arose immediately and went with all haste to the Luxembourg, where I found Monsieur at the top of the stairs. I said, "I thought to find you in bed, since the Comte de Fiesque told me that you are ill." He replied, "I am not sick enough to be in bed, but I am too sick to leave this house."

I begged him to mount his horse and go to the aid of the prince or else go to bed. At least, in this crisis, he ought to play the part of a sick man. Words were vain. I could not move him, while my tears had no more influence upon him than my entreaties. The talk lasted an hour, during which time all one's friends could have been killed, the prince as well as any other, without his caring, which seemed to me a terrible pity. Finally, M. de Rohan and M. de Chavigny came, men in whom the prince had the utmost confidence, and after having talked some time with his Royal Highness, they persuaded him to send me to the Hôtel-de-Ville in his place, in order to demand the necessary aid. To accomplish this, Monsieur gave M. de Rohan a letter for the authorities there, in which he placed upon me the necessity of telling them his plans.

I left the Luxembourg, accompanied by Madame de Frontenac and the Comtesse de Fiesque, mother and daughter. All the citizens were grouped to-

gether in the streets and called to me as I passed: "What shall we do? You have only to command us. We are ready to follow your orders."

They seemed eager for the success of the cause and the safety of the person of the Prince de Condé.

When I reached the Hôtel-de-Ville, the Maréchal de L'Hôpital, governor of Paris, and the prévost of the merchants, who was at that time M. le Fèvre, a counselor of the parliament, came out to meet me at the top of the stairs and offered their excuses for not having come farther to welcome me, due to the fact that they had not been advised of my coming. I told them I was sure my arrival here must be a complete surprise to them, but it was due to the illness of Monsieur. He had not been able to come, but he had charged M. de Rohan to give them a letter. Then the clerk of the court read it. It was very complimentary to me and showed the confidence Monsieur had in me on account of what I had recently done.

The letter finished, I said Monsieur had asked me to tell them he desired that all the quarters of the city be placed under arms. They told me this had already been done. I continued by saying Monsieur wished that two thousand men, made up from the first companies of the infantry regiments, should be

sent to the Prince de Condé. They replied that one could not detach the bourgeois as one did soldiers, but that they would not fail to send two thousand men as his Royal Highness commanded.

I added that once the order was given, I should not concern myself over its execution, knowing the affection all the citizens had for us, while they would be most happy to aid in relieving the prince from the peril to which he was exposed. He should be beloved by all good Frenchmen; I believed there was not one who would not expose his own life to save that of the prince. I further asked that four hundred men be stationed in the Place Royale, a demand which was granted. I had kept, however, the greatest demand for the last—that of giving passage to our army. At this the authorities looked at one another. Whereupon I hastened to say:

“It seems to me it is hardly necessary for you to deliberate. Monsieur has always shown so great favors to the city of Paris that in this crisis, which affects the safety of the Prince de Condé, it is only just that you in return should show him your gratitude. You must also realize that if misfortune should decree that the prince be defeated by the enemy’s forces, one would not show more mercy to Paris than to the army. Cardinal Mazarin is con-

vinced that every one dislikes him,—the occasions for showing this dislike have been many,—and for that reason we cannot doubt that when the opportunity for revenge presents itself, he will take satisfaction in doing so. We must therefore take care to avoid this, while we cannot render a greater service to the King than to preserve for him the largest and most beautiful city of his kingdom, its capital, the one that has always been steadfastly loyal.”

The Maréchal de L'Hôpital now took the floor to say, “You know, Mademoiselle, that the King's forces would not approach the city were it not for the army of the prince,” but I interrupted:

“It isn't a question against whom Mazarin has a grudge or whether he is within or without the city. One can believe what one likes of his intentions, but think, monsieur, that while we discuss these useless questions, the prince is in peril in our faubourgs. What grief and enduring shame it would be for Paris were he to perish for lack of our help! It is in your power to aid him. Do it, then, quickly!”

They arose upon this and went away to a room at the end of the hall, to deliberate, while I went to a window which looked out upon the Saint-Esprit and prayed, for a mass was being said of which I

could hear only a part because of the much going and coming. There was so great need of haste in an affair so urgent as this! A little later they returned and told me that they had granted all our requests. I quickly sent word to the Prince de Condé that I had obtained permission for his troops to enter the city whenever he wished.

As I left the Hôtel-de-Ville, I found the citizens massed in the square, while I saw the most pitiable and frightful sights. I met the Duc de La Rochefoucauld, who had been wounded by a bullet which had passed through both eyes. His eyes looked as though they were falling out, so much blood was he losing. His face was covered with blood and he was panting. His son was leading him; he could see nothing and was on horseback. He wore a blood-stained white doublet, as did his escorts. They were crying bitterly to see him in such a state, I never should have believed that he could recover. I pitied him very much.

After leaving him, I saw Valon, who approached my carriage and said, "Alas, my good princess, we are done for!" I reassured him, to which he replied, "You give me life by giving us the hope of a safe retreat for our troops." At each step I took in the Rue Saint-Antoine, I found those who had been

wounded, some in the head, others in the body or the arms or the legs. They were on horse, on foot, on biers, on ladders, on litters. Some were dead. There was one cavalier who had been killed but who remained upon his horse. It would take too long to name them all, but it was pitiable.

And now at the Hôtel-de-Ville, the orders which I had given were carried out. The soldiers had been despatched. I believed myself at Orléans, for every one obeyed me. Meanwhile I had gone to the house of M. de La Croix, which was near the Bastille, the windows of which opened upon the street. Here the Prince de Condé came to see me. He was in a pathetic state, with two fingers of powder upon his face, his hair matted, his collar and shirt covered with blood, although he had not been wounded. He held his sword in his hand, but had lost its sheath. He said to me: "You see a despairing man, I have lost all my friends. The Duc de Nemours and the Duc de Rochefoucauld and Clincamp are fatally wounded."

I assured him that they were better than he believed. My reply gave him new hope, but he was completely overwhelmed and as he wept he said, "Forgive my giving way to my grief." And there are those who say he cares for no one! I have always

believed him to be devoted to his friends and to all whom he loves.

As he arose to take leave, he begged me to care for the baggage which was outside the gates, and told me I must not leave this place, as he would want to send me word about many things and there would be no time to wait. I begged him to reënter the city with his troops, to which he replied that he would consider it and that I must not give myself too much concern; but as for him, he could not have the reproach of having retreated in broad daylight before the Mazarins.

All this day passed in seeing the dead and the wounded. At the close of the day I realized the truth of the statement often made by soldiers that the more one sees of pitiful sights the more one loses his pity for the wounded, and especially for the people whom one does not know.

The Prince de Condé was attacked near the Faubourg Saint-Denis. He sent his cavalry to engage the enemy while he marched with all possible haste to the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, where he was attacked by the whole army of Turenne, which arrived at the same time as he. The prince barricaded himself in this street as much as it was possible to do in the face of the enemy, and sent troops to guard the other

avenues. The enemy had more than twelve thousand men. The prince had only five thousand. The battle lasted seven or eight hours. It was terrible. Even our enemies have said that unless one were a demon, it would not have been humanly possible to do all that he did. He was at every point where danger threatened.

At last Turenne forced the great barricade which guarded the cross-road leading to Picpus and Vincennes. Our infantry fought well, but the cavalry took fright and fled, carrying with them all they met in their way, as far as the Abbey Saint-Antoine. Their flight so enraged the prince that he returned, sword in hand, with one hundred musketeers and thirty or forty of the officers of the cavalry or infantry close at hand, and with these and some volunteers he re-took the barricade and drove out the enemy. What he did that day is quite beyond the imagination; he gained the admiration of every one by his cool-headedness, his courage, and his good judgment.

The governor of the Bastille, named Louviers, son of M. de Broussel, sent me word that provided he received an order in writing from Monsieur he would do everything that he commanded. I sent the Comte de Béthune to deliver this message to Mon-

sieur, who now arrived, as did the Prince de Condé. They embraced each other, grieved over the killed and wounded, and agreed that the army should enter the city. When they had departed, I went away to the Bastille, where I had never been before. I walked for a long time upon the walls and had the cannon loaded. Some were pointed toward the river and some toward the faubourg. I looked through the glasses and saw many people upon the heights of Charonne, even carriages, which made me conclude that the King was there; and I have since learned I was not mistaken.

In the distance toward Bagnolet, I saw the army of the enemy, which seemed very strong in cavalry. We could see generals without knowing their faces; we could recognize them by their staffs. I noticed how they divided up their cavalry. Their plan seemed to be to place the troops between the moat and the faubourg and thus cut us off. Some squadrons were sent in the direction of Pincourt; others to Neuilly, by way of the river. Should this movement be made more swiftly, we should be lost.

I sent a page at full speed to tell this to the prince. He was then on the clock-tower of the Abbey Saint-Antoine, and as my message confirmed what he saw, he gave orders for his army to enter the city. The

troops which the Maréchals Turenne and La Ferté had pushed forward to attack ours, advanced closer to the city, but in obedience to my orders, which I had given as I left, two or three volleys of cannon were discharged from the Bastille. This swept away a row of their cavalry and caused great fear. Except for this, all the foreign infantry, the gendarmes, and the cavalry of our rear-guard would have been cut off, because our troops had been obliged to wait for reinforcements of artillery which some one had gone to bring from the church of Sainte-Marguerite.

I returned to the house where I had been throughout the day, to watch the passing of the army. I knew all the officers would be delighted to see me. I must not forget to say that in the morning all the officers and soldiers had been alarmed because they feared they would have no place of retreat. Now as soon as they knew I was at the gate they cried out in the most joyous way: "We shall do wonders. Mademoiselle is at the gate. She will have it opened for us if we are hard-pressed." The prince had asked me to send them some wine, which I did with haste and as they now passed before the windows where I was, they called out: "We have drunk to your health. You are our liberator."

I remained for some time, watching the troops pass. I was anxious because of the long time it took them to do this, so I sent back the Comte de Holac, who had come here to see me, to bid them hurry; and not until all had passed did I go away to rest for a little time and to get a bit of refreshment at the Hôtel de Chavigny. The heat that day was terrible. We talked of all that had happened and then I went to the Luxembourg, where every one exclaimed at this day's doings. The prince paid me a thousand compliments and told Monsieur I had acted in a manner worthy of his praise. Monsieur told me he was pleased with me, but his manner was not so tender as it should have been. I attributed this to his regret at having let me do what he himself should have done; so his indifference, which is usually so hard for me to bear, consoled me on this day. Yet his state of mind at this time was not such as I could wish it might always be.

When I thought, that evening and many times afterward, how I had saved our fine army from destruction, I confess that I experienced a great wonder and thankfulness. The joy I felt in having rendered so important a service and in having conducted myself on this occasion in so extraordinary a manner,—an occasion which had, doubtless, never

offered itself to another in my position,—kept me from making the reflections which perhaps I should have made. I did not sleep at all that night. I had all those poor dead in my mind, while I could hear the cry of the returning soldiers: “*Vive la petite-fille de la France! Mademoiselle is at the gate; she will have it opened for us.*”

The next day I remained at home and was visited by a number of people—in particular, the officers of the army. Every one spoke only of the bravery of the prince. He came to see me and we had an illuminating talk upon all that had happened. It seems that the enemy’s generals, when they had disposed their cavalry, as I have already stated, so as to cut us off, marched with the infantry to force the barricades; but when they thought to have surrounded us on all sides, they found no one to surround and it soon became apparent that our party had entered triumphantly into Paris. This news was despatched to the King and the cardinal, who marched back to Saint-Denis, which they did not reach until midnight, after one hundred false alarms. Never were people so needlessly terrified nor so fatigued, for neither officers nor men dared take any rest.

It had been the intention for a long time to call a general assembly at the Hôtel-de-Ville, with a view

to forming a combined party consisting of the magistrates, the parliament, Monsieur, and M. le Prince, and to find larger funds for paying the troops and raising additional ones. This assembly was held on the fourth of July. To distinguish his party, the prince had ordered his soldiers to wear straw in their hats.¹ I do not know how this became known among the people, but when it was, they decided that in order to show their loyalty to the party it was necessary to wear straw, and such was the cry for it that even the clergy was forced to wear it. In fact, those who did not display it were attacked and maltreated with cries of "*Aux Mazarins!*"

Monsieur attended. They were bound to recognize him as Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, as they had done in parliament, and with full power to rule as would the King—so long, at least, as his Majesty should remain a prisoner of Mazarin, who, a declared enemy to the state and a disturber of the peace, was by a decree of the parliament banished forever from the kingdom. In truth, a price had now been set on the head of Mazarin, so that, all things considered, there was no one in France but

¹ "In order to distinguish his troops on that fatal day when Frenchmen were to fight against Frenchmen, Condé made them wear a wisp of straw in their hats and Turenne a piece of paper."—Desormeaux. III. 300.

Monsieur who had a right to command in the royal name.

The people, knowing the zeal of his Royal Highness for the state and for his Majesty, his country and the public good, were persuaded that affairs must prosper under his administration. M. le Prince was also to be declared general-in-chief of the armies, a position so suiting his abilities that no one doubted he would fill it admirably. At this assembly at the Hôtel-de-Ville, both princes declared before the whole assembly that they had no other object but the service of the King and the welfare of the people; that they levied war for this cause only and to drive Cardinal Mazarin out of the kingdom, and that as soon as he was removed they would lay down their arms.

While the princes were at the Hôtel-de-Ville, I, by way of diverting myself, took a promenade in the streets, wearing a bouquet of straw tied to my fan by a blue ribbon which was the color of our party. The people on seeing it cried lustily, "*Vive le Roi, les princes, et point de Mazarin.*"

I returned to the Luxembourg just as Monsieur and the prince arrived, but hardly had we entered when a citizen, breathless with haste, ran in crying: "The Hôtel-de-Ville is on fire! They are shooting



Courtesy of Maison Ad. Braun & Cie.

MADemoiselle AT THE BASTILLE

and killing each other and it is a most terrible sight!" Monsieur begged the prince to go at once to the Hôtel-de-Ville, but he replied: "I am no friend to sedition. I don't understand it; and when I see it, I'll confess, I'm a good deal of a coward. Pray send M. de Beaufort. He is well known and is liked by the people, and will know how to serve you better than I."

So they sent M. de Beaufort, while M. le Prince, who seemed to be much surprised at this disturbance and very anxious to quell it, gave every necessary order to do so. I proposed to Monsieur that if they wished it I would go and quiet the people, since they were always happy when I appeared. They replied that if I thought I should succeed, I might go, for in that case I should be of great service to them.

So taking with me the Mesdames de Sully and de Villars and the Comtesses de Fiesque and de Frontenac, who confessed that they were much frightened, I set forth. When we were at the end of the Rue de Grève, close to the bridge of Notre Dame, we saw the bodies of the dead borne along, among them that of M. Ferrand, a counselor of parliament and one of our friends. I felt very sad. They had killed another counselor, named Miron.

After having waited a long time without knowing even what was happening, I decided to send a trumpeter to make myself heard, but there was none to be found. The streets were filled with the *corps-de-garde*, who gave me a company for escort. We passed over beams and rafters still smoking from the fire. Never was a place so desolate! I did not return to the Luxembourg, for it was four o'clock in the morning, so I went to bed and slept the whole day.

There were many opinions upon this subject, but the blame for this was laid unanimously upon his Royal Highness and M. le Prince. I said nothing about it to either of them, for, had they been in the wrong, I should have been made unhappy by having them acknowledge it. Days passed without any events of public interest, for, to tell the truth, this affair was the last blow to the party, shaking the confidence of those with the best intentions, intimidating the bold, lessening the zeal of the most earnest, and producing the worst possible results. I must not forget to say, however, that after the affair of the Porte Saint-Antoine, I sent round to all the wounded, on the part of Monsieur and the prince, to inquire after their health and to convey my sympathy to their relatives. Their Highnesses would

never have thought of it themselves, but I know that these attentions gained the people's affections toward those of rank as well as securing them friends and faithful servants.

M. le Prince came to tell me that his army wished to do me honor and that he had sent word there was to be a truce while I was their guest. I did not wish it until he convinced me that it was a mark of respect which they owed me; and as I desired their respect, I consented to it. We met M. le Prince at Charenton, accompanied by three troops belonging to M. de Lorraine as my *escort*. All the cavaliers looked very noble in their cuirasses. I took the Prince de Condé into my coach. He was well dressed, which was very unusual with him, for he really is one of the most slovenly men in the world. His extreme neatness quite surprised the company, and he excused himself for it with the same apologies as he would have used had he committed some great crime.

Being in mourning for my half-brother, I was dressed in black, but I tied to my sleeve the *cordon bleu*, making all my ladies in waiting who were with me do the same; and in the middle of the blue, which was tufted, we fastened a little bit of yellow ribbon as it was the color of M. de Lorraine.

We arrived at Gros Bois, where we dined. My ladies also dined with M. le Prince and M. de Lorraine, M. de Beaufort, and the Chevalier de Guise, all of whom had met us at Charenton. They drank my health on their knees, while the trumpets sounded and all the impressive formalities were gone through which they are accustomed to observe in the army on such occasions. I believe they even discharged the cannon which were in the château. The Prince de Condé received a reply from the Maréchals de Turenne and de Ferté in which they paid me many fine compliments and declared that I was to consider myself the mistress of their army as well as of our own.

Many speeches followed. After dinner I mounted on horseback and reviewed the army, speaking to the officers I had seen at Étampes, who were greatly surprised at my remembering them and their names. Upon my return to Paris I was escorted by a troop of Lorrainers. The Comtesse de Fiesque gave a magnificent party—a comedy and the violins—in my honor. Never was there a more beautiful fête!

M. le Prince, who was to leave with the army, came to say adieu. He was dressed superbly, with colors of gold, red, and silver and a blue scarf

à l'Allemande over a justaucorps, which he left unbuttoned. It was with great regret I saw him depart, and I confess I shed tears when I said adieu. To console me they suggested that I go to mass at the two-o'clock bell. Nothing could be more enlivening than to see the great promenade of the Tuileries crowded with well-dressed people, wearing everything new, as it was the season for putting on winter costumes.

On Saturday morning as I was having my hair dressed, M. Sanguin, the King's *maître-d'hôtel*, was shown into my room and said, "Here is a letter which the King has commanded me to give you." It contained the news that he was coming to Paris and that he had no lodging to give to his brother other than the Tuileries. Therefore he prayed me to leave by the morrow at midday. I replied to Sanguin that I should obey the orders of the King.

I went at once to the Luxembourg. His Royal Highness was greatly astonished at this news, but said I must obey. I then went in search of the counselor of the parliament, who advised me to take up my lodgings in the Arsenal. I was deeply afflicted at leaving the Tuileries, not only because it is the

most agreeable place in the world and one I dearly love, but it is the home in which I have passed all my life. My ladies in waiting asked me where I was going and when I told them I might go to the Arsenal, Madame de Châtillon said to me:

"I do not know who has given you this counsel, but nothing could be more malapropos or unwise. You must think only of a safe retreat, for I warn you, as a faithful servant, your father is a traitor. He will desert you."

I thanked her and I changed my resolution. To think that his Royal Highness could see me in this embarrassment of not knowing where I might lodge, without offering me a place of refuge! *Eh, bien!* I was little accustomed to receiving marks of his kindness. In the morning on returning from mass, we went to Madame de Choisy's, where from one of the windows which commands a view of the Place du Louvre, we could see the King pass. They were selling lanterns in the street to hang at the windows as a symbol of rejoicing and crying: "*Lanternes à la Royale.*" I impulsively called out, "Pray have you any of them *à la Fronde?*"

"Surely," cried Madame de Choisy, "you will have us all put to death!" and it certainly was most imprudent of me.

Then I went to the Luxembourg, where Monsieur scolded me by saying: "Do you think, Mademoiselle, that the affair of Saint-Antoine has not injured you with the court? You were delighted to play the heroine and to have it said you twice saved our party. Whatever happens to you now, you will find consolation in remembering the praises that were then showered upon you. Since you have gained the displeasure of the court, I have resolved not to mix myself up with this affair."

I confess I was perfectly astonished at hearing this and I replied: "But my actions at Porte Saint-Antoine and Orléans, with which you reproach me, were in obedience to your orders. It is better, surely, to have acted as I did than to be reproached for doing nothing. I do not know whether this is being a heroine, but I do know I am of birth so high that I ought never to do anything but what is great and noble. And one may call it what one likes. I call it following my inclinations and taking my own road. I was born to take no other."

Then I begged his Royal Highness to permit me to lodge at the Luxembourg, to which he replied that he had no room for me. I inquired where he wished me to go. His only answer was, "Go where you will."

That night as I was dining and the violins were playing, Madame de Châtillon entered, exclaiming, "Have you the heart to listen to these violins when we are being driven away from this place?"

"One must wait and be resolute," I answered. But I withdrew to my chamber and thought of how unhappy I should be in passing the winter in the country; I could not well comprehend how one could live there. To miss the carnival at Paris with all its joy! For a moment I thought of remaining concealed or of living in retirement in Paris. I hoped that somehow I might find a triumphant way out of this situation and then I was in despair. I wept bitterly. The refusal of a home at the Luxembourg again came into my mind. I have never since been able to forget that. Then Madame de Frontenac said to me:

"If you would wish to go to Pont-sur-Seine, Madame de Bouthillier is there. It would give her the greatest joy in the world to receive you. It has excellent air; you can live the life of a private individual there; you can walk as much as you like."

I found this proposal an attractive one and resolved to go there. I charged Préfontaine to arrange all that was needful for my departure on the morrow.

The next morning¹ he came to awaken me at half-past eight. He was greatly concerned because Monsieur had left for Limours without saying adieu to me. I, too, was amazed, while I suffered from an unbelievable sadness. It seemed to me nothing could excuse such negligence. Préfontaine told me I had nothing to fear so far as my freedom was concerned; that the people of the court would come to pay me visits; that every one would speak often of my kind actions, while he, as a good and faithful servitor, would follow me to the end of the world if I chanced to be going there and would permit it. Thus he tried to keep up my courage.

Then I climbed into a carriage bearing no coat of arms, which Madame de Montmort had loaned me, with two horses, and one coachman dressed, as was I, in gray. I had with me certain of my footmen in gray livery, a lackey belonging to Préfontaine, two of my chambermaids, and Préfontaine. We moved at a slow pace. As soon as I had passed the river Marne, I tried to put Paris out of my thoughts. I was firmly resolved to act in every way as Destiny would wish me to do. We tried to think of some harmless amusement. We each chose a name. We called each other "my brother," "my sister," or "my

¹ On October 21, 1652.

cousin." This pleasantry entertained us for some days.

We arrived one night at Pont-sur-Seine, where Madame de Bouthillier received me joyfully. I found in this place a great quiet. We remained one day, then set out for Saint-Fargeau. While en route, I received a letter from the King in which his Majesty told me he had learned of my choice of residence at my château of Saint-Fargeau and that this choice was agreeable to him. He assured me I might live there in all security. In my reply I thanked him for the honor which it had pleased him to make me by this mark of his remembrance—in particular, that my choice of residence was agreeable to him. I had nothing on my conscience, I wrote, which could make me fear insecurity; my conduct and my intentions had always been devoted to the service of his Majesty, and I was incapable of acting in a manner unworthy of the rank to which God had allowed me to be born—that of a great Frenchwoman.

I also received a most courteous letter from M. le Prince, offering me his services and those of his army in case any danger might befall me. I was extremely touched by this letter.

CHAPTER FOUR

Exile at Saint-Fargeau

WE reached Saint-Fargeau ¹ at two o'clock in the morning. We had to dismount outside the grounds, as the bridge was broken down. I entered an old house without doors or windows and with grass knee-deep in the courtyard. I was horrified. They led me into a miserable room supported by a beam in the middle. Fear and vexation took possession of me. I wept bitterly. To be exiled from court; to have only a dwelling as ugly as this; to realize that this was the best of my châteaux!

When this had passed, I called Madame de Frontenac and Préfontaine, who told me there was a place near by to which I might go until I had recovered from my fear—a house with a moat, belonging to Davaux, one of my stewards. So we mounted our horses, Madame de Frontenac and I and one of my chambermaids, Préfontaine and La Guérinière. Imagine with what pleasure I made this journey! I had arisen two hours before daybreak, I

¹ In northeastern France, in the department of l'Yonne.

had come twenty-two leagues, and I was upon a horse that had made the same journey as I. We reached the house of Davaux at three o'clock in the morning. I went to bed with all haste.

The next day La Guérinière, who had been to Saint-Fargeau, returned to tell me that my château was really good and strong and that no one could surprise me there. This news revived my spirits. However, my bed did not arrive until ten days later. Happily for me, the bailiff of my château had been recently married, so he possessed a new bed. The Duchesse de Sully and Madame de Laval came to visit me shortly after my arrival. I was vastly ashamed at being unable to lodge them in my château, so that they had to go every evening to the bailiff's, to sleep in the bed which I had occupied before the arrival of my furniture. Some other guests arrived who had to lodge in the village wherever I could find a place for them.

I tried to make myself comfortable at Saint-Fargeau. I had to have fireplaces built in the rooms we occupied. I worked from morning till night and descended from my chamber only to dine or to be present at mass. The winter weather was so bad that walking was impossible. Whenever there was a moment of fine weather, I rode. When the roads be-

came too frozen, I walked and superintended my workmen.

I decided to rebuild Saint-Fargeau. I had an architect named Le Vau come from Paris. I had a terrace, one hundred feet in length, laid out with a very fine effect. From this terrace one can see the château, the little village, the forest, the vineyards, and a meadow with a river which in summer is a lake—a pleasant landscape. On a piece of ground where the undergrowth was so thick that it seemed impossible to make an alley, I had a space cleared for a mall. Saint-Fargeau was so wild a place at the time of my arrival that only herbs fit for soup were to be found. This renovation furnished me much diversion, and those who saw it found it worthy of me and of my efforts. I was not able to do more. I spent two hundred thousand livres, which is a great deal.

We often had company. They told us a thousand bits of news. We led a very quiet life and yet there was enough amusement to keep us from being bored. A pack of hounds which I had ordered, arrived from England with some horses, so I took to hunting three times a week—a great diversion. The country about Saint-Fargeau is very good for

hunting and especially suits English dogs, which ordinarily run too quickly for women. I was able, however, to follow them everywhere.

I was always busy and entertained myself by reading. Not until this time did I begin to love reading, which I have cared for ever since. I read the *Mémoires* of Queen Margaret [of Navarre] and as a result the Comtesse de Fiesque and Madame de Frontenac proposed that I divert myself by beginning to write my own memoirs. Préfontaine thought this would entertain me and urged me to do it. At first I wrote a little at a time—up to the affair of the Hôtel-de-Ville, and as I wrote badly I gave it to Préfontaine, that he might make a neat copy.

I departed suddenly from Saint-Fargeau and went to Orléans to see Monsieur and Madame. I did not wait for escort. I remained only a day, but here I found the comedians, a very good troupe which had played before the court and had received their commendation. Upon my return to Saint-Fargeau I thought only of having a theater constructed and with prodigious haste. There was a great hall here, which was most suitable for this. This theater was beautifully decorated and well lighted. I lis-

tened to the comedy here with more pleasure than ever I had before. In truth, the company was not large, but the women were attractive enough. We wore fur hoods (against the cold) ornamented with plumes. After the delights of the comedy and when Lent was over, we played at battledore and shuttlecock. Since I adored athletic games, I played this two hours in the morning and again after dinner. My mail was finished, so I played there with Madame de Frontenac.

As I was leaving Orléans, his Royal Highness said to me, "The affairs of your minority have never been settled. I wish to close the business. Give orders for this to your people." In consequence, I wrote to Paris, then to Blois. There was so much writing to be done that it became somewhat wearisome. "It is not enough to watch out for my legal affairs and the increase of my revenues," I said to Préfontaine, "but it is also necessary to supervise the expenses of my house. I am convinced that I am being robbed and to prevent this I wish to be accounted to as if I were a private person."

This is not beneath a great princess. The less people steal from her, the more is she in a position to do well with her possessions, and when one does this wisely, every one is happy. I had heard it said

that the Infanta Isabella, sovereign of the Low Countries, attended to her business even to the smallest detail, as did also a great duchess of Tuscany of the house of Lorraine, both of them as distinguished by their character and ability as by their birth. I should be very glad to imitate them. Préfontaine encouraged me in this resolution, saying that he knew I should do well and that he would seek in every way to help me.

We found that I had been very badly served and that I could greatly reduce my expenses. I sent word to my people to bring in their accounts. They brought me false ones. I showed them the true ones. They were amazed and asked my pardon, begging me to grant them what they had taken from me. There was one who told me his confessor had refused him absolution until he restored what he owed me. I granted them their requests, but on condition that they would act more honestly in the future.

From Blois there came a messenger bringing a document with the request that I sign it, adding that if I liked I might send to Paris for counsel. I replied that I did not require counsel thereupon, since it was necessary to know only how to read in order to see that this document was very disadvantageous to me. Thereupon I wrote to Goulas, to beg his Royal

Highness to ask for arbitration on this matter. He [his Royal Highness] replied that it was beneath the dignity of a Son of France to place his business transactions in arbitration, and that I had wrongly interpreted his letter. In fact, everything I wrote seemed to be misinterpreted. They even wrote me threateningly, in order to intimidate me. I made answer that no one could take away my inheritance unless I could be declared an imbecile or a criminal, and I certainly did not intend to become either the one or the other.

Then his Royal Highness urged me to come to Blois, because he had much business to transact with me, and added that should I come, I should not be held there as a prisoner. This redoubled my fear of going there, while my ladies in waiting constantly told me I must not think of leaving Saint-Fargeau, as liberty was a beautiful thing. Now, whenever any messenger came from Blois, I suddenly became ill. I had it said that I had a fever. In fact, I would have had one, gladly, to escape them. Yet on the whole I behaved very well on these occasions and would say: "Look at me. I have the most smiling face in the world."

After I had attended to my business affairs, which I did twice a week, I thought only of amusing my-

self. Many people came to see me. Mesdames de Montglat, Lavardin, and de Sévigné came all the way from Paris expressly to visit me. They are people of intelligence and worth, whom I highly esteem. All these made a very agreeable court. We went about and paid visits to the most attractive châteaux in the vicinity, where we were given fine collations. I also gave one in the most beautiful spot in my forest, at which the violins played. It was a lovely fête to see; and, still more, it showed that one need not be bored when away from Paris.

A Jesuit Father named Jean-Antoine arrived from Orléans. He had already been to Blois to propose to Monsieur my marriage with the Duc de Neubourg. He told me that they [certain small German princes] had already married daughters of Austria and Lorraine. I replied that others might marry as they pleased, but, as for me, I had no intention of marrying in this way. We would speak of it no more.

He continued, however: "I assure you that, though you may smile, the Duc de Neubourg is a very eligible *parti*. He is a prince of the house of Bavaria, is not more than thirty years old, well built, has intelligence, character, and handsome estates.

His capital city, Düsseldorf, is very beautiful indeed, and most agreeably situated. His palace is a noble one. He is a prince who might easily become emperor. Moreover; owing to your present unhappy relations with the court, few people will seek you out, while he desires you ardently. These circumstances, alone, make his offer a most considerate one. When I was at Orléans, his Royal Highness told me that if the Princesse de Condé should die, you would marry the Prince de Condé."

Then I replied: "I do not find the Duc de Neubourg a suitable *parti* for me. No Daughter of France has ever married petty rulers, and for that reason I most emphatically do not wish this marriage. As for the Prince de Condé, I have never thought of marrying him and I would take my oath that he has never spoken to me of such an affair, which seems so greatly to interest you and Monsieur. People of ordinary sense do not take measures of this kind relative to the possible death of a person as young as I, for the Princesse de Condé is the same age as I. However, should she die and should he [the Prince de Condé] hold the good favor of the King, and should his Majesty and his Royal Highness wish it, and if, for the welfare of the royal house, one should make this proposal to me, I believe

I would marry him, since there is nothing in his bearing which is not great and heroic and worthy of the name he bears. But to believe that I would marry like a young girl out of a romance, and that my suitor would come to seek me upon a palfrey, destroying all obstacles in his path, and that I, for my part, would mount another palfrey like Madame Orianne—I assure you that all this would not in the least appeal to me, and I am very indignant with those people who have thought it possible.”

Whereupon the Jesuit Father presented a letter which the Duc de Neubourg had written me, and here is a copy of it:

Mademoiselle:

Since the rare virtues and perfections which Heaven has added to the grandeur of the birth of your Royal Highness have caused your praises to be universally sung, I hope that you will pardon me if I find myself among the number of those who seek the honor of serving you. It would be a true honor and one which I desire most passionately if I should be permitted at this time to present myself before you and lay at your feet all the respect and homage which I have for you. Since the exigencies of the present time do not allow me this desire, I very humbly beg your Royal Highness to grant to the reverend Father—Jean-Antoine, Jesuit—your permission to pay you my homage and to believe that among all those

who profess to serve you I shall yield to no one, whatever his zeal or devotion. In order to give acceptable proofs of this, I cannot aspire to a greater glory than to be allowed to say, Mademoiselle, that I am and shall be throughout my blameless life the very humble, the very obedient, and very faithful servant and cousin of your Royal Highness,

PHILIPPE-GUILLAUME,
Comte-Palatine.

After I had read and copied this missive, the Comtesse de Fiesque said to me: "Isn't he intelligent? Doesn't he write gallantly?" I replied that I knew very little about love-letters and that I was the person in the world the least qualified to judge of such matters.

After dinner the reverend Father returned to my chamber. Préfontaine came to inform me of his arrival and opened the door for him. I had hid Madame de Frontenac under the table. His appearance was amusing—a Jesuit in boots, in country dress, and with the most comical face. He held his cape in both hands in a most ridiculous manner. As he approached me he blinked his eyes in order the better to see me. I was dying of a desire to laugh and Préfontaine could not refrain from doing so and, out of respect, left the room. I whispered to him, how-

ever, to listen at the door to everything that was said.

The reverend Father began by giving me many compliments on the part of the Duc de Neubourg and then said: "I believe his Royal Highness has written you by this time that he has received favorably the proposals I have made to him, and that he is very glad to give me the honor of seeing you and of making them in person."

I replied that the Duc de Neubourg did me much honor and that his thought of me was proof of his esteem; that I should always be mindful of it; but that in the position in which we now found ourselves—namely, that of being out of favor with the court—my wedding ceremonies could not be carried out with the magnificence and dignity they deserved.

He then drew from his pocket a portrait of M. de Neubourg, saying: "He is the best man in the world. You will be too happy with him. His wife, who was a sister of the King of Poland, died of joy at seeing him on his return from a long journey."

"You alarm me," I replied. "I should be afraid to die of loving him too much. That is why I will not marry him."

He stayed an hour, telling me merry stories; but

when he saw that none of his praises could persuade me, he took leave of me, while I called Préfontaine to conduct him from the room. As for me, I have always had an aversion for love itself. As a passion it seems unworthy of a noble soul. I am more and more convinced of it, because I thoroughly realize that reason very seldom follows the dictates of passion and that passion soon ends, thus making one unhappy the rest of his days. One is happier, therefore, in making a *mariage de raison* even when there is some antipathy at first, for I am convinced that one often comes to love the person afterward.

The Maréchal d'Étampes came to Saint-Fargeau to urge me to go to Blois. As everything in this world must have an end, it seemed necessary for me to decide to finish this matter and to make the journey. In brief, I resolved to do so, since my presence at Blois was commanded. But it was not without much dreadful weeping, so that the morning of the day I was to start I had a severe sore throat and a fever which led me to despatch a messenger to Blois to carry my excuses for not arriving on the day named. The physician bled my feet and this bloodletting caused my illness to vanish. I started the next day. I did nothing but weep in my carriage.

When I reached Blois (it was late at night) I did not wish to go to the chamber of his Royal Highness but chose to follow my inclination and go directly from my carriage to my room. Monsieur, however, desired to see me and when I sent word that I was too weak to remain standing, he sent me a chair belonging to Madame, in which I was carried to the door of his chamber. He told me that I had acted very badly in making all this difficulty about coming to see him, and also because I was afraid that he would use force in dealing with our business affairs. Never, he said, had he made use of his authority to do violence to any one whatsoever, and certainly he would not begin with me. When I wished to speak of the business in question, he evaded the whole matter.

After spending fifteen days at Blois, I left to make a journey through Touraine. I went from Blois to Amboise, where the Marquis de Sourdis, the governor, treated me very magnificently and received me with such thunders of cannon as I had never before heard. I went to Chenonceaux, where M. de Beaufort showed me as much honor as he had on a former occasion. The comedians whom I had had at Saint-Fargeau throughout the winter had

assembled at Tours, so that as soon as I arrived there I attended the play. I stayed ten or twelve days without a care in the world. I was most comfortably lodged in the palace of the archbishop, who was absent, and here I received a great many visits. I went every day to see the play and often walked on the outskirts of the city. I went over to Villandry to take a walk, where I was most graciously received. I was not treated as a demoiselle who had been exiled.

Upon my return to Saint-Fargeau I had the great joy of finding the apartment which I had had remodeled completely finished, so I had it fitted up at once with hangings and furniture and installed myself therein.¹ It was very attractive, with a wardrobe at the end and a small cabinet adjoining in which there was room only for myself. After having existed for eight months in an attic, I found myself lodged in an enchanted palace. I hung my rooms with quantities of mirrors and pictures and I believed I had made a beautiful work of art. I showed this apartment to every one who came to see me, and with as much satisfaction over my achieve-

¹ The château of Saint-Fargeau still stands, but, owing to a fire which occurred in 1752, these apartments no longer exist.

ment as the Queen, my grandmother, must have shown when she exhibited her palace of the Luxembourg.

His Royal Highness sent the Comte de Bury with a letter in which he told me that he no longer wished to play with the formalities of justice; that if I did not wish to give to him with a good grace all he asked of me, he would put himself in possession of all my property and give me in return only what it pleased him to give me. I shut myself in my chamber in order to keep from the public gaze the grief and resentment of a person so cruelly treated as I. I did not deserve it. I wept. I was in despair. I lost my color. When I thought of all I had done for his Royal Highness . . . !

When the letters arrived from Paris, I opened a packet from M. de LeRoi, brother of Préfontaine, inclosing a letter he had received from Monsieur in which he gave orders that Préfontaine should be withdrawn from my service. I burst into tears. I said to Préfontaine: "This is too much! You must not leave me."

Then the thought came to me of writing to the Queen or even to Cardinal Mazarin, to ask for their protection, and of sending Comte d'Escars to the

court and to Blois to say that owing to my fear lest Monsieur employ his authority to do me violence, I was going to betake myself to the Convent of Val-de-Grace as soon as my business arrangements were completed, since they were the cause of this persecution. My ladies in waiting found this plan advisable and thought I could not do better, but Préfontaine did not agree with us. Rather, he said that persons of my age and rank must not act as private individuals; that to place myself in a convent would lead to grave consequences; that if I were once entered there, it might be difficult for me to leave it should I desire later to do so, while it would only make Monsieur the more angry. In truth, the only part for me to take was that of obedience in everything, in the attempt thereby to obtain the good favor of his Royal Highness. I reflected that he was right and that I must accept his advice.

Préfontaine remained ten days at Saint-Fargeau after receiving this command, since he had much to do in getting my papers in order. One can imagine his despair at leaving me and mine at seeing him depart.

[June 1654] The court left Paris, to go to Rheims for the coronation of the King. If I had

been suffering from curiosity, I could have gone incognito in order to see so beautiful a ceremony as this. Madame de Bouthillier wished to accompany me and a number of people urged me to do this, but it has always seemed to me that those who are well born and whose rank is as great as mine play a poor rôle whenever they have to mask in order to be present at a spectacle. This is suitable only for carnivals. Curiosity is a thing not to be encouraged if in order to satisfy it one must act basely. I am sure I am very far from thoughts of this kind. And then too, one can read about it and hasn't the trouble of getting up very early in the morning in order to witness such a ceremony.

From the end of September until Christmas I went out but little. In the morning, as soon as I was awakened and while I was dressing, some one read to me until I went to mass; then I rode and after dinner worked at my accounts. Afterward I walked in the gallery, accompanied by torch-bearers, and worked until supper, when I took another walk. As I wrote to Paris twice a week, I shut myself up in order to finish my letters. It was lonely. Often as I dined I had a desire to weep; the tears came to my eyes. Monsieur was very angry at me. The conversations of an angry man are not, ordinarily, very

agreeable to repeat. These were so unworthy of him and of me that it is much wiser to pass over them in silence.

[1655] All this time I kept myself informed of what was happening at court, through the "Gazette"¹ and my correspondence. They were filled for the most part with balls and ballets and plays. The King, who danced very well, liked all these gaieties immensely. They seemed very far away from me, however. I couldn't help thinking about my return [to court]. Assuredly, a person living under the authority of a father who is a Son of France, and who has recently been received into favor at court, has everything to fear. One is so much happier when one is reconciled with the court. Moreover, the position in which I found myself and the manner in which Monsieur treated me were known throughout France, so I decided that unless I arranged my business affairs according to his wishes he would not only take my property but continue to persecute me. It seemed to me wiser, therefore, to end this whole business in a way which would bring me reconciliation with him and some peace of mind

¹The "Gazette de France," established in 1631, was the first newspaper in France and a chronicle of court events.

to myself. I sent to Blois to ascertain if he would be agreeable to this desire of mine. In reply he asked M. de Beaufort to send me the following letter:

His Royal Highness has commanded me to write you that he has received with joy and affection your marks of obedience, from which he hopes a good result; that he desires that your gentlemen of business and his may adjust and outline a project of compensation in order that, once and for all, the differences between his Royal Highness and you may be concluded. This agreement once completed, you will receive from his Royal Highness the esteem and caresses of a good father. . . . Monsieur wishes most emphatically that you give him an indemnity.

I spent five or six days before Holy Week at Châteauneuf and on Easter Sunday I was obliged to sign two documents. Then I burst into tears at the thought of all I had suffered from this transaction. My gentlemen began to weep with me because of the miserable position in which Monsieur had placed me, to the advantage of himself and his daughters,¹ as well as for his lack of affection for me. This did not surprise me, however, for I have never been spoiled by too much tenderness from him. A number of people of rank now came to see me as a result of my reconciliation with my father. His Royal Highness wrote me a pleasant letter.

¹Gaston d'Orléans had three daughters by his second wife

[1656] The court went to Fontainebleau, where there were many amusements. The King continued to find pleasure in the conversation of Mademoiselle de Mancini¹; the violins played; comedies were given; and, I have learned, a great many people enjoyed themselves there.

The sedentary life I had led all winter and the great task of being forced to attend to my business affairs had not been beneficial to my health, which unhappiness had greatly altered. I decided, therefore, to go to Forges to avoid falling ill. I judged that the change of air as well as the waters at Forges would repair the evils of these recent annoyances. I sent my footman to Blois, to ask permission to take this journey. He was not well received, which was not my fault. At last I resolved to set forth. The same day the Queen of England sent me word from Paris, asking that I give her a day and a place, that she might come to see me and bring with her her daughter, the Princess Royal, widow of the Prince of Orange, who was dying to see me. I judged that Chilly [near Paris] was a suitable place to receive her.

The Queen of England arrived. I went to meet

¹ The niece of Cardinal Mazarin.

her and received her at Chilly, a most beautiful place for the reception of such a company—for her court is very large. She had in her carriage the Princess Royal, the Duke of York, and Madame d'Epéron, besides a number of ladies of honor and some English and Irish in her entourage. She was followed by many ladies and gentlemen from Paris. I had made ready for the Queen of England a great hall with an antechamber and a gallery, all elegantly furnished. The Queen was seated upon a couch, from which she received all the people of rank who had come out from Paris. One could easily see I had arranged for everything on a most magnificent scale. We dined in a lower hall. As we ascended after dinner the Princess Royal told me of the great desire she had had of meeting me ever since the King [Charles II] her brother had spoken to her of me, and with so much affection that she had loved me without knowing me. All this from a person whom I had never seen before!

She wore the most beautiful pendant ear-rings of very rare pearls, and bracelets and rings with large diamonds. The Queen said to me:

“My daughter is not as I. She loves magnificence; has jewels and money; is extravagant. I tell her every day that she ought to save; that I was great as

she and greater, and that she can see what I am now. . . . Never since my daughter came to France have I heard her talk so much as to-day. You have great power over her, and I can see that if you two were long together you would manage her."

Then the Queen told me of her displeasure because of Monsieur's persecutions and of her joy at seeing the affair concluded. All this she said in the most affectionate manner and added: "The poor King of England! You are so unfeeling as not to inquire for him."

"It is my duty," I replied, "to listen when your Majesty speaks and not to interrupt. I was waiting for an opportunity to ask about him."

"Alas!" she said, "he is so foolish that he loves you still. When he left France he begged me to tell you he was in despair at taking no leave of you. I would not send you word, for fear of making you vain, but now that I see you I cannot keep my good resolution. Think—if you had married him you would not be in your present position with your father. You would be your own mistress, with a household of your own choice; and by this time you would be well settled in England. I am persuaded that the miserable man will never be happy without you. If you had married him, he and I

should agree better than we do; you would have helped him to live on better terms with me."

"If he cannot live happily with your Majesty," I answered, "why should he do so with another person?" She left me at that.

No one could have been more magnificent than was Madame de Châtillon that day. She wore a gown of flame-colored taffeta, all embroidered with silver cord. She was more red-and-white than ever; with more diamonds in her ears, on her fingers, on her arms; finally, *dans une dernière magnificence*. If one should ask me to relate all the adventures that have happened to her, I should never finish. It would make a romance in which there would be different kinds of heroes with different kinds of manners.

I left the next day for Forges, where I had planned to arrive at four in the afternoon; but, although we had taken a guide, we lost our way in the forest and with a good bit of anxiety saw the sun set and the moon rise. After we had walked a long way, we heard the barking of dogs and soon found ourselves in a hamlet near Forges which I reached at four o'clock in the morning. I judged it more seasonable to go to mass than to go to bed. I had the

church opened expressly for my benefit. I met the Capuchin Father on the road. He made me a long speech of welcome, which surprised me very much. I did not remember that I had ever had one made to me at such an hour. After having heard mass, I went to see the spring, where I found many drinkers whom the noise of my arrival had awakened earlier, I am sure, than was the custom, although that of Forges is to arise early in the morning. I tasted the water, which I found not too unpleasant, and then I went off to capture some of the beauty sleep I had lost.

The next day I received visits from every one who was at Forges, a considerable number. The women whom I saw the most were the Comtesse de Noailles, Madame d'Estrades, the Abbess of Caen, and a number of other nuns.

Life at Forges is very pleasant and very different from that which one ordinarily leads. Every one arises at six o'clock at the latest and goes to the spring. I did not like to take the waters at home. We walk about while drinking the water. There are many people and every one talks to every one else, mostly about the régime and the effect of the waters and the progress one is making. One knows who has arrived the evening before, and every one speaks to

the new-comers. There is no place in the world where one so easily makes acquaintances. When we have finished taking the waters, usually about eight o'clock, we go to the gardens of the Capuchin convent, which is not inclosed by walls, and is the only place where one may walk. Even if they were inclosed, women could enter only with persons of my rank and there are so few of these that you would seldom find them at Forges.

The gardens are small, but there are covered arbors with seats where one may rest. But I walked continuously, for as soon as I was seated I became ill from the effect of the waters. As there were few people who could walk for four hours, I changed my walking companions. I talked often to two gentlemen, one named Bonville, a delightful man with much intelligence and wit, the other, a lieutenant-colonel, named Brays, who had served thirty years in the army. It seems to me that honest men are one's best friends, wherever one may meet them, and one rarely meets them at all. I did not allow myself, however, to take walks with many people, as Forges is a place to which all sorts of people go—monks, nuns, priests, Huguenot ministers, people of every land and of every profession; a diverting diversity.

After walking, one goes to mass, then every one

goes off to make his toilette. The morning costume is very different from that of the afternoon. In the morning one wears woollens and furs; after dinner, a costume of taffeta. The best season for taking the waters is in the heart of summer, which is ordinarily quite warm, but if one drinks a good deal of water, one keeps fairly cool. One dines at noon and with a good appetite, a novelty for me, as I am rarely hungry. After dinner I received visits and at five o'clock I went to the play. One of the Paris troupes of players was at Rouen and I had it come to Forges, which was a great diversion for every one. Supper is at six o'clock, after which one strolls about in the gardens of the Capuchins, litanies are said, and at nine o'clock every one goes to bed. I received many visits from every one of rank in the province. Many people came from Rouen, among them the gentlemen of the parliament, who came to offer me their respects, so that my court was a very large one.

The waters greatly benefited me. I decided to return to Saint-Fargeau by the same route I had come, in order to avoid Paris and that world, for fear I should have only the more regrets in my loneliness. At least, I was stronger to bear all my disappointments, now that my health was greatly improved.

The night before I was to leave, d'Ambeville came from the King, to bring me a letter in which he asked that as I was to pass within three or four leagues of Paris, I inform his chancellor of the day of my journey, that he might place Saint-Cloud at my disposal. I most graciously thanked his Majesty for the great kindness and honor he did me. I told d'Ambeville I should reach Saint-Cloud the next day and wished to dine there. When I reached Saint-Cloud, however, it was so late that I decided to spend the night with Madame de Launay-Grané. From her house one had a most beautiful view of Paris. It was moonlight and the Comtesse de Fiesque and Madame de Frontenac broke forth into lamentations when they saw Paris in the distance. As for me, I tried to look at it without too much longing, in a detached manner. We arrived late at Jouare, where I slept in a convent and attended Matins. The service was very well read. We reached Nanteuil at one o'clock in the morning and found, by good luck, that the house was well furnished. I slept in a very clean bed and had my supper served on pewter plates.

I slept the next night at Meaux, in the bishop's palace, as the bishop was absent. I found his house very attractive and appropriately furnished. The

violins from the village played as I was having my supper, and afterward Madame de Thianges proposed that we dance. So I asked seven or eight pretty village girls, who had come to watch me at supper, to come into my chamber, and we danced there until midnight.

Upon my arrival at Saint-Fargeau, I was glad to find that its solitude was very agreeable to me. . . . The Comte de Béthune, who was at Paris winding up the final business arrangements with his Royal Highness, sent a notary to me for a final signature. I signed. Shortly afterward, M. de Béthune sent me word that I should go at once to see his Royal Highness. I went to Blois and met my half-sisters en route; they had come two leagues from Blois to meet me, bringing the compliments of their Royal Highnesses and telling me of their impatience to see me.

When I reached Blois I suffered from violent emotions. Every one from highest to lowest degree came out to receive me. I went at once into Monsieur's chamber. He greeted me and said he was very glad to see me, but he was vastly embarrassed, while I believed that from my face he could realize the deep sorrow which his unkind treatment had caused

me. Except to take notice of my two greyhounds, Reine and Souris, neither of us spoke. At last his Royal Highness began to caress me, which made me so unhappy that I showed signs of weeping, so he said, "Go to Madame." She received me with courtesy and then I went to my chamber. Later Monsieur sought me out there and conversed as if nothing had happened between us. He said a number of agreeable things, but they made so little impression upon my tired spirit that I do not remember them, except one—that I must not take it into my head to marry Monsieur.¹

As I took my departure from Blois, his Royal Highness told me he had sent the Comte de Béthune to court to tell Cardinal Mazarin we were reconciled and to ask that their Majesties might find it agreeable to grant me the honor of paying them my very humble respects. And so their Royal Highnesses showed me as many marks of respect as they are capable of giving.

[Summer of 1657] I went in one day to Chartres, then to Limours, where I learned that Port-Royal des Champs was only two leagues distant. I

¹ Here, the younger brother of Louis XIV.

was seized with a keen desire to go there and it is worth while telling my reason for this curiosity, because an abbey of the Order of St. Bernard is not an extraordinary thing to see. Jansenius, Bishop of Ypres, who died in the odor of sanctity, according to what my stepmother has told me, wrote a book on the subject of grace, in which he told what Saint-Augustine says about it. The Abbé de Saint-Cyran, a scholarly and godly man, shared the same opinion. Cardinal de Richelieu, either because he was afraid these opinions would be destructive to religion or from the fear of those people whose knowledge had brought to light new truths or such as had been hidden, had him put in prison, where he was held, up to the time of the regency, when the Queen brought about his release.

This abbé had visited the convent of Port-Royal des Champs, which had a large number of daughters and sisters under the supervision of M. d'Andilly. Now that conditions within France had become more tranquil and the country safe for religious societies, the community of Port-Royal de Paris had sent some of their women to Port-Royal des Champs, and many who wished to abandon the things of the world went into retreat here. Many

of the doctors from the Sorbonne visited it, so that one always heard good sermons in the church of Port-Royal des Champs.

The members of this community served God with zeal and their neighbors with charity. They wrote books and made excellent translations, worked in their gardens, helped the poor of the neighborhood—in brief, led a most unusual life. For people of the world, they made penance stricter than the professional monks generally do, and were more deeply concerned with religious practice. This particularly enraged the Jesuits, who called them Jansenists, as one would use the word Calvinists, in order to frighten people away by suggesting heresy.

There are questions of theology which it is not fitting for a woman to discuss—nor for many men, for that matter. Only those to whom God has given power and authority to understand rightly, should decide such matters. Nevertheless, one may say of this company that they are admirable in their daily lives, that they preach with the greatest eloquence, and write marvelous books for the glory of the church and the saints. They have recently made a translation of the ceremony of the Holy Sacrament and it is said that nothing could better convince the Huguenots who have the misfortune not to believe.

Their piety is sincere. Withdrawn from the world, they are disinterested as to riches and honors and are charitable to the last degree. If their doctrine is wrong, one must hope that because of their upright lives they may obtain by prayer the light needful to acknowledge their mistake and amend their doctrine. Their doctrine has made a great noise at the Sorbonne, which condemned the propositions of Jansenius, so the company at Port-Royal accepted this condemnation and submitted themselves to the church and to Saint Peter with the greatest respect. This dispute has caused much scandal in the religious world and done an injury to religion, so that the Huguenots have derived great advantage from it. The Jesuits have written letters against the Jansenists' severity, and they against the Jesuits' laxity, and in all this controversy there has been very little charity.

There was at Port-Royal a small college where pupils were received who were instructed in the fear of God, in belles-lettres, and in the many sciences taught here and which are necessary in the world in order to live uprightly. With the result that in comparison with those students who leave college with the same foolish ideas with which they entered, and who are a long time in attaining the level of cultured

men, these students of Port-Royal leave their school with the same polish as if they had been reared at court and in society.

I visited the convent of Port-Royal, where I found a large number of nuns who appeared simple and devout. Their church was handsomely adorned. I went all over the convent, looking at everything, expecting to find some great difference between this and others I had seen. I found it exactly like all other reformed abbeys of the Order of Saint-Bernard. These nuns were quite astonished at hearing me cry out, "*Here are des saints et des saintes,*" when I saw their images in their cells. They did not dare, however, to discuss the matter with me. As I was leaving, M. d'Andilly said to me, "Well, you have seen the images of the saints revered by our sisters, and that they have their rosaries and relics."

"It is true!" I said. "I had heard that such things were little considered here and I am glad to have seen for myself."

"You are going to court," he replied. "You might bear witness to the Queen of what you have seen here."

I assured him that I would willingly do so and he promised me his prayers and those of his community, while he talked to me most seriously in

order to persuade me to become more devout. I thanked him and went away deeply satisfied with what I had seen and heard.

As I was leaving Port-Royal, the Comte de Béthune sent me letters in which he told me that their Majesties and Cardinal Mazarin had received the most distinguished compliments for his Royal Highness and myself, as well as the request for my return to court, and that if I wished to present myself at Saint-Cloud on the day he indicated he would meet me there. I decided to start on the morrow. I arrived early at Saint-Cloud, where I found the Comte de Béthune. He told me of the kindly manner in which people had spoken of me and of their impatience to see me; that Monsieur [the King's brother] had said to him, "I will give my apartment to my cousin," while the cardinal had said that, rather, he would give his own, and that after he [the cardinal] had read the letter sent by his Royal Highness he had expressed his great joy at our reconciliation.

The Comte de Béthune also told me that the cardinal had spoken highly of me while they were at table and had said I was the most eligible *parti* in Europe; that Monsieur had shown an eager admira-

tion for me; that there was a rumor at court that he was thinking of marrying me, and that he had said to the Queen, "I do not know where I shall lodge the retinue of Mademoiselle, as I hear she has a prodigious number of people in her entourage, while she also has everything which pleases me, for she is very rich."

As the Comte de Béthune was leaving, the cardinal told him that the King was going to follow the army and that he would let me know the time I was to set out to rejoin the court; that I could go to Paris or do anything I wished, as I was the mistress of my desires, and that the King and the Queen would approve this.

I sent a gentleman with letters to thank the cardinal for the favor he had done me and to express to their Majesties the impatience I suffered in my desire to see them, as well as my great joy at the honor they had done me.

There followed hurried days until I reached Saint-Cloud, where an unheard-of crowd of people came to see me. Every one paid me a thousand compliments. I remained at Saint-Cloud almost a month, and although I received visits from morning until night from all the people then in Paris, yet I never became weary.

CHAPTER FIVE

Mademoiselle's Return to Court and the Wedding Formalities of Louis XIV and Maria Theresa

NEWS was now brought to me that the court had left for Sedan, in order to be near Montmêdy, which was being besieged by the Maréchal de Ferté. I was greatly annoyed at this journey, which delayed my reception at court. However, I received a message from the cardinal which advised me that I might start for Sedan whenever it was agreeable to me and I replied by telling him the day I should leave Paris and when I should reach Rheims, in order that he might send me an escort.

[July 27, 1657] I left Saint-Cloud with the intention of sleeping at Dammartin, where many from court awaited my arrival. At La Fère, M. de Colbert, the intendant of the cardinal, joined me and my suite. He was escorting two carriages filled with silver money for the King. He came to pay me his respects. When I was only one league from

Rheims, the Duc de La Vieuville, the King's lieutenant in Champagne, and the governor of Rheims, came out to meet me with members of the nobility and all the archers of the city and many trumpets.

When I reached Rheims, I found all the citizens under arms and at my lodgings La Salle, the Lieutenant of the King's Gendarmes, sent by the King to fetch me with one hundred and twenty masters of the gendarmes and the light cavalry. He also carried orders to add more troops at Rhetal, in order that we might pass in safety. He also asked me for my orders, which reminded me of the time of the wars of the Fronde. I was very happy.

I arose at three o'clock and by four o'clock I had attended mass and was ready to start. I found the gendarmes and light cavalry arranged in squadrons, with drawn swords, to salute me. They marched before and behind and by the side of my coach. The four carriages of silver for the King moved in front of me. We stopped at Port-à-Verger, in a meadow through which ran a stream. Here the horses were unharnessed to drink, while I gave a dinner to my escort and to all those who followed me. I had brought a quantity of provisions from Rheims for this purpose. The trumpets were sounded during

the dinner, so that all this had quite the air of a veritable army on the march. Then we continued our way to Vandy, where we were in some danger crossing the river Aisne.

Upon our arrival at Vandy, the inhabitants were placed under arms to guard the château where the carriages with the money were taken, for I said, "Their safety is as necessary as mine." As we were leaving Vandy early the next morning,—for I was impatient to reach Sedan,—Baradas came to tell me that the officers of the regiment of Homburg, who were acting as my escort, wished to give me a salute, if it were agreeable to me. I was very much pleased at this and took off my mask, as I knew the Germans love to see princesses. I had my carriage stopped; their ranks came to a halt and they saluted me in the German manner. I found this regiment a very fine one, with handsome men, well clothed and well mounted. I asked Baradas to have the lieutenant-colonel approach. He gave me a military salute. He spoke no French and as I did not understand him I asked Baradas to tell him I had never seen a finer regiment than his, although I had seen many; that I had a better acquaintance with troops than most princesses of my rank.

In reply he said he was very happy to have my approbation, as he knew I was a brave princess, and that he would be overjoyed to lay down his life and that of his regiment in my service. Then he gave orders that his regiment should pass before me. We continued our way through a certain wood where we had been told we might find some of the enemy, so we passed through at full speed, but—God be thanked!—we found no one. When we had reached Chémery, a little village two leagues from Sedan, La Salle said to me: "There is nothing more to fear. We have passed all the woods. If it is agreeable to you, I will send back the Germans." I willingly consented and told Baradas to thank them for me and to give them a substantial gift with which to drink my health.

[August 6, 1657] When we had reached the faubourg of Sedan, d'Ambeville went ahead to the meadow where we had been told the Queen was driving with her ladies, to ask if it were agreeable to her that I should come there to greet her. He returned with the news that she was willing. I went. I dashed into the meadow at full speed, my coach escorted by gendarmes and light cavalry, the trumpets sounding in a triumphant manner. When I

approached the Queen's carriage, the troops halted and made a path between her carriage and mine.

I descended from my carriage about twenty steps from the Queen. I kissed her gown and her hands. She did me the honor to embrace me and said she was very glad to see me; that she did not bear me a grudge because of the affair of Orléans, but as for that of the Saint-Antoine Gate, had she held me in her hands then, she would gladly have strangled me. I replied that I deserved to be strangled, as I had displeased her.

"I have wished to talk of this at the very beginning," she said, "and to tell you of all I have had in my heart. Now I shall forget it. We will never again speak of it and be assured that I shall love you more than I ever have."

I kissed her hands and she embraced me. Then she turned toward her ladies in waiting. She presented them and we were all at once well acquainted. The Queen took a long look at me and said:

"I do not find you changed in the least, although I have not seen you in six years. You are better-looking than you were. I find you more plump and with better color."

"Has not your Majesty heard," I asked, "that I have many gray hairs?" She replied that she had

and then I said: "I have not wished to deceive any one. I have not been willing to have my hair powdered to-day, in order that your Majesty might see them."

She looked at them and was astonished to see so many at my age. Then she asked me if I had not been bored to death at Saint-Fargeau, and what I had done to amuse myself. I replied that I had not been bored and that I had entertained myself sufficiently well. When we entered the village she said: "To do you honor, we have increased the Guards at the gate. There are not so many, ordinarily." I found this most gratifying and said, "I am being treated as a royal princess."

When I reached my lodgings I found a gentleman sent by the King and one from Monsieur and one from the cardinal, who had come to express the disappointment of all three in not being present upon my arrival at Sedan. The siege of Montmêdy, which was just at an end, had prevented them from leaving, yet they suffered the greatest impatience to see me. I replied to this in a fitting manner.

In the morning I went to mass with the Queen. Upon our return I ascended to her chamber, where she did me the honor of showing me her ear-rings which she had had made. She rearranged my hair,

which she did not think well done, and dressed me up with all the kindness imaginable.

I received visits from every one who was at Sedan—not a great number. After dinner I returned to the apartments of the Queen, who told me while at play [cards] that I should find the King much changed, as he had grown tall and stout and less shy, so that she believed I should find him attractive. As for Monsieur, I should hardly find him grown up, but he had a fine head and resembled me. Others told me this, which inclined me to believe the report that they were trying to make a marriage between us.

The Queen made me count up the number of different disagreements I had had with his Royal Highness over the affairs of my minority. I tried to be very accurate about this. She interrupted me from time to time to say: "You certainly have not been very clever. What a pity! They have tormented you most unjustly." I told her I had done everything I could, in order not to be forced to sign all the things his Royal Highness demanded. One can imagine how unpleasant this conversation was for me, and yet I had a certain consolation in receiving some marks of the Queen's kindness. We awaited each moment news of the siege of Montmêdy. The King

had left to watch this engagement, and while there had praised the garrison for its courageous resistance.

The King arrived from Sedan on Tuesday, at two o'clock in the afternoon. The Queen waited dinner for him. He came on horseback and was so wet and muddy that the Queen, who saw him from a window, said to me, "I don't want you to see him until he has changed his clothes." I replied that this was of no importance to me. He entered and, all disarrayed as he was, I thought he looked splendid. The Queen said to him: "Let me present a young lady who is very sorry to have been so naughty. She will be very good in the future."

He laughed and said his brother was coming in his carriage, as he had not wished to come on horseback. He then began to talk of the siege of Montmêdy. Afterward he told us that on the way home his carriage had been shot at and the coachman wounded. He at once mounted his horse and entered the woods, going in the direction from which the shots had come, captured ten or twelve gunmen, one or two of whom he ordered to be executed and the remainder to be made prisoners. By this time we heard a carriage, and the King said, "Here is my brother."

He entered. He wore a gray habit with scarlet trimmings and appointments. He was very much dressed up. After having greeted the Queen, he came up to me, pushed me into the window embrasure, and kissed me. He showed a great gladness at seeing me and told me I had grown beautiful. I replied that I found him grown up. We praised each other extravagantly and then the Queen said: "Go away to your apartments. This evening we will have dinner together." I made her a very low reverence and went away to my lodgings, where I received a number of visits.

Some one brought word that the cardinal had arrived. I went at once to the Queen's. He was in the window of the Queen's cabinet opening upon the square. When they saw me approaching, the Queen came into the reception hall and said, "The cardinal was just going to your apartment." I greeted him and then said to the Queen: "I think it would be well, after all that has passed, if your Majesty made us embrace. For my part, I would gladly obey." Whereupon the Queen withdrew to the window and the cardinal came and knelt at my feet. I raised him up and kissed him. He told me that just to see me gave him the greatest happiness;

that he had wished for this for a very long time, but that he was not the master of the events which had caused this delay.

Then we returned to converse with their Majesties and Monsieur. A little later the Queen went off to church, to thank God for the victory of Montmêdy. As she left she said to the King, "Entertain your cousin," and to me, "I leave you in good company." The King chatted with me and seemed not at all embarrassed to be with me.

There were many people at supper. The King was at the right of the Queen, Monsieur and I at the left. The ladies in waiting to the Queen served her and served me also. The violins played during supper and afterward we danced. The Queen did not refrain from praising me, saying that I danced well and always remembered just how far, according to the rules of court etiquette, I must walk behind her, and that she was very glad, when she turned about, to see me near her, and a thousand remarks of this kind. I walked at court between the King and Monsieur. The King talked with Mademoiselle de Mancini and then with me, and always most civilly. To me he said, "I pray you to come here every day so long as you care to dance." And then he talked of his own company of musketeers

and made his excuses for not having sent them to escort me, but they were needed at the siege.

I went to see the cardinal in the château where he was staying, to ask if it were agreeable to him that I leave court the next day. He replied that it was for me to decide; that if I wished to follow the court during the remainder of the journey, I should be most welcome, as the King and the Queen had approved of my doing so. I replied that I did not wish to remain too long a time on my first visit, and that I must also go to Forges to take the waters. He agreed that I must omit nothing which would benefit my health. Then I told the Queen I should leave the next day. The King asked the hour of my departure, that he might arrange for my escort, which was to be composed of soldiers from his own Guards. He asked if I liked their handsome uniforms and if I had ever heard the kettledrums. I had been told that if ever the opportunity presented itself I must compliment him upon his victories in this war. This reference to the kettledrums seemed to me a favorable opportunity, so I answered, "Yes, sire, I have heard them." "And where?" he asked. I had to smile, but I made answer with a most respectful face:

"With the foreign troops which were with us during the wars of the Fronde. The remembrance of this war is now unpleasant to me, as it was then that I displeased your Majesty. I ask your pardon. I ought, really, to demand it on my knees."

"Because you have spoken in this way," he answered, "it is I who should kneel before you."

"It is a part of my misfortune," I said, "that my duty has obliged me to act in a manner which has caused so deep a displeasure to your Majesty. I beg you to forget it and to believe that I passionately wish to find as many occasions for serving you as I have already found for acting against your wishes."

"I am thoroughly convinced of what you say," he replied most kindly. "We must not speak again of the past." Then he began to talk of the present war, enumerating his companies and telling me of the part he had played.

"The King, your grandfather¹ was not so young as you," I said.

"Nevertheless, he did more than I," he replied. "I was not allowed to advance to the front lines, as I should have liked to do. I trust that I shall so act in future wars as to make them speak of me."

He seemed to me to have the noblest sentiments

¹ Henri IV.

and I was deeply satisfied with him. Later he asked me to ride with him, gave me a mount, and showed me his horses, which were very handsome. In the evening we danced and then I took leave of the Queen, who treated me in the most gracious manner. Then the King and Monsieur said adieu. The next morning Monsieur came before eight o'clock to say another adieu—great gallantry on his part, for ordinarily he does not arise before eleven o'clock. He did not leave me even when the cardinal arrived to advise me to pass through Paris on my journey [to Forges], in order that all the world might know I was free to do whatever pleased me. He made me a thousand protestations of his regard and service.

Thus I was very happy as I left Sedan. Many people accompanied me, while the troops of my body-guard marched in the same formation as they would for the King and conducted me and my handsome equipage as far as Rheims. At Soissons the governor, the Maréchal d'Estrées, came out accompanied by the mayor and the aldermen to receive me at the gates. They gave me the keys of the city. The next day, which I spent here, I went to the Abbey of Notre Dame to make my devotions, where the Bishop of Soissons attended me at mass in the

same manner as he would the Queen. In the evening the Maréchal gave me a dinner.

It was the most beautiful weather. I journeyed by way of the forest of Compiègne and through many towns en route. I listened to a great many addresses of welcome. When I reached Forges, I found it a veritable desert. The season was well advanced and there was scarcely a person there. I walked when it was not raining, but the roads were very muddy. While I was here my footman brought me a letter from his Royal Highness in which he told me he wished me to take up my residence at the palace of the Luxembourg upon my return to Paris, so I told the Comte de Béthune that I would see all those people who wished to present themselves before me with the intention of serving me in my personal court, since I should take great care in choosing only those who would serve me most charmingly.

Mademoiselle de Guise now spoke to me about the purchase of the estate of Eu,¹ saying that it was necessary to sell this property and she was in despair lest it fall into other hands than mine. I concluded to purchase this Comté d'Eu. Upon my return journey I visited Champigny, my château and my peo-

¹ In Normandy, seventeen miles northeast of Dieppe.

ple. Their joy at seeing me was inexpressible. All the nobility of the neighborhood met me in arms; even the clergy came singing, and hautboys and bagpipes played the dances of Poitou. It was all amusing enough.

When I returned to Paris I found a vast crowd of people awaiting my arrival at the Luxembourg. Monsieur [the King's brother] came to see me the next day. He was most elegantly dressed and told me all the news in the most entertaining way and brought me some oranges from Portugal. The King and Queen also sent to inquire for my health, as did the cardinal. Monsieur came a second time to see me, and I became aware that he could talk only of the ardor which he had for me. This did not displease me. A young prince [thirteen years the junior of Mademoiselle], handsome, well built, brother of the King—he seemed a most suitable *parti* for me. As soon as my cold was cured I went to see the Queen, who received me with every imaginable kindness.

One evening the Duc de Lésguinières gave a supper followed by an assembly. The King and Monsieur went masked. The King talked continuously with La Motte. He won a handkerchief of Venetian

point in one lottery, and in another a box of gifts suitable for a young lady, and both of these he gave to La Motte. The Queen invited me to go to a *comédie-à-machines*, of which I have forgotten the name, given at the Hôtel de Bourgoyne. It was not very good, but throughout the whole comedy the King constantly looked at La Motte. Every one talked about this new infatuation of the King's. All the men thought it amusing and that it might go far. At least this type of thing might make the King more of a good fellow. When the cardinal returned from Vincennes, he was closeted three hours with their Majesties, with the result that the King no longer looked at La Motte.

The cardinal came to see me on the day following his arrival in Paris. He made many excuses for not having come sooner, although he believed I was well assured of his zeal and passion for my service. I told him I was not going often to the Louvre, from fear that some one would accuse me of being too eager to be there. He replied that I must not get such an idea as this, as I was born for court life; that because of my rank it was my place to be there; that the King and Queen wished me to attend all the entertainments; and, if I desired, I might go masked, as the King often went thus disguised.

I confessed to him that I was really perishing from a desire to go; that the court entertainments, the fair, and the races were the things that had made me regret Paris the most, and while it might seem childish for a person of my rank to be so outspoken, yet I could conceal nothing from him because of my confidence in him. I begged him to regard me as one who wished to do nothing without his advice and added that I was very happy to be in a position where I, myself, might speak to him, as I had an intense dislike of third parties. He strongly approved this point of view.

The plays were given at the Louvre throughout the month of January. I did not always attend, because I was not at all bored in staying at home, where I nearly always had a gay company. I put my money frequently in lotteries, but I wasn't lucky. I held a lottery at my own house on the second of February [1658].

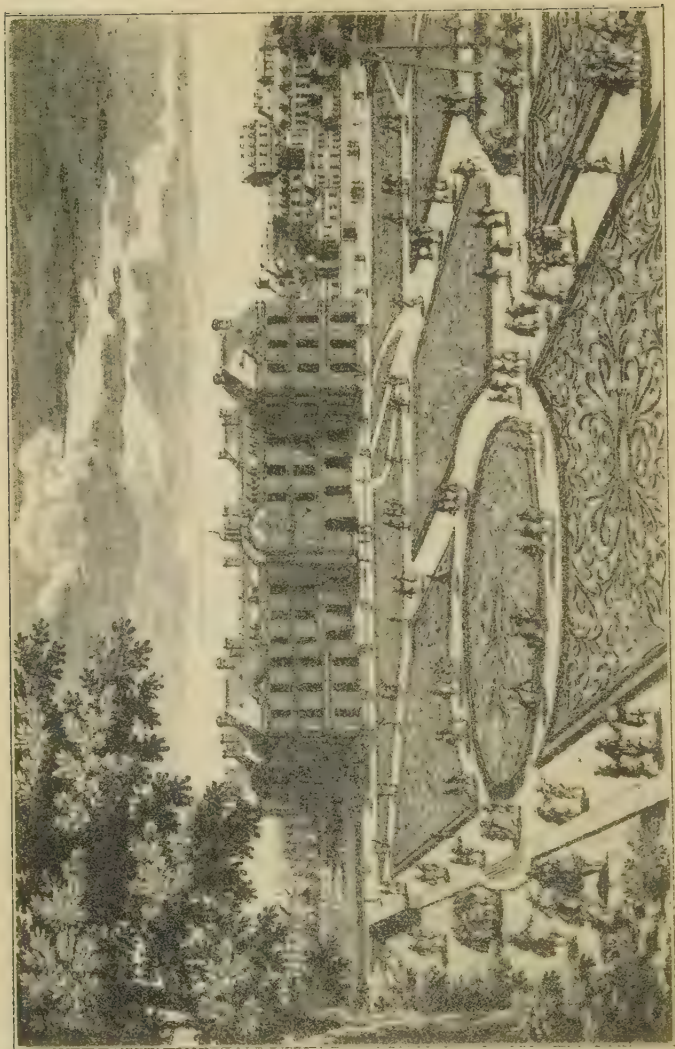
The Maréchale de L'Hôpital gave a ball. We went masked and were dressed in cloth of gold and silver, with plumed hats. All the women were splendidly decked out, and the men wore costumes with much embroidery, and silk stockings. When we entered we wore our masks, but we soon took them off.

After we had danced we went into a magnificently decorated chamber where a collation was served, and as there was only one seated cover and one arm-chair, the King said to me, "My cousin, sit there. It is your place." I considered that he was jesting, but then he asked, "Who will sit there?" The Comtesse de Soissons laughed and said, "I will." As a matter of fact she did, although Monsieur had said to her, "Don't sit there."

This familiarity with the King surprised me. One did not take such liberties when I left the court. It was astonishing to one like me, who had been brought up with a profound respect for royalty. It would take a long time for me to accustom myself to such a lack of deference, even though I had seen other examples of it and notwithstanding the fact that the Queen had already told me the King did not like ceremony.¹

When I was ready to leave the ball the King accompanied me in my carriage. We drove at so furious a speed that the guards of the King, who were mounted, could not keep up with us. The King, noticing this, exclaimed, "What if assassins should

¹This appears to have been true early in the reign of Louis XIV, whose court later was the most ceremonious and magnificent in Europe.



THE PALACE OF THE LUXEMBOURG

attack us?" When we reached the Luxembourg we walked upon the terrace, as we should have done in July, although it was the third of February, and three o'clock in the morning. Monsieur had asked me if I should like to go to the fair at Saint-Germain the next day. I had accepted most joyously, for I love a fair. We went there very often during Lent,—there are too many other amusements during the carnival season to find time for the fair,—but now I was very lucky and won a number of cabinets and mirrors which I very much needed for the decoration of my house.

I gave a very beautiful assembly in honor of the King. The Luxembourg palace is the most delightful place in the world for giving parties, either large or small. As I didn't want to have any quarrels, now that I had just returned to court, and as there were a great number of young matrons and maids whom I could not excuse myself from inviting, I said to the King when he asked me for a fête, "I will most willingly give one for your Majesty provided you will be so good as to name the people whom you wish invited." He replied that he wanted only those who were called "Society" at the Louvre—that is to say, the Comtesse de Soissons, Mademoiselle de

Mancini, etc. The Queen said it would be necessary to invite the Maréchale de L'Hôpital, since she had just given one assembly and might give another. The Maréchale de L'Hôpital has a beautiful face, but she is so stout that to see her dance is one of the most absurd things in the world. Nevertheless she dances, and well. She has the most gorgeous jewels. Her pearls are as large as those of the Queen. She is magnificent in her person as well as in her palace and the most surprising thing about all of this is that once she kept a linen-shop at Grenoble. A Treasurer of France married her—a love-match it was—and gave her much wealth. It is predicted that after the death of this husband, she will marry a *grand seigneur* and that her third marriage will be to a prince. One may judge from this of her success with gentlemen.

My father came to Paris, where he remained ten or twelve days. Every evening on his return from the city he came into my chamber and said: "I'm terribly bored at being here and most impatient to return. Society wearies me and I no longer feel at home in it. If I remained here long, I should be ill from fatigue." I was unhappy at seeing him in this humor.

Every one now was talking about the peace with Spain and of the journey to Saint-Jean-de-Luz¹ whither the court was preparing to go with costumes of a magnificence worthy of this wedding ceremony of Louis XIV with Marie-Thérèse. One can judge of the preparations by the nature of the nuptials.

We left Paris amid acclamations of joy on the part of the people and with their prayers *à Dieu* for the King and the happy result of his journey. The Princess-Palatine² was one of the ladies in waiting. We spent the night at Chambord and the next day my father gave a dinner to the King in his château of Blois, but the King and the Queen were in such haste to get on with their journey that they left an ungracious impression.

During the journey the King often rode in my carriage in order to talk with me, as most of the women were too serious for him. Perhaps he addressed me more willingly than the others because I talked about the things he liked. During our sojourn at Bordeaux, we often had news from Saint-Jean-de-Luz, where the cardinal was working for peace with Don Luis de Haro [the Spanish ambassador]. The Maréchal de Gramont, our ambassador pleni-

¹ A French town in the Basque country, facing Spain.

² See note, p. 98.

potentiary, had already gone to Madrid to ask for the Infanta.

We soon left Bordeaux, to go to Toulouse, where M. d'Epernon received his Majesty *dans la dernière magnificence*. Nothing could approach his courtesy and generosity and grandeur, which appeared in everything. He had the air of a grand seignior, not only by the number of his gentlemen and pages but by his own distinction of manner. Toulouse is a very beautiful city, on the Garonne, whose size and population give it more the air of Paris than any other city I have seen. Ordinarily the cities in the provinces are like deserts, but here one saw a great many carriages because of the parliament, which is one of the first in France.

The court was at Toulon, when it learned of the death of Monsieur [Gaston d'Orléans, who died February 2, 1660]. It continued its pleasures, however, as only a few days of the carnival remained. The weather was so beautiful that I went out often to walk, for I felt that I could not remain in my chamber—quite too forlorn now that it was hung with black. I wished, however, to wear the most formal and deepest mourning. Every one of my household was clad in black, even to the cooks, the

servants, and the valets; the coverings of the mules, all the caparisons of my horses and of the other beasts of burden. Nothing could be more beautiful the first time we marched than to see this grand train expressive of grief. It had an air of magnificence and of real grandeur. Every one would say, "How much wealth she must possess!"

The cardinal came to my apartment and expressed his keen regret at the loss of Monsieur. The King, the Queen, and Monsieur [brother of the King] arrived the next day, coming together. The King said:

"To-morrow you will see my brother [Monsieur] in a training mantle. I believe he is delighted at the news of your father's death, because of the privilege and the pleasure he will have in wearing it. He believes he is heir to all of his [Gaston d'Orléans's] belongings and state. He can talk of nothing else; but he must wait a while."

The King did not indulge in this sort of raillery, however, until after he had remained some time with me and had paid me the more formal compliments of respect. After he had given me his expressions of condolence, he told me that he wished now to serve me as a father and that it was his duty to do so.

[June 2, 1660] We arrived at Saint-Jean-de-Luz, which was a most agreeable little town. The houses were very clean and that of the Queen, at one end of the village, had a view overlooking the river and the bridge which crossed it to Siboure—the village on the other bank, where the cardinal and most of the people of the court lodged. The King of Spain arrived at San Sebastian at the same time as we at Saint-Jean-de-Luz. The two kings sent greetings to each other. Monsieur had a desire to go to the place where the conferences were to be held. I had the same curiosity and went with him. It is two leagues from Saint-Jean-de-Luz, a small island in the middle of the river which is called *Ile des Faisans* [Isle of the Pheasants]. It was reached by a bridge, which was made into a covered gallery magnificently furnished with beautiful carpets and hangings and secretaries and chairs. At the end there was a salon with a door which opened upon a similar bridge leading to the Spanish side, exactly like ours on the French side. It had a large window from which one saw Fontarabia, the place from which the Spanish court would come by water.

Don Luis de Haro gave them [the French ambassadors] a dinner. It was Friday and they were highly scandalized to see meat served with the fish.

We had the Spanish comedy each day at Saint-Jean-de-Luz, and the Queen was in attendance. They danced and sang between the acts, dressed up like hermits and monks and nuns, and acted out services of the church such as marriages and burials and thus profaned the mysteries of religion, so that many people were deeply shocked.

The cardinal suffered from the gout. We went to see him every day on our return from Vespers, as the Queen never misses a prayer.

One day Madame de Motteville and I took a walk along the beach, to where we had an enchanting view of the mountains of the Pyrénées. "What a happy life one might lead in such a desert," we said. "How embarrassing and fatiguing the life at court, with all the injustice of changing fortune! How few are contented and how many complain of their lot!" We had a fine theme for moralizing, especially as we threw in a little talk about Christianity.

After much coming and going between Fontarabia and Saint-Jean-de-Luz, the day of the marriage arrived. We were seized with the desire, Monsieur and I, to go to Fontarabia to witness the ceremony as well as see the King of Spain and the young Queen. We proposed this to the cardinal, who

approved the idea and said it was necessary only to inform the King of Spain of our coming. For twenty-four hours Monsieur and I were full of joy, which was suddenly turned into vast disappointment and tears when the King told Monsieur that he was unwilling for us to go. He gave as his reason that the heir-presumptive of Spain might not enter France to see a ceremony, nor could their great seigniors. We were immensely disappointed at this resolution of the King and I said to the cardinal: "I am of no consequence. I inherit nothing. Therefore, I should have some compensations. Since girls are of no value in France, they should at least be allowed to witness spectacles."

Then Monsieur asked as a special favor that I be allowed to go alone. Mazarin convoked his ministers, who were closeted in his chamber three hours to discuss only this question, although every one thought they were deliberating affairs of state. At the end of this long discussion I learned that they had decided I might go to Fontarabia. They sent for one of the ministers, Lenet, who was to accompany me, and the cardinal notified Don Luis de Haro that I should witness the ceremony, but incognito.

That evening the King, the Queen, Monsieur,

and I had supper at the house of the cardinal because he was suffering from gout. We made up a casket of jewels which M. de Créqui was to carry to the young Queen as a gift from the King. It was a large casket of calambac wood decorated with gold and contained an almost unbelievable quantity of jewels and gold and diamonds,—rings, bracelets, ear-rings, rosaries, crucifixes, clasps of every kind,—as well as mirrors, miniatures, scissors, small knives, small flasks, boxes of patches and toothpicks; finally, everything that was beautiful and valuable except the jewels of the crown, and they might never leave the kingdom. It was easy to believe that there had never been so handsome nor magnificent nor gallant a gift.

The next day I hired a carriage, that my coat of arms might not appear upon this journey of curiosity, and set forth accompanied by three ladies in waiting. I kept my departure secret so I should not be importuned by all those who would wish to come with me.

When we reached Andaye [Hendaye], the last village [French] on the river opposite Fontarabia, Lenet had three boats waiting for us, all painted and decorated in a gay manner—for instance with curtains of blue damask ornamented with gold and

silver branches. When we reached the other side, we entered two carriages drawn by six horses each, which brought us to Fontarabia. We found a company of Guards at the gate, whose officers saluted us with much respect, as did all the people whom we passed in the streets. I confess that I was vain enough to attribute to my good looks all these extraordinary civilities, as I could not believe they were due to my attire, for I was dressed in a very plain costume of black cloth, with only one handkerchief and a most simple coiffure. In fact, my hair was not curled and I looked rather like a foreigner. Blond hair worn quite flat is not very ornamental. We reached the church, where there were only a few Guards at the door, perhaps because everything is so well regulated in Spain that no one crowds in order to enter. Thus there is never any confusion.

In front of the door we found a lieutenant of the Royal Guards, who said, "I have orders to receive the relative of Lenet." Then we were conducted to the right of the altar, where I found a number of French and took the trouble to have them arranged, quite forgetting that I was to be there incognito. Some one brought me a chair and on this occasion I forgot who I was, for I refused it. The altar was

higher than we, and lighted only by a round window opposite the door. There was a chair with a curtain of gold brocade for the King, and near by a chair for Don Luis de Haro, and at the side a bench for the Spanish grandees. The French were on the steps on each side of the altar.

The master of ceremonies arrived and then the King, preceded by a small number of Swiss Guards, and the Bishop of Pampelune with all his clergy. The King wore a gray costume heavy with silver embroidery, while a great diamond, the "Mirror of Portugal," caught up his hat, from which hung a pearl. He made a reverence before the altar, with a gravity which it would be impossible to imitate. The Infanta, unaccompanied, followed him. She was dressed in white satin embroidered with small knots of silver *lamé*, *à la mode d'Espagne*. She had unattractive jewels and wore some false hair in her coiffure. Her first lady in waiting carried her train.

The first act of the King and the Infanta was to look at me without any sign of recognition, while I, in turn, stared hard at them. The King was not handsome, but he had a pleasant face, although somewhat tired and worn. The Infanta seemed to me to resemble the Queen [of France]. She pleased me extremely. The King gave orders that the cur-

tain on the side near which I stood should be drawn back, that I might see more easily. This was most gracious. The first lady in waiting was followed by two maids of honor, dressed *à l'espagnole*, and three young girls not at all attractive and furiously rouged.

The reading from the Gospel finished, six pages carrying tall white candles approached and made a reverence before the altar and before the King. The mass said, Don Luis de Haro approached and presented the deed of proxy on the part of the King.¹ A priest read the permission of the Pope and then the marriage service was read. The King stood between the Infanta and Don Luis de Haro. When it was time to answer yes, the Infanta turned toward the King and made a profound reverence. She did not give her hand to Don Luis and he did not give her a ring as one usually does. When the service was finished, the young Queen knelt before her father and kissed his hand. He embraced her, but did not kiss her. Then she walked out upon his right.

As I was leaving, the Captain of the Royal Guards attended by six Guards approached and said he was to conduct us to the château, which was very near. Here, the King regarded me most gravely, but

¹Louis XIV, whom he represented at this ceremony.

did not speak. I approached the Queen, to whom I made a low reverence which she acknowledged by an agreeable smile. She seemed to me to be most amiable. I do not doubt that once she is in France she will please all the French. I was delighted with her. Madame de Motteville, who spoke Spanish, told her that I liked her exceedingly, to which she replied that I made her very happy and added, "I must embrace this unknown lady." I wished to kiss her hand, but she would not allow it. Then she withdrew to her chamber.

I was offered supper, which I refused, going in all haste to Andaye, where I ate with the greatest speed, as I was all impatience to return to tell the Queen-Mother what I had seen. I found her at the house of the cardinal and gave her a faithful account of what had happened, which she was as happy to know as I was, and that was excessively. Then I hurried away to dress for the ball, which I should not have attended, since I was in mourning, had it not been the eve of the King's marriage. Because of my mourning, the only jewels I wore were pearls. During supper the King told me he was very happy because of what I had said of the young Queen, and that all that had hitherto been told him about her had not convinced him so much as what I

had said; that he was overjoyed because I found her so pleasing, because I had good taste and showed judgment in everything. I took more pleasure in listening to his praises than I would have had in dancing, although I love extravagantly to dance.

The Queen-Mother attended the conference the next day in order to see her brother [the King of Spain]. Only the cardinal and her ladies in waiting accompanied her. The Queen told us on her return of the joy she had had in again seeing her brother and that they had talked so amicably of this marriage, and of the peace, that nothing else mattered; that he [the King of Spain] had told her he was sorry I had wished to be incognito, as that prevented him from rendering me all the honor that he wished to do me.

The Sunday following the Friday on which the Queen saw the King, her brother, we started early after dinner to attend the conference. I was in the carriage with the King, the Queen and Monsieur. The Queen wore her widow's veil and for jewels only her ear-rings and a cross of pearls. The King and Monsieur had a *cordon* of diamonds on their hats. One can judge from this about the rest of their attire, and yet the King was less adorned by these

than by his good looks. I wore a mourning costume. The way seemed long because of the excessive heat. The Royal Infantry was drawn up on the Spanish side and our troops, composed of French and Swiss Guards and the Royal Musketeers, were in battle array on our side. They had blue uniforms, with silver and gold galloon which bore the King's initials.

We entered by the gallery, of which I have already spoken, and in the salon met some Spaniards who bore a present for the King. It consisted of high round caskets, ornamented with bands of gold, and were most magnificent. I do not know what they contained, I think I heard some one say that it was perfume. There were four for the King, as many for the Queen, and two for Monsieur. I was very angry that there was none for me. They were the gift of the young Queen.

As we entered the anteroom of the King of Spain and the young Queen, the Queen [of France] told me to take off my gloves and to make a low reverence, and added that the King of Spain never kissed one; that neither the King [of France] nor Monsieur had kissed the young Queen. The King of Spain did not stir from his place and made only a slight movement with his feet by way of acknowledging my reverence. The Queen-Mother presented

me and all the ladies of her suite. The young Queen wore a white satin robe embroidered with birds, but with a border of fleur-de-lys. Her hair was dressed becomingly. She wore as her ornaments a cluster of emeralds as large as pears, and the diamonds which were the gift of the King, presented to her with such magnificence by M. de Créqui. There were sixty gentlemen in his suite.

Then the members of the courts of France and of Spain entered, each on its side, each king taking his place before his respective table. The cardinal carried the New Testament and a cross. He wore his churchly robes. The two kings knelt. M. de Brienne, Secretary of State, took the Treaty of Peace, and Don Fernando Vouès de Cantocarrero, the Spanish Secretary of State, did likewise, and each in turn read it in a loud voice, one in French, the other in Spanish. The reading finished, the two kings placed their hands upon the New Testament and swore to keep all the provisions of the treaty. Then they arose from their knees and embraced each other. The King of Spain spoke first and said that this ceremony was a symbol of his respect. The King of France said that he gave his oath for friendship as well as for peace. Then they talked quietly to each other. When this formality was finished, each went to his



THE WEDDING CEREMONY OF LOUIS XIV., KING OF FRANCE, AND MARIA-TERESA, INFANTA OF SPAIN

table, Don Fernando presented the Spaniards to the King, the cardinal the Frenchmen to the King of Spain, after which each withdrew into his ante-room, to sign the peace, and returned a moment later. Then we separated. The Queen told us later that the King of Spain had said he was delighted with her son, the King, and that when he looked at M. de Turenne he had said, "That man has given me several bad moments."

They returned the next day at noon for another conference. The Queen-Mother went unaccompanied. On her departure she gave orders that we be present at her house to receive the new Queen, who would return with her and spend two days at her house. We were at the door of the vestibule when the Queen arrived. She seemed to us to have a smiling face, but one told us later that she had wept bitterly when she left her father, who also had burst into tears. The King, the Queen, and Monsieur were so saddened at hearing this that they wept, too. When we had said *bonsoir*, the Queen ascended to the chamber of the Queen-Mother, where she had supper and where later the King went to kiss her hand.

The next day I went to see her [the Queen] and

as I arrived, Madame d'Uzés said to me, "The Princess-Palatine is going to wear a train [in the wedding procession]. Can't you keep her from doing this?" At that moment Monsieur entered, saying he had just seen the Queen-Mother and she had told him that at the wedding of the Queen of England she had worn one and to say no more about it; but she spoke of it to the King, who said he would consult Rhodes, the Grand Master of Ceremonies. The latter replied that at the wedding of Charles IX, only the princesses of the blood royal were permitted to wear trains.

When the King approached I told him this matter meant more to him than to me, as I had no place apart from the honor of being related to him; yet there must be no honor nor grandeur that was not pleasing to him. I think I was very eloquent, and besides, I knew that the King did not love *la palatine* and he had a balanced judgment about everything. At last, he went to the Queen-Mother and told her that it was not in order for *la palatine* to wear a train, saying, "Have her take it off." She [the Princess Palatine] was in her chamber and did not doubt that she would succeed in this scheme of hers, for she imagined there was so little time left before the ceremony that there would be no opportunity to

decide this question. The Queen-Mother sought out *la palatine* and told her the decision of the King. She was excessively angry and said she did not wish to attend the ceremony. Every one rejoiced at the humiliation of *la palatine*, because no one likes her; but aside from that, every one of rank in France loves and honors the royal house and easily becomes indignant at the unmerited prominence of foreign princesses. After this matter was settled, we set out to go to the wedding mass.

[June 9, 1660] A causeway had been erected, leading from the Queen's house to the church and carpeted its entire length. The Queen wore a royal mantle of purple velvet embroidered with fleur-de-lys, with a garment of white brocade underneath. She had a quantity of jewels and a crown upon her head. Her ladies of honor carried her train. Monsieur escorted her and I walked behind her. The regiments of the French and Swiss Guards lined the streets on both sides of the causeway.

There was a company of guards I had never seen, as it serves only at ceremonies, but which I have been told was held in great consideration in earlier days. It consists of two companies of gentlemen-at-arms called *au bec de corbin*. The first of these

companies on this day was in command of the Marquis de Péguilin, cadet of the house of Lauzun. He performed his duties with an excessive hauteur and with an air of grandeur which made one realize he was not born for the commonplace events of life.

The Bishop of Bayonne read the service and said mass. The church was splendidly adorned; there was a tremendous crowd of people and the music was very fine. We returned in the same order as we had gone to the church. The Queen was very tired, went at once to her chamber, and dined in private, so that every one left for his own house. In the evening we returned to the Queen's house, where we found her dressed *à la française* and with a very fine coiffure. The Queen-Mother was there, the King, every one. They threw down gold and silver pieces from the windows to the crowd in the streets. It was the custom. They were called largesse-money and bore devices. [The two royal faces on one side of the coin and the town of Saint-Jean-de-Luz on the other.] At eight o'clock, accompanied by the Queen-Mother and Monsieur, the Queen withdrew to the house of the King, where they had supper. I believe—and many people agree with me—that the Queen-Mother wished to give me the disappointment of not being asked to the wedding supper

in order to show her disapproval as well as to appease the anger of *la palatine*.

The next day we accompanied the Queen to mass and after dinner she took a walk with the King and the Queen-Mother. The King was in the best of spirits and laughed and danced attendance upon the Queen, showing her marks of tenderness and affection which it was a pleasant thing to see.

We started from Saint-Jean-de-Luz in a happy mood. The villages and towns through which we passed on the return journey were not spacious enough to lodge all the court, which was very large, and so we were put up in different but neighboring villages. I slept in an old house which was falling down. There was even a great hole in the floor of my chamber which I repaired. I had it closed and was sleeping as serenely as I would had I been installed in a handsome château, when I was awakened by a loud voice, that of my surgeon, crying, "Save yourself; the house is falling!" When I reached the court I was told that it was an earthquake.

We passed some days at Bordeaux, from which we went to Chambord, then on to Fontainebleau, whither an infinite number of people had jour-

neyed to see the Queen. Then we set out for Paris and dined at Vaux, at the palace of M. de Fouquet, the King's Superintendent of Finance. It was an enchanted palace and the collation was as magnificent as one could imagine.

The night before the entrance of the Queen into Paris, I slept at Vincennes. Although I had a frightful headache and had not slept the whole night, I had to arise at four o'clock in the morning and to bear the fatigue of wearing a court train. We drove in our carriages so far as Trône, where a triumphal arch had been erected and where addresses of welcome were given; but since this royal reception has already been accurately described, I am not employing my time wisely if I indulge in repetition. We wore our heavy court trains from five in the morning until we reached the Louvre at seven in the evening. I am convinced that had I been well, I should have found this ceremony a most splendid one, but with my badly aching head, everything seemed to me wearisome and overwhelming. Yet I believe that there is no place in the world where one may see spectacles so magnificent as those in Paris.

CHAPTER SIX

Festivities at the Court of Louis XIV

THE court was now very gay. Both French and Italian comedies were given and we often made excursions on the river, when we had the violins or other music. The chancellor gave a grand assembly. The Queen was accompanied by the Princess of England, who was overjoyed at being there, as she goes only to the balls that are given at the Louvre or to those which the Queen attends. The fête was most magnificent, as was also the repast. I wore all my pearls, but did not carry a bouquet, because of the death three weeks before of M. de Candale, my first cousin and my friend.

The cardinal did a most gallant and unusual thing. He invited their Majesties, the Queen of England, the princess her daughter, and me to supper. It was a Sunday in Lent and the fish supper was magnificent. There was dancing after supper. Then he conducted the two queens, the princess, and me into a gallery filled with everything imaginable in the way of jewelry and trinkets—all the

pretty things that come from China, crystal chandeliers, mirrors, tables, cabinets of every shape, silver-plate, perfume, gloves, ribbons, fans. The gallery resembled a booth at a fair except that everything was valuable and carefully chosen. He did not tell us what he meant to do, but every one could see that he had some design. Two days later the mystery was solved, for he led the Queen and me into a cabinet where the lottery was drawn. There were no blanks and he gave everything to the ladies and gentlemen of the court. The first prize was a diamond worth four thousand crowns which luck gave to La Salle, a lieutenant in the Royal Guards. I drew a diamond worth four thousand francs.

Three or four days after the assembly given by the chancellor, some one told me a rumor was running about that the Queen of England was complaining bitterly because I was given precedence over her daughter, and that I had taken this place deliberately. I went at once to see the cardinal, but he was talking business with the Queen, in whose apartment I found him. I asked him what this noise was all about. The cardinal explained it by saying, "The other day, when I was with the Queen, I was told that you had wished to walk before her in the line at the chancellor's palace." Whereupon Mon-

sieur exclaimed, "And why not, pray? Do people who receive our bread take precedence over us? If they're not pleased, they may go elsewhere." This remark had been repeated to the Queen of England, who wept loudly. When the Queen-Mother heard of this she scolded Monsieur by saying, "Since you are who you are and they who they are, is it gallant in you to speak in this way?"

I, too, scolded Monsieur and told the cardinal that the adversities of the Queen of England obliged us to render her every possible honor and that another time I should not consider this matter of precedence relative to her daughter. To this the cardinal replied:

"The Kings of Scotland formerly yielded their place to the Sons of France and for that reason you will be quite within your rights in taking precedence over a princess of England."

The King had been practising a ballet which I went with the Queen to watch him dance upon a beautifully decorated platform placed at the right of the theater. The Princess-Royal of England was there, as well as *le monde ordinaire*, for as these balls are given in a large hall and one may come without being invited, one finds all kinds of people

there. The Queen of Sweden¹ was there in a costume which became her excessively well, but she danced in a manner so absurd that the company broke into a fit of merriment. A great many masks were being worn. In fact, there was hardly a ball where there were not a large number of them.

On Shrove Monday the Queen gave a masked ball in her large salon. The Queen of Sweden sent word that she would not be able to attend unless she was given precedence over the Queen of England, and as this poor princess [the Queen of England] has little happiness in the world and has few occasions to see her daughter the princess dance, the Queen [of France] sent word to the Queen of Sweden that if she came at all she must wear a mask, which she did. She arrived dressed *en bohémienne*, in an inconceivably ridiculous manner. Monsieur was dressed as a girl, with blond hair. The Queen told me that he resembled me and we had the greatest difficulty in getting him to unmask in order to show his resemblance to me. The King himself wore a mask, and although he was splendidly dressed, as were we all, we had resolved not to unmask at the Louvre.

¹ Christina, Queen of Sweden, abdicated the throne at the age of twenty-seven, renouncing her sovereignty and the duties for which she was fitted, to enjoy tranquillity and freedom.

We went on later to several other balls. We often met bands of people dressed like pilgrims and Capuchin monks, but they never dared to remove their masks. Monsieur told me that since he had been disguised as a girl, some one dressed as a monk but with a lovely arm and hand had made love to him. This greatly amused him. However, the first day of Lent we heard about the great scandal that this royal masquerade had caused. The preachers made of it a text for their sermons and disclaimed loudly against it as an insult to religion. The King and Queen were very angry about it, and no one boasted of having attended this masquerade.

I heard a rumor that the Queen-Mother and the cardinal were not pleased that Monsieur and I were always together. I decided to speak to the cardinal about it. I sought him out in his apartment and I had no sooner inquired after the state of his health than he asked, "How are you getting on with Monsieur?"

"As well as one can with a person so childish as he," I replied.

"The Queen and I," he said, "are in despair because he thinks only of dressing as a girl and takes no exercise, but rather accustoms himself to a soft-

ness of living which is not suitable for a man. The Queen and I want him to join the army."

"I reproach him every day because he doesn't," I said.

"It is the greatest kindness you can do the Queen."

"Some one has told me," I replied, "that she doesn't wish me to go out so frequently with Monsieur. I beg you to tell me if this is true."

"On the contrary," his Eminence said; "the Queen is delighted to have him with you, for she believes you will give him wise counsels."

I was very much gratified at this conversation, which I repeated to Monsieur when next I went to walk with him.

When Dunkerque was attacked M. de Turenne was in command of our forces. It was a considerable place and the enemy had many troops. The King came and went in order to be present at the siege. While the King was with the army, Monsieur, instead of being with him, remained near the Queen-Mother as a child would do, and he was nineteen years old. The Queen-Mother spent her days first in praying to God and then in gambling. Monsieur walked with the ladies of the court.

An alliance was concluded with the Protector,

who sent my lord Falconbridge to pay his respects to their Majesties and to present gifts of horses to the King, to Monsieur, and to the cardinal. We likewise gave him handsome presents. The joy of the capture of Dunkerque was brought to an end by the illness of the King. He was brought back from the army very ill with a dangerous fever. The holy sacrament was exposed in all the churches by way of asking God for his recovery. I was in deep affliction. To see so young a King die! We were fearfully unhappy. I was very fond of Monsieur, but his characteristics being such as they were, he would not be a wise King. I find that the defects of exalted persons of rank are more marked than those of people less exalted. I have so great an admiration for my house and for its glory that I wish all those who belong to it might maintain its dignity in the majestic way the king my grandfather [Henri IV] did. In fact, there has never been any one who could approach him.

We heard that a marvelous medicine had been found and that the King was out of danger. Imagine every one's joy!

My sovereignty of Dombes was five leagues from Lyons. My subjects wished to see me and I, also,

had a keen desire to visit that country. I asked the cardinal if I had the time to go there. He replied that I had, provided I did not make too long a visit, so after Christmas I set out. It seemed that the weather was made expressly to give me a pleasant journey. It was freezing, but with a spring sunshine, so that I rode horseback a part of the way. The river had overflowed its banks and as I do not like the water, my carriage made a rather long detour. There were times, when we had to follow the hills, that it was necessary for me to mount my horse. I passed a little village called Vimy which belonged to the Archbishop of Lyons, where there was a beautiful house with a handsome garden and a terrace stretching to the river. It also had fountains and grottoes and was well known throughout the country. I found it very attractive.

It is true that this country of Dombes is, from the road by which I entered it, the most beautiful country in the world. One rides along the banks of the Saône and beyond, the great plains of growing wheat were so green that they looked like pastures. In the distance are splendid hills, with here and there houses belonging to the wealthy inhabitants of Lyons. They are not so beautiful as those in the outskirts of Paris, although they are fine dwellings

for this country. In the sovereignty of Dombes there are many handsome châteaux, but they are not on this route. I had asked Monsieur to loan me his body-guard to accompany me on this journey. He gave me fourteen Guards, a trumpeter, and a non-commissioned officer.

When I was nearing Trevoux, I took my place in my carriage. I found the militia of the country under arms, in good order and many in number, considering the time there had been in which to bring them together. They had been warned only the day before that I was coming. At the gates of Trevoux, I found the lieutenant-general of the bailiwick with all his counselors, who, kneeling, gave me a solemn address of welcome and the keys of the city. I went directly to the church,—a rather nice one, where I received an address of welcome from the dean and the *Te Deum* was sung. There followed a military salute and the militia gave me many salvoes.

Then I went to my house, a small one *à la bourgeois* which I had purchased. It was attractive, however, as it had a terrace with a fountain, upon the river, and an admirable view. Le Beaujolais was on the other side of the river, so that in whatever direction one turned and however good his eyesight,

he saw my land, while the scenery was delightful. Besides the officers of my parliament and the gentlemen who had accompanied me, the aristocracy of the country, not numerous, came to offer me their respects. The most beautiful estates in this country were owned by the officers of the parliament and the court of Lyons.

The people were a handsome lot. The women were nearly all good-looking and had the most beautiful teeth. The peasants were dressed in the costume of Bresse—and well dressed, too. One saw very few poor among them. Up to this time they had paid no taxes to the King, and it would have been better, perhaps, if they had, for they were do-nothings, taking no interest in either work or trade, and this would have been easy, because they were near the river and many good towns. They ate meat four times a day.

The next day I went to mass and then dined in public in order that my subjects might see me. I received many addresses of welcome on the part of different villages, and a present from my city of Trevoux—of sweet lemons, which are less common than jam and pleasanter, and some muscat wine. After dinner my parliament came in red robes to give me another address of welcome. I had not

wanted them to come to Lyons to welcome me in this manner, for fear that some one at court would say I took pleasure in seeing myself treated as a queen, especially as all knelt before me. My officers in Trevoux did it, as do all members of parliament before their sovereigns, but I bade them arise.

The president addressed me in a fine manner. I thanked them for their good-will and I assured them of mine, while I commanded them to serve me loyally and to render full justice to all my subjects. I addressed them on the duty of sovereigns in rendering justice to their subjects. I talked the best I could and I think I spoke well. As it was Sunday and one must set a good example to her people, I went to Vespers.

At Dombes, public prayers were said for me and not for the King, so before starting out the next morning I had *L'Exaudiat* sung and prayers said for his Majesty. I set at liberty a number of prisoners and freed all those who had committed pardonable crimes. I had a president appointed, three counselors, and other officers of my parliament. A count of Lyons, of the house of Albion, bought the office of counselor at a good price because I wanted some of these gentlemen in my parliament.

Upon my return to Paris a ballet was danced, a small but almost too lovely one to have been composed on the impulse of the moment. The King had a buffoon named Baptiste [Lulli] who was most successful in the arranging of dances, while he composed the most enchanting airs in the world. He was a Florentine and came to France with my late uncle, the Chevalier de Guise, when he returned from Malta. I had written him, asking him to bring me an Italian, that I might have a native to talk with at the time I was learning that language. After Baptiste had spent some years with me, I was exiled, and as he did not wish to stay in the country he asked to be allowed to withdraw from my service, a favor which I granted him. Since that time he had made a fortune and, indeed, he was a most distinguished buffoon.

The King was in the best of humor and talked to every one. I believe it was Mademoiselle de Mancini who had urged him to read poetry and romances, which he seemed greatly to enjoy. And what is more, when he gave his opinion of these literary works he did so as wisely as one who had studied much, while he had a perfect understanding of literature. I have never seen a man so endowed by nature. I have always said he will be a very great

prince and I am confident that I shall not be mistaken.

The winter passed in dances and amusements. I enjoyed the evenings at the Luxembourg. The King danced a ballet in which he asked me to take part. It was named "The Amours of Hercules." There was a fire at the Louvre. The cardinal suffered from the gout and every one knew that he was much frightened about it. Later he was taken to Vincennes, where for fifteen days he suffered intensely, while all business of state was suspended. Here he died.¹ The cardinal was not greatly regretted even by those who were under obligation to him. In this lack of respect, he experienced the fate ordinarily given to favorites.

Throughout the winter, there were many intrigues and vexations at court. It had been whispered about that the King was really in love with La Vallière.² Indeed, it was only too apparent. The Queen-Mother was deeply anxious because of his Majesty's continued and marked attentions to her. Since La Vallière was in attendance on Madame and resided at the Palais-Royal (the residence of Monsieur and Madame), the Queen could know nothing

¹ March 9, 1661.

² Maid of honor to Madame (Henriette d'Orléans).

of the scenes that passed there. One day something must have occurred—I do not know what—which offended this young lady extremely, for she suddenly left the palace and no one could discover what had become of her. It was sermon day and the King, who ought to have attended the service with the Queen, was searching everywhere for Mademoiselle de La Vallière. He was, however, unsuccessful, while the Queen-Mother was desperately disturbed lest the Queen should guess the reason for the royal absence. To use her own words, she suffered “*un chagrin mortel*.”

After the sermon the Queen went to Chaillot, while the King, his face muffled in a gray cloak, hastened to a little convent of nuns near Saint-Cloud where he had discovered La Vallière was staying. After being refused entrance several times, the King finally obtained a conference with the Mother-Superior, after which he returned with La Vallière in his coach. This sudden flight made a lot of talk and no little trouble to those who were intimately concerned, but of this I do not care to speak. The Queen was pitied for her blindness in all this affair.

Madame de Motteville was sent by the Queen of England to tell me that since the establishment of

her son upon the English throne,¹ she desired my marriage with him more than ever before. She said he had charged her to tell me he was going to send me a letter begging me to consider his proposals once more. Madame de Motteville added that we were the only two unmarried royal personages in Europe who were fitted for each other; in fact, she believed this marriage was planned in heaven, while the Queen of England was confident the alliance was in truth my destiny.

I listened to her most seriously and then replied that the King and Queen did me too much honor, one that I did not deserve, as I had refused it during their hour of adversity, and for that reason I did not wish to accept it at this time of their good fortune. If I did, he might have an unhappy remembrance of it which would prevent our future happiness. Let him be happy with some person who would be indebted to him for the great favor which he did her. I did not wish to give him any occasion to reproach me. While I did not know what God held in store for me, yet I awaited the accomplishment of His will with serenity and without being impatient for marriage.

Shortly afterward, I attended a ball at Monsieur's

¹ Charles II was crowned April 23, 1661.

—the loveliest masquerade in the world. Monsieur, Mademoiselle de Villeroy, Mademoiselle de Gourdon, and I were dressed in silver tissue bordered with rose-colored pipings, and wore aprons of black velvet and lace and silver. The dresses were cut *à la Bressane*, with collars and cuffs *à la mode*, made of very fine light-brown tulle. We wore hats of black velvet covered with red and white and black plumes. My corsage was laced with pearls and fastened with diamonds. Our hair was likewise dressed to resemble the coiffure of the peasants of Bresse and we carried shepherd's crooks of red lacquer ornamented with silver. We thought we looked very like shepherds and shepherdesses.

Never had there been a masquerade so magnificent and amusing. The Queen found us greatly to her liking, which was not usually the case, as she was very exacting in the matter of dress. There was so furious a crowd of people that one could scarcely turn around, although the hall was very large. We were finally forced to go into another room and to have the violins come there, so that we held a ball within a ball. The King was also in disguise and accompanied by his suite, all, like him, in embroidered brocade of gold and silver. Since he did not remove his mask, he was not recognized. Then we went to

the Arsenal and held a ball there where there was no crowd.

The accouchement of the Queen and the birth of the dauphin on the first of November were cause for rejoicing throughout the kingdom, as may well be imagined. Every one went to Notre Dame to return thanks to God, and there was a great bonfire and general merrymaking.

One day M. de Turenne came to see me and when we were seated about the fire in my cabinet he said to me: "I have always cared for you as I would for a daughter, while I am convinced that you have some affection for me as well as some confidence in me, so that you will defer to my judgment in this the most important affair in your life."

As I am somewhat brusque, I interrupted him to ask, "What is this all about?"

"I wish to arrange your marriage."

"That will not be easy," I exclaimed. "I am content as I am and determined not to change my present condition."

"I wish to make you a queen. Listen to me. Let me tell you everything and then you may speak. I wish to make you Queen of Portugal."

“Fie! I do not wish it.”

“Maidens of your rank have no wishes. They must act as the King wills. Moreover, the Queen-Mother of Portugal, who is a wise and ambitious woman, has carried on the affairs of her kingdom until her son was of age, but now that the Spaniards are showing too great interest in the government of her country, she wishes to retire from affairs of state and marry her son to some one who knows how to govern with absolute power. In brief an alliance with France is the only way in which she can maintain her kingdom against the Spanish power, while the King of Portugal is a boy who has no other wish than that of his mother, so you would be absolute mistress of everything. This king is fairly good-looking—a blond—and well built, though born with one side paralyzed, which is not apparent when he is dressed, since he only drags one leg when he walks and is awkward with one arm. It is not known whether or not he has any intelligence, but that is of no great matter, for, after all, it is only needful that husbands be agreeable. Moreover, you will never be happy without a husband. His inclinations are neither good nor bad, so you may leave whatever imprint you will, and would therefore be so much the more the mistress of every situation. You will be

in a position to enjoy your wealth, go wherever you wish; and, best of all, you are to have the absolute command of a great and powerful army which King Louis would send into the country, even to the extent of naming its officers and giving it your orders."

Here I did interrupt to say: "Surely, my cousin, the King will not allow me to determine the affairs of his army. All that you have said to me is doubtless very noble, and yet to be the link of a perpetual war between France and Spain seems to me to be a very undesirable position. A truly beautiful future, this—to have a drunken and paralytic husband whom the Spaniards would drive from his kingdom; to return to France to demand alms when all my wealth has been dissipated, or to remain only the queen of some little village. On the other hand, it is an agreeable thing to be Mademoiselle in France with five hundred thousand francs income without the need of asking anything of the court. When one finds herself in this position, believe me, my cousin, it is folly to move. If one wearies of the court, she can retire to her château in the country, in which a little private court of her own may be held. It is very diverting, also, to build new châteaux. Finally, as the mistress of one's desires, one is happy, for one does as one wishes."

"But," replied Turenne, when I had finished, "admitting all that you have said, you have forgotten to add that even when one is Mademoiselle, with all the rank and wealth of which you have spoken, one is none the less the subject of the King. He commands what he wills; when his wishes are disregarded, he scolds; a thousand unpleasant things are felt at court; often the King goes farther and drives people away. When they are content in one place, he sends them to another. He orders journeys from one end of the kingdom to the other. Sometimes he imprisons those who disobey his wishes or he sends them into convents, and in the end, obedience must come. What can you reply to this?"

"Only that people of your station do not menace those of mine," I replied, and with anger.

When he saw that I was angry, he tried to appease me by adding a thousand pleasant nothings and then concluded, "When you have reflected upon all this that I have just told you, I ask that you send me your reply."

"I know now what it will be. If the King says anything to the contrary, I will see what I shall reply to him, but as for you, I have no other explanation to make and do not wish you to speak to me again of this affair."

Although he promised this as he left me, five or six days later he again addressed me and in the presence of other people, so that Madame de Noailles spoke to me of this marriage by saying, "If you wish, M. de Noailles will take command of your army," while she repeated many of the same phrases relative to all the handsome offers by means of which M. de Turenne believed he would influence me, concluding: "Do not believe that M. de Turenne proposed this affair. The King, himself, gave the order for this!"

Whereupon I wrote a long letter to the King, in which I said that if he believed I had no other consideration than that of my marriage alliance, he was mistaken. I begged him to consider my age. There was no reply.

Then I told my troubles to the Queen-Mother, who, naturally hating the Portuguese, gave the closest attention to what I said of all the things that M. de Turenne had told me. However, she confined herself to these few words: "If the King wishes this, it is a terrible pity, but he is master. As for me, I can give you no counsel in the matter."

I saw that all the world was against me and was in frightful haste to have the time for the baths of Forges come, that I might go away from all these

persecutions. But it was necessary that I take leave of the King.

"Sire," I said, "if your Majesty is thinking of my establishment, here is M. de Béziers, who will go to Turin; he can negotiate my marriage with M. de Savoie."

But he replied and in a frigid tone which much frightened me, "I will think of you when it suits me and marry you when it will be of service to me."

And so I went away to take the waters, but with a desperate uneasiness, and then I journeyed to my château of Eu.

[October 15, 1662] While I was at mass, a page brought me the news that the Captain of the King's Guard had come to seek me with a message from the King. "It is *l'affaire de Portugal*," I cried, "and the result of all those threatenings of M. de Turenne." When I reached my cabinet and had sent my ladies away that I might be alone with him, he said, "The King has commanded me to tell you that he hereby orders you to go to Saint-Fargeau, to remain until he sends you a second command." I replied: "You will say to the King that I shall leave on such a day and by the most distant route from Paris. As All-Saints' Day is approaching, I believe

he will not object to my passing these holy days at Jouare rather than in a village."

I sent a courtier with a letter to the Queen-Mother, asking if she would have this command of exile changed so that I might be permitted to live at the château d'Eu rather than at Saint-Fargeau. The next day I received her reply. She told me the King was so angry at me that she did not dare speak to him in my behalf. And so I set forth to accomplish another exile. This absence from court made me realize more clearly than ever how difficult it would be for me to separate myself from it for the rest of my life. I would not change my mind about this marriage. I enjoyed a certain peace of mind, however—one that comes from a good conscience, because I had done nothing else which might displease the King. I wrote to all my friends, asking them to spread the news about that my only crime was my refusal to wed the King of Portugal. Then I tried to resign myself to solitude; to live as serenely as it was possible for me to do; to busy myself with the most innocent occupations.

One day I was told that a gentleman named La Richardière wished to make me a reverence. I gave permission for him to enter. He brought me a letter from M. de Turenne, begging me to believe in his

desire to serve me and asking me to listen to all that this gentleman might say to me and to have complete confidence in his reports. Then La Richardière told me that he had just come from Portugal, where he had spent many years; that during the last year the King [of Portugal] had told his mother that he did not wish her longer to carry on the affairs of the government, but that he wished her to retire. The Queen replied that she would gladly obey him, but before turning over the government to him she must give him a word of advice; namely, that he must marry, and since she knew that the Marquis de Castelmior would lead an opposition to his [the King of Portugal's] government, an alliance with France would be the only means of maintaining his power in Portugal. He must therefore obtain Mademoiselle d'Orléans in marriage, especially as she was a princess of rare character, with the intelligence to govern. Moreover, she had great wealth, so that under her guidance and with the protection of France she would so strengthen the royalty of Portugal as to ward off all the encroachments of the Spaniards.

Then she sent her ambassador to M. de Turenne, who told him that he most graciously received

these proposals, since because of his treaty with the Spaniards, he knew of no other way he could give assistance to Portugal without giving offense to Spain; that this affair had not been kept so secret but that all the Portuguese expressed a passionate desire to have me as their queen; that there had been a rumor in Portugal that the King of France had sent Mademoiselle to one of her estates, that it might be said she was not on pleasant terms with him and thus the Spaniards would believe she was marrying the King [of Portugal] without the consent of the King [of France]; that, in order to carry out this impression, the Portuguese had sent an ambassador, who, unfortunately, had been arrested in England, who was to treat directly with me without the participation of the King [of France].

When I told him I was very angry at having been made use of in this manner, he seemed a bit astonished that I should take so high a tone, and continued to outline to me the further plans of M. de Turenne, namely, that I should ask to be allowed to return to Paris, which the King would permit, and should say that since the King had not up to this time concerned himself with my marriage projects, I had taken this occasion to manage it for myself

and that in this affair his Majesty took no part. Only in this way could the King prove that he had borne no grudge against the Spaniards. This marriage once accomplished, the King must treat me as the wife of the King of Portugal. He therefore would no longer have control over my actions, while I should receive every honor imaginable.

When this long harangue was finished, I said to La Richardière: "This is, indeed, an incredible plan. Assuredly it will not be carried out. I comprehend very clearly the unworthy motive of M. de Turenne in attempting to lure me from exile." Then I asked him to tell me something of this King of Portugal. He replied that he was malicious and cruel and took particular pleasure in killing people; that he loved wine excessively and was much given to other kinds of debaucheries, but that he was sometimes quite gentle, and that I should really govern as queen. Moreover, I should greatly improve the condition of the Portuguese women, who were most miserable creatures and treated as slaves. In fact, I might rule there in whatever way I pleased. I dismissed him by assuring him that he would never in his lifetime witness the marks of my protection in Portugal and then I wrote to M. de Turenne:

Monsieur mon Cousin:

I am greatly entertained by this gentleman, who has no more successfully persuaded me than did you, as it would scarcely be just that his eloquence prevail over yours. You will remember that each time during the last year that you have spoken to me of Portugal I have protested that this whole affair is repellent to me. If you have any regard for my happiness, you will no longer think of it. As I am thirty-five years old, to my great regret, you will believe that I have taken this resolution with the reflections which prevent me from changing my decision. I am very sorry that you have placed me in a position of losing your esteem because of it.

Written at Saint-Fargeau

March 3, 1663

But I told La Richardière he might tell M. de Turenne that I was mortally offended.

And so this affair of Portugal was always on my mind; and why not, since it kept me in exile and all my letters were filled with it? Many people at court wrote to me regularly. For four months I had a most dreadful cold which kept me very weak, so I wrote to the King that I was about to die of it, while I begged him most humbly to consider that I had really done nothing to bring upon myself such a mortification. If he wished me to endure a longer punishment for my crimes, would he have the good-

ness to allow me to go to Eu? M. d'Entragues gave my letter to the King who, after reading it, said, "I do not know how to reply, as I have not seen M. de Turenne, to whom I have given my promise that I will change nothing relative to the treatment of my cousin without his consent." However, d'Entragues returned from Paris with the King's permission to go to Eu, for—so d'Entragues said—he [the King] was greatly interested in my state of health. He also brought me a portrait of the King of Portugal executed by the painter de Cominges.

So I left Saint-Fargeau with a lively joy. Many people came to see me at Eu. The weather was villainous. As I must be resigned to passing the winter here, I had some repairs made to the château and for diversion watched the carpenters and painters. I had no garden in which to walk. A troupe of comedians came to offer me their services, but I was hardly in a mood to enjoy such pleasures, so I allowed them to depart and spent my time in reading and in working at my embroidery. On the days when the post arrived, I spent much time in reading and replying to my letters, and thus I managed not to have enough leisure to become too bored. I visited an Ursuline convent which received sick

people and since I had a great aversion to this, because of my fear of taking the fever, it came about that I established a general hospital for all the poor of the village. Thus the days passed.

A letter came, saying the Queen was *enceinte*. I reflected that news of such importance would be a decorous pretext for writing to the King. I thought he might wish that once within eighteen months I should bring myself to his attention; that if I didn't, he might have reason to think I, too, was neglectful. So I wrote to him, felicitating him upon the state of the Queen, and saying I hoped fervently God would give him a son. I merely mentioned the grief which so long an absence from him had given me and told him I longed for the honor of seeing him. I received a most courteous reply. The King wrote me that he would be very glad to see me; that he thoroughly approved my wish, and that I might return to court whenever I wished. I confess this letter gave me the most complete joy, and I left almost immediately.

I had to stop at Saint-Denis, as my half-sister d'Alençon was ill with smallpox at the Luxembourg, but an infinite number of people came out to see me. The next day I went on to Paris for dinner, where

there were more people, and so to sleep at Petit-Bourg, where on the next day I found the whole court, with the exception of M. de Turenne. Some came out of curiosity. In fact, there were some people whom I had never seen before. I went directly to the palace of the Queen,¹ where I found the King, who advanced to greet me and said in the most civil tone that he was truly glad to see me. I do not know what I said in reply, because at that moment I was really embarrassed. I made the Queen a profound reverence and was permitted to kiss her, which I did most respectfully. The Queen-Mother embraced me, with demonstrations of real tenderness.

Now, on my return, every one seemed to be my best friend, although during my exile I had believed quite the contrary. I suppose this is the correct practice for people at court. Each one must know to whom to attach himself.

Then I attended Evensong with the Queen-Mother, and upon my return to the Queen's apartments M. de Turenne approached me, but with visible embarrassment. He said he had not dared to come to welcome me but that he would like to pay me his respects if it would be agreeable to me to receive them. I answered civilly but proudly.

¹ Versailles.

In the evening the King escorted me to a *medianox*¹ held on the canal, where there were lanterns and music. It was designed to please Mademoiselle La Vallière rather than the rest of the spectators. She is high in the King's favor. I believe the King was ashamed of having followed so blindly the counsel of M. de Turenne. One evening the King took me to the play, after which we walked on the terrace. At this time he told me I must forget the past and feel assured that I should receive every sort of kindness from him; that he wished to give especial attention to my future *établissement*, and that he believed M. de Savoie was a better *parti*, now that his mother was dead. I replied that I desired nothing so much in the world as his good favor and when I tried to speak to him about *l'Affaire de Portugal* he said, "Let us not talk of that," and then he embraced me tenderly.

Upon my return I found a great many intrigues and little discords at court, but I refused to meddle in any of them, not choosing to listen to the explanations of one party or the other, for I suspected that it would require too much patience to listen to them all, while the faults and follies on both sides were

¹ A meat supper served in the gardens after midnight.

too nearly equal to deserve arbitration. A little *histoire de galanterie* was running about the court. There was, it seemed, a certain lady who informed the King as to the evening she wished him to come to see her, by wearing pendants of emeralds in her ears while dining or having supper in the royal presence.

The King, who is always deeply interested in everything that relates to the army, now ordered an encampment of the troops at Fontainebleau at the same time the court was held there, that we might see the extent and discipline of his army. He had noticed a regiment of Dragoons, called La Ferté, which had served him most conspicuously in the war with Spain and these he now had stationed with the regiment of the King. As he desired a man of rank and of merit to place at the head of this regiment, he had chosen the Marquis de Péguilin, who had served as the captain of the regiment of his uncle, the Duc de Gramont, in so extraordinary a way that after the siege of Lille the King had created the post of *Colonel-Général* of Dragoons expressly to bestow upon him. His Majesty found in him a man of the very highest quality and of an infinite valor,

while he had shown on several occasions that his intelligence was equal to his courage.

And now the regiments of the French and Swiss Guards were encamped about Moret, where we of the court went to see them every day. The Dragoons had a separate camp and they were not less distinguished in peace than in war. Their type of uniform, especially their caps, betokened a sort of bravery which one did not see in the others. One day the King had them drawn up for inspection between the mall and the park. Every one admired their dexterity in performing certain military formations and did not marvel that they had been so loudly acclaimed for their actions during the war.

Their colonel had an air which distinguished him from the other officers, all of whom had the greatest difficulty in equaling his proficiency. I speak thus of this brave man because all the court remarked him at that time, while the King, who visited his troops every day, showed marked favor to M. de Péguilin. One day when the King entered his [M. de Péguilin's] tent, which was magnificently appointed, M. de Péguilin gave orders for the Dragoons to mount guard at once before the door of the tent, thus giving the impression that the regiment must

always be on guard for their King, wherever he might be. He was always sure to do the unusual thing and in the most distinguished way. As for me, I found this man of an intelligence so arresting that I should have loved at that very moment to speak to him, so much does the merited renown of an honorable man affect me. But he was most exclusive. He talked to but few people.

The King was frequently at Versailles and one day he overheard some song of an ironical character, by no means flattering to the qualities of M. de Péguilin, who had now taken the name of the Duc de Lauzun.¹ Whereupon the King remarked in a voice that all might hear that it was because M. de Péguilin possessed more intelligence than most people that they desired to prove he had less sincerity. "As for me," he continued, "I should prefer having enough sense to know what is wrong and to refrain from doing it rather than to behave like a fool because I was not clever enough to be anything else." I confess that at the time I took great pleasure in seeing the King esteem those who distinguished themselves by their actions and their knowledge of the world. He soon found that no one in his king-

¹ His elder brother did not frequent the court.



From the collection of the Duc de La Force

PORTRAIT OF THE DUC DE LAUZUN

dom devoted himself so unfailingly to his Majesty's service as M. de Lauzun, so he proposed to him to quit the post of General of Dragoons and to take that of *Grand Maître*, still leaving it to M. de Louvois to perform the duties while he who held the title devoted himself exclusively to the affairs of war. But M. de Lauzun did not like to undertake a charge the duties of which were divided with M. de Louvois, so he humbly begged the King to give him, instead, a place near his person, that he might always be at hand to carry out the wishes of his Majesty. The King approved these sentiments and, wishing to give him a mark of his confidence, he placed the care of his person in the hands of M. de Lauzun and presented him with the commission of Captain of the Royal Body-guard. This commission he gratefully accepted and entered upon his duties in a dignified but easy manner, attentive without being officious. The King was deeply satisfied with all he did, and this was the only recompense which M. de Lauzun desired. When I complimented the Duc de Lauzun upon his appointment, he said that he was fully aware of the honor I conferred upon him in thus interesting myself in the kindnesses shown him by his Majesty, and that it gave him a renewed zeal for his service.

In truth, I began at this very moment to regard him as a most superior person and unusually charming in conversation. I very gladly sought occasion to speak with him. I found his manner of expressing himself different from that of others. I often saw him during the hours he was at the Queen's and I soon formed the habit of being entertained by him. His attitude toward me was always so reverential that he never would have approached me had I not first spoken to him. He always bowed magnificently and told me he would devote himself to the execution of my slightest wish if I would do him the honor of leaving it in his care. He said all these things with so fine a grace that he easily persuaded me he spoke in good faith.

The Grand-Duke of Tuscany, my brother-in-law, paid a visit to France and I gave up my customary visit to Forges that I might be in Paris when he arrived. I had the comedy of "Tartuffe," a new play, given in his honor at the Luxembourg.¹ As he left he spoke in an appreciative manner of all I had done for him. Then I went away to Eu and as I was leaving I expressed to M. de Lauzun my regret that I should be deprived of his charming conversations.

¹ On August 21, 1669.

From Eu I went to Saint-Germain, where I passed much of the early winter, with frequent journeys to Paris. At this time, without knowing exactly why, I did not care for Paris and remained there for only short visits and without enthusiasm—a very different feeling from that with which I had returned to court. I frequently saw M. de Lauzun at the Queen's, and always took the greatest pleasure in talking to him. No one could approach him in charm of manner.

[1670] The King was greatly alarmed about the health of the Queen-Mother and asked advice of all of us as to what measures he would best take. When I replied I told him miracles did not often happen, but that I believed the malady of the Queen-Mother was so serious a one that there could be no remedy for it unless God chose to make one visible. He agreed with me. The next day there were processions from all the near-by parishes and convents and monasteries, coming to pray to God for the life of the Queen-Mother. The holy sacrament was exposed in all the churches, but she grew worse and died just as the great clock of Notre Dame was ringing the morning hour of six.¹ The King was

¹ On January 20, 1670.

filled with grief, but soon afterward went into the Queen's cabinet to look for the will. It was read in the presence of all those of kin.

The King had hitherto endeavored to keep secret his attachment to La Vallière, since he had been unwilling to cause the Queen-Mother any uneasiness, but with the death of his mother his apprehension was removed and the affair now became public. Up to this time the Queen had had but six ladies in waiting, of whom Madame de Montespan was one. Now the number was increased, for the King loves anything that has to do with grandeur.

We often went to Versailles. No one might accompany the King there without his special permission. This discrimination puzzled the whole court, since every one wished to be invited there. Madame de Montespan was frequently asked to go. She had much intelligence, and—what was more important—she was charming about possessing it. She believed that in all conversations one should try to amuse the people whom one wished to please; and, moreover, she lost no opportunity to practise this belief of hers upon the King. La Vallière, who needed aid in amusing the King, was delighted that she [Madame de Montespan] came frequently to

her house, not realizing that the latter was working to supplant La Vallière.

One day when I was alone with the Queen, she said to me: "I have received a letter which informs me that the King is in love with Madame de Montespan and that he cares no longer for La Vallière. I can scarcely believe it." And then she added: "I am aware of more than you may suppose. I have both sense and penetration, and no one deceives me, though perhaps it is otherwise imagined." I was greatly surprised at hearing her speak in this manner, but said nothing.

CHAPTER SEVEN

"The Most Famous Love-Affair of the Century"

GOD is the master of our destiny. He had granted me one with which I should have been satisfied—that of birth, wealth, and all sorts of advantages and achievements that should make life a most desirable thing. Nevertheless, as I have just said, without knowing the reason why I was wearied with the places that had formerly pleased me; I was indifferent to the affection of others.

After much reflection and agitation, I recognized those things which gave me pleasure and those which gave me pain. One thing I knew with certainty—that I should be happier if I married: that if I made the fortune of a certain person through the gift of great estates, he would be touched by my generosity, have affection for me, would study to do everything to please me. Hitherto great marriages had been proposed for me, which would have given me eminence rather than happiness.

But now God permitted me to feel assured that marriage alone could give me peace of mind and heart, and this through the choice of a person with whom I could pass my life in tranquillity, in a union of perfect friendship. Then for the first time I realized the reason for my disquietude—that I loved M. de Lauzun, because of his lofty character, his distinction of manner, his charm of conversation, and a thousand other traits I knew he possessed. He was the only person who would appreciate the grandeur I could give him; the only one worthy of my choice.

Nothing was lacking to my happiness but a husband such as he would be, whom I should love and who would love me devotedly. I had never before been loved, and it was necessary once in life to taste the sweetness of being adored by some one who would make worth while the pain which love brings. For the first time I understood my restlessness, my distaste for society, and the ennui I had suffered when I did not find him at the Queen's.

I confess that this state of mind overwhelmed me. I wished to be alone in my room, to dream of him, or to see him at the Queen's or at the court, by chance or otherwise; but to see him—that was necessary for my serenity. I reflected upon the diffi-

culties I should encounter in this affair and knew I ought to make known my sentiments to the King, that he might tell me what my conduct should be.

I was terribly distressed when I realized from M. de Lauzun's reverential behavior toward me that he did not at all understand the way in which I thought of him. The most embarrassing aspect of this whole affair was my part in making him understand that he was more fortunate than he believed. I did not wish to think of the inequality between his rank and mine. I had read the history of France, as well as others written in French, and I knew that in the annals of royalty there had been many persons of lower rank than his who had married daughters, granddaughters, sisters, and widows of kings, with this difference—that he [Lauzun] was born of a more illustrious house than they, and had more worth and greatness of character than they had ever had. Thus I overcame these obstacles by bringing to mind a number of such examples.

I remembered, also, that in the plays of Corneille I had read of a destiny like mine. I therefore sent to Paris to purchase all the books of Corneille in order to search out the particular passage which I believed would convince me. The works of Corneille arrived

and I was not long in finding the verse.¹ I learned it by heart.

After all these agitations and uncertainties regarding what I should do, I saw that it was absolutely necessary for me to make a decision, because I should be miserable all my life if I tried to drive from my heart this thing which was so firmly established there. I accompanied the Queen to the Church of Récolets, where I prayed God with all my heart that He would inspire me in my decision. I believed God answered me, for now my heart decided to set forth on this adventure.

The day following my decision, which was the second of March [1670] I found myself with M. de Lauzun at the Queen's. It seemed to me my air of sincerity and gaiety ought to make him guess how much I loved him. Yet always he had that manner of proud aloofness. I must find some way of letting him know my sentiments.

¹"La Suite du Menteur." I. i.—

Quand les ordres du ciel nous ont faits l'un pour l'autre,
Lise, c'est un accord bientôt fait que le nôtre.
Sa main entre les cœurs, par un secret pouvoir,
Sème l'intelligence avant que de se voir;
Il prépare si bien l'amant et la maîtresse,
Que leur âme au seul nom s'émeut et s'intéresse.
On s'estime, on se cherche, on s'aime en un moment;
Tout ce qu'on s'entredit persuade aisément;
Et, sans s'inquiéter de mille peurs frivoles,
La foi semble courir au-devant des paroles.

It was rumored that the King was considering a possible marriage for me. I believed the time to have come for a serious talk with M. de Lauzun. I sent to ask him to come to my room and was told he was not in his apartment. When I went down to the Queen, I saw him. I went to a window and he followed me with an air of superiority which gave the impression that he was master of the whole world. I trembled as I said, "You have already shown so deep an interest in all that concerns me and are so wise a man and loyal a friend that I wish your advice."

He replied with a low bow that he was deeply touched by the honor I thus did him, of which he was so appreciative that he would give me his opinion with the greatest sincerity. Then I told him there was a rumor that the King wished to marry me to Prince Charles of Lorraine. Had he heard it? He replied he had not, but that he was convinced the King would only wish what I desired.

"At my age," I returned, "one scarcely marries people whom one does not like. Up to this time I have listened to many proposals of marriage, some of which would have meant real grandeur for me, but I should have been in despair had I been forced to accept any one of them. I love my country; I am

a *grande dame* who is governed by reason rather than by ambition; yet one must find some happiness in life and I am quite certain one does not find it in living with a man whom one does not esteem."

"I approve your sentiments," he answered, "but since you are happy, why do you wish to think of marriage?"

"The number of people who reckon up my wealth and, as a result, wish for my death, has caused me deep unhappiness."

He replied that this was an important matter; that I must think carefully about it, while he, also, would give it his consideration and tell me his opinion in a manner worthy of my confidence in him. Then the Queen went out and we were forced to continue this conversation another time. I confess that although I had said nothing which directly concerned him, I did not feel greatly relieved in my mind. I kept wishing he had guessed my intentions, especially when I had spoken to him with so much embarrassment. I really had not had the courage to look him directly in the face.

The next day, after the Queen had dined, I sought him out and begged him to speak frankly to me regarding what I had already said to him. He answered—and with a most charming smile—that

he could write a book about what had passed through his mind, where he had discovered many castles in Spain. I interrupted:

"I, like you, have built castles in Spain. Fortunately, mine have strong foundations, so it gives me the greatest pleasure to talk over with you the most important affair in my life."

"Surely, I should be vainglorious in thus becoming your counsel-in-chief," he replied. "Yet I know you have searched for a long time for some one worthy of your confidence, so I am very happy that your choice has fallen on me. I have already asked you what more there is for you to desire. You have grandeur and great wealth. You are esteemed and honored by your character as well as by your rank. The King loves you. He takes pleasure in your company. What more can you wish? If you had been queen or empress of a foreign country, you would have died from ennui, while those honors are only a little higher than yours."

"The grandeurs of which you have spoken," I replied, "are the necessary means for the advancement of an honorable man. The inclination of my heart was to remain always near the King. However, I thought it would be acceptable to the King if I should raise to an eminent position one of his sub-

jects, especially if I should give to this subject a portion of my wealth to be employed in the King's service."

"You have told me," he returned, "that you, like me, have built castles in Spain, but with firmer foundations. You are right. Greater than the joy you would have in raising a man to a rank above that of some sovereigns, you would have that of knowing he would care for you deeply, would love you more than his life. These are what I call foundations. What I call castles in Spain is the difficulty of finding that man whose birth, inclination, and character are sufficiently lofty to make him worthy of all that you would do for him."

"Whatever you may say," I replied, with a smile, "this is possible. As your difficulty is not with the project but rather with the person, I will attend to finding one who will have all these qualities which you say he must have."

This conversation had lasted two good hours and would not soon have finished had not the Queen left her oratory. I confess I was deeply satisfied with everything he had said. I was even quite happy. I imagined he well understood everything I was trying to say. I saw him nearly every day, yet he never came to speak to me. I think he even avoided speak-

ing to me, for always I had to seek him out. For fifteen days I did not approach him and then on Easter Day I met him on the street. I cannot express the joy I felt as our carriages passed, nor the decorum with which I greeted him, while it seemed to me that he, in return, made me an even more gracious reverence than usual. This thought made me too happy. He had a very well-appointed equipage and was the last word in magnificence in everything.

[April, 1670] The King had decided to make a Grand Progress into Flanders, and although we were at peace, he gave orders for an army corps to accompany him, as well as all the court. He gave the command of these troops to the Comte de Lauzun, whom he now appointed *Lieutenant-Général*. This news gave me a keen pleasure. I was not long in offering M. de Lauzun my congratulations. On Friday during the service of *Les Ténèbres*, M. de Lauzun approached and spoke in so eloquent a way that his conversation was of much more service to me than was the sermon of the priest.

We set out on this journey from Saint-Quentin, where the troops had been assembled and where the Comte de Lauzun and many other officers presented

themselves before the King. I was much impressed with his [Lauzun's] handsome uniform and noble bearing, which well became a soldier. He rode beside the door of the King's coach and as I turned my head in order that I might see him the King said, "*Ma cousine*, you will do me the honor, in whatever country we shall enter, of never leaving the Queen's side." I then said to M. de Lauzun, "Dare I venture to approach the *général d'armée*?" He smiled and we all talked together for a few moments. The other officers were bursting with envy of his gay appearance and all the royal attentions.

We left Saint-Quentin in the most frightful weather. Yet whatever the discomfort might be, I should be happy because I should see each day the one whom I loved the most in all the world. The King had always been and still was my first passion, but M. de Lauzun was the second, while I knew he shared these same feelings for the King. The villainous weather and the horrible rain made the roads almost impassable and put all the carriages in the greatest disorder and confusion. Often mattresses were lacking and we were obliged to sleep in our coaches; the food was insufficient; we were most uncomfortable; and yet nothing mattered, for M. de Lauzun was there.

Nothing disquieted me quite so much as to see him approach on horseback to speak to the King and hold his hat in his hand, with the rain and the weather so cold. I could not refrain from saying to the King, "Make him put on his hat." But when I saw him later he told me that I had given him mortal pain by speaking to the King on the matter of the hat, and that another time I must restrain myself. The King frequently sent for him and when he had given him his orders he often said he had never seen a man so solicitous of his welfare, nor one who so quickly understood what he wished done.

When we were half a league from Landrecies, the son of Roncherolles, the governor, came to tell us the river Sambre had overflowed its banks and that we could not cross over to the town, because the bridge was down. We were obliged to return to a sort of barn without having either the Queen's ladies or my own, which annoyed us very much. Added to this, I was worried about my jewels, which were left in my coach. We sought out the house where the King was and here found a very scanty and perfectly cold supper. There was a very thin bouillon which the Queen refused, whereupon we devoured it greedily. Never had there been such a supper! It was a battle to obtain any food at all,

while we pulled chickens to pieces between us, some getting legs, others getting wings. The confusion, however, was amusing. Then Romecourt lent us some mattresses to be laid upon the floor of the barn. When the King proposed that we should sleep here, in the larger of the two rooms, the Queen cried out: "What! Sleep all together in one room? How horrible!"

"But you will be completely dressed!" the King answered. "I see no harm," and then he asked me my opinion, which was the same as his. I think the Queen was angry about our eating all of the soup. Many of the officers and M. de Lauzun were to sleep in the adjoining room, but they kept coming into ours for the King's orders, until his Majesty said, "Make a hole in the wall and I will give you my orders through it." Never such a night! At four in the morning, M. de Louvois came to tell us that a bridge had been constructed, whereupon I awakened the King and the others. All the women who were in the habit of wearing rouge looked much faded. We were a disheveled lot, although I felt I made a bit better appearance than they. We now mounted our coaches and went to the village to finish our sleep. We remained three or four days at Landrecies, where the Queen spent much time in playing cards.

She had wanted Madame de Montespan to take part in her game, but the stakes were too high for her, so her Majesty requested me to share them with her.

One evening as the Queen began her play M. de Lauzun joined me in the window, where I was waiting with impatience to see if he would come. I considered that this was the place for a splendid conversation and so I began it by saying, "Have you never wished to marry and has no one ever spoken to you about it?"

He replied that it had been proposed to him, but he was confident that he would never marry; in fact, he had an aversion for matrimony, although a maker of horoscopes had told him he would find the greatest good fortune in the world by a certain marriage. "I should prefer," he said, "to marry a *femme-de-chambre*, if she were *une honnête fille* and I loved her, than all the queens in the world whom I didn't love." Then just as I had thought to talk at length upon this subject, Rochefort entered and M. de Lauzun went away. I believed he surmised what I wished to tell him of my intentions and because of his respect for me he did not dare to listen.

From Cateau-Cambrésis we went to Catelet, and here I had a long conversation with M. de Lauzun.

I began it by saying that I had made my decision, was determined to marry; that I had weighed and surmounted all the difficulties he had placed in the way, as I had even chosen the man whom he believed I could not find, and that now I lacked only his approval. He replied that my haste in undertaking an affair which would mean the happiness or unhappiness of my life made him tremble and that if I wanted his advice he would counsel me to take a part of a century in deciding anything so important. I made answer that when one had reached the age of forty and wanted to do something foolish it was not necessary to take so long a time to decide, at which he left me most abruptly.

Our route took us to Bapaume and to Arras, and when I went to leave my coach at Tournay, I called M. de Lauzun to assist me to descend—instead of doing which he walked away, leaving me with one foot in the air and nearly falling to the ground. This must have appeared ridiculous to those who noticed it, but I, believing that he had his reasons for acting as he did, gave it little thought.

We returned to Paris by way of Calais, where M. de Colbert, the King's ambassador in England, came over to pay his respects to his Majesty. Here,

while a great review of the troops with the Comte de Lauzun at their head was being held, the Comte d'Ayen arrived to tell us that Madame¹ was dying and the King had commanded him to take M. Valot with all speed to Saint-Cloud. When I reached the Queen's coach she exclaimed, "Madame is nearly gone and the most dreadful thing of all is that they believe she has been poisoned."

"Horrible!" I exclaimed.

We drove at once to Saint-Cloud and found Madame in a most pitiable condition. We all began to weep. She spoke to the King for a few moments, in an undertone. I approached her and took her hand. She pressed mine and said, "You will soon lose a good friend who has grown to love you." I could answer only with my tears. Madame de Montespan and La Vallière were also there. There was little feeling shown by Madame's ladies in waiting. They continued to talk together as if their mistress were not in danger. Madame asked for her confessor and the curé of Saint-Cloud soon arrived. The King then embraced her and bade her farewell and she spoke to him and to the Queen in the most affectionate manner.

We returned to Versailles and as we were leaving

¹ Henrietta of England, wife of the king's brother.

the supper table M. de Lauzun appeared and said as he approached, "This fatal illness is going to break up all your projects."

"Only defer them," I replied, "for nothing would change my sentiments." Then I went off to bed.

Madame died¹ at three and the King was informed at six o'clock.

I did not sleep at all that night. I reflected that if Madame died and Monsieur took it into his head to marry me, I should be painfully embarrassed. I knew, however, that, whatever might happen, I should not change my sentiments nor my resolution.

In the morning, when I learned of the death of Madame, I went with a troubled mind to the Queen. She took me with her to the chamber of the King, who said to me: "My cousin, let us talk about what we must do in the case of the late Madame. Here is a vacant place; do you not wish to fill it?"

"You are the master. I shall never have any other wish than yours," I replied.

"Have you an aversion to Monsieur?" he then asked. As I made no answer, he said, "I shall think about this and talk to you about it later."

Then I went to walk with the Queen and we

¹ On June 30, 1670.

talked only of the death of Madame, and the suspicion that she had been poisoned and of the unhappy way in which she and Monsieur had lived for some time. Every one said that he believed Monsieur would remarry, and most of the people who said this stared at me. I paid no attention to it, but I was miserable.

The next day, after mass, M. de Lauzun approached me and said he was glad I was going to marry Monsieur. I replied that it had not yet been decided, to which he answered, "It will be necessary for you to obey; the King wishes it."

"It will never be," I ventured.

"And I tell you that it will. Although I lose my place near you as your confidant, I prefer your grandeur to my private interests, and scorn my fortune when it is a question of your glory. Think that there is only the King and the dauphin above him and that you might be Queen of France."

"I am more than fifteen," I answered, "and I do not propose to accept a life fit only for children. I have the honor of being first cousin to the King. I desire no glory greater than this. I have my plan in my head and I know what I must do in order to be happy. Do you think I could forget so soon?"

I withdrew to my chamber and wept. I had a great distaste for this marriage with Monsieur and fervently wished that the whole affair might soon be ended.

Shortly afterward I started for Forges. As I took leave of the King he said: "My brother has told me that he wishes to marry you, but since it would not be in good taste to marry so soon after the death of Madame, he desires to sign a contract with you before you leave."

"Sire," I pleaded, "I beg you to allow me to make my journey. On my return we will speak of this matter." And then I went away to Forges, and very much agitated I was.

I joined the court at Chambord, where there were many amusements,—plays and ballets,—and when there was nothing else we played cards. Before we left I waited upon the King in the Queen's apartments, where he asked me, "Shall I say to my brother that you wish never to marry?"

"No, sire," I replied. "Rather, that I do not wish to marry him, as we have been very happy as first cousins, but we could not live so happily as man and wife. I honor Monsieur and am most grateful to

your Majesty for the honor you do me in wishing me to marry him, but I beg him with all my heart to speak no more about it."

"I will tell him your wishes," the King made answer. "I will leave you free. I will never constrain any one." I was most happy to see he no longer greatly cared for this marriage.

When we reached Saint-Germain I saw M. de Lauzun and as I passed I said: "I have broken off the affair with Monsieur. Do you not wish to speak to me now?"

"Whenever you wish," he graciously answered.

The next day he came to the Queen's exactly at the hour I had designated and we talked for three hours. I told him all that had happened and he replied that since I had wished to break off this affair in spite of all the grandeurs it would give me, he highly approved my conduct. I added that I was resolved to carry out the projects of which I had spoken to him, because that was the only way in which I could find peace of mind or heart. Then, as I am impatient and the length of this affair had worn me out completely, I confessed to him that I had taken this occasion to name him as the person whom I had chosen to marry.

"I have already explained to you," I said, "the

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Melle de Montpensier.

Louis XIV.

reasons for my desire to marry, but I am convinced that the truest of all these is the esteem which I have for you. One cannot esteem for a long time without falling in love. Should you have the same sentiments for me, we could be happy."

"You make me tremble," he replied. "However extravagant my hopes, I dared not flatter myself that this could be possible. Do you really wish to marry the servant of your first cousin?"

"My first cousin is my master as well as yours; thus I find nothing more glorious than serving him," I made answer.

"Will you understand that there is nothing in the world which would make me give up my commission? I love the King too much. I assure you that my first consideration will always be for his service, but I need not assure you that you will be the second because of the gratitude I have in return for all your kindnesses to me. Have you considered that I am not a prince? Of course I am a nobleman, but that is scarcely enough for you."

"I am content," I interrupted, "and I can make you the first nobleman in the kingdom. I have wealth and honors to give you."

"When I flatter myself that this is your thought for me," he replied, "I give myself up to a joy

which carries me far." And thus I was persuaded that never had a man been so much in love nor felt so great a tenderness as he.

Then I wrote to the King, telling him I wished to marry and begging him very humbly to approve my choice.

"It is, sire," I wrote, "M. de Lauzun. His worth and his devotion to your service are the characteristics that have pleased me the most and have contributed to my choice. I beg your Majesty, as the greatest favor you can ever grant me, to accord me your permission. The honor M. de Lauzun has in serving as the Captain of your Body-guard has not made him unworthy of me. Assuredly, the greater the honors one has, the more he is worthy of being your servant. As all the services of your house honor those who have them, I am happy, indeed, that M. de Lauzun has held one." After having written it, I sent it to M. de Lauzun, who wrote me that he found it all that he could desire.

The reply of the King was a most courteous one. He told me he had been astonished and begged me to do nothing lightly. He did not wish to thwart me, for he loved me, and he would give me proof of his tenderness whenever he might find occasion to do so. That evening M. de Lauzun came to the Luxem-

bourg and I showed him the letter, saying I wished that he [the King] had said definitely whether or not he approved this matter. He advised me to seek out the King and thank him for the honor he did me.

That night the King played cards until two in the morning. I waited up for him and when he arrived he said, "What, you here, my cousin, at two o'clock?"

"I must speak to you, sire . . . sire." (My heart beat so violently that I had to repeat it.) "The esteem which your Majesty has shown to M. de Lauzun has been the beginning of mine. The honor which he has in being your subject and your servant makes me consider him more than one of the most powerful sovereigns of Europe. All that I have depends upon this. As soon as I shall have your Majesty's approbation, no one can give an adverse interpretation to the alliance which I wish to make, while I find my greatest happiness in being able to raise to a position of eminence a man who has sentiments so lofty as are those of M. de Lauzun."

"You are of an age to know what is suitable for you," his Majesty answered. "I should be very sorry to restrain you. Nevertheless, I should be most unwilling to contribute to the good fortune of M. de

Lauzun if such an act were contrary to your interests. I neither counsel you nor forbid you, but I pray you to consider well. I must tell you confidentially that M. de Lauzun has enemies. Think over this fact and take your own measures."

"Sire," I said, "if your Majesty is for us, no one can injure us." And then I kissed his hands and he embraced me tenderly. No one saw us or heard this conversation.

The next day M. de Lauzun came to my house and we talked of all our future plans. We decided to ask the Duc de Créqui and the Duc de Montausier, the Maréchal d'Albret and M. de Guitri to wait upon the King to ask that our marriage be solemnized at once. He [Lauzun] told me he would await the result of this interview with much impatience. In fact, he seemed to be doubtful about the carrying through of the affair. Then he spoke to me of the house we should build. He wished to send for Le Notre. He asked me to go early to the Tuileries the next day, when these gentlemen had finished their conference with the King.

As I was leaving to accompany the Queen to chapel, a page brought me the news that M. de Montausier was asking for me. I went to him and

after thanking me for the honor we had done him, he rehearsed to me the reply of the King to our supplication; namely, that I had already spoken to him of this affair in which he had advised me as a father, but as I was firm in my resolution, he could not refuse his consent; that while Monsieur had loudly protested because of our difference in rank, he [the King] had overlooked this. He had then spoken with great kindness of me and of M. de Lauzun. He [Montausier] concluded his audience by saying, "Now that this affair is accomplished, I counsel you not to let things lag; if you follow my advice, you will marry this very night."

I begged him to give the same advice to M. de Lauzun and then Guitri came to tell me that M. de Lauzun wished me to tell the Queen as soon as the service at the church was over. When she came out I threw myself at her feet and said, "I believe your Majesty will be surprised at my decision to marry, although I am not the first woman of my age who has wished to do so."

"Who is it?" she asked.

"The Comte de Lauzun. He is not a prince of the blood royal, but there is not a greater seignior in the kingdom."

"I strongly disapprove of this," she cried sharply,

"and, my cousin, the King will never consent to this."

"Pardon me, madame," I replied; "the King has already done so."

"You will do much better not to marry but to keep your property for my son d'Anjou,"¹ she rejoined angrily.

"Ah, Madame, how could your Majesty say that?" I was ashamed of her and did not wish to say more. As I left, I saw M. de Lauzun, who gave me his hand. I told him what the Queen had said, to which he replied:

"Neither you nor I have ever given her occasion to treat us in this manner, and yet we must preserve our respect for her. As for the King, we must never be insensible to the great kindness he has accorded us in allowing you to make me the greatest seignior and the happiest man in his kingdom."

Then I told him of the advice M. de Montausier had given me, but he replied that it was best to leave to the King both the time and the arrangements of our marriage. He was going now to thank the King for his great favor, and was to play cards with him that evening.

"I hope my head will not be turned," he added.

¹The Duc d'Anjou, son of Louis XIV and Marie-Thérèse.

"for this is an occasion which I must meet with great restraint. I am not even going to receive visits except from those whom I shall see with you to-morrow at the Luxembourg, and I believe you will be wise to receive only a few."

When I reached the Luxembourg, however, a great many people awaited me. Some seemed delighted with the news of my betrothal; others were astonished. I had an infinite number of guests throughout the evening, among whom was the Archbishop of Rheims, who approached to say, "Surely you will not do me the injustice of choosing any one but me to read your marriage service?"

"The Archbishop of Paris has already asked to marry us," I answered, "but I assure you that it will be you, if he is prevented."

Many rumors were flying about the court. I learned that the Queen had spoken to the King with much bitterness of both M. de Lauzun and me, and that the King had replied to her so angrily that she had wept all night. Yet many people paid me their respects. All kinds of pleasant things were said. Then M. de Lauzun came, saying:

"I am not surprised at seeing all this crowd about you. When I think that I shall be the master of the Luxembourg I have need of all my reason to keep

my head from being turned, although you well know that you will always rule here. I shall receive your orders and take the most diligent care in executing them. Now you must accord me some audiences, that we may arrange our affairs. I think you would be wise to give a fête in honor of the Queen—a ball or a play or some other amusement, in order that we may divert her from saying unkind things about us to the King; while I will attend to some of the gentlemen and try to keep them so busy that they will not have time to occupy themselves with our affairs. I wish no one to annoy you.”

“I shall study to fulfil my duties,” I said, “especially so far as the Queen is concerned. Otherwise, I should gladly dispense with all this company in order that I might be alone with you.”

Then I went away to the Queen’s. Of those who were with her, some congratulated me, and most ceremoniously. As for the others, who did not approve my marriage, I gave myself no concern; but the Queen never looked at me nor spoke to me.

All that happened and everything that was said about our marriage in those three days¹ occupied me so completely and agreeably that if I could always

¹ From Monday, December 15, to Thursday, December 18, 1670.

think only of them without having to think of the fourth day I should be too happy. On that day Rochefort, Captain of the Guards, came and after paying his respects said, "When shall you marry?" and when we replied that we did not know, he exclaimed: "In the name of God, marry to-day rather than to-morrow. You are happy now,—in fact, should you look at yourselves in a mirror you would see a painting of Joy,—but for that same reason you must not be negligent."

I, dazzled by love, wished to be advised and act quickly, but M. de Lauzun was persuaded that nothing could now turn the King against him and he considered everything secure. He wished that this deed should be done as from crown to crown, openly and with all forms observed.

Then M. de Guitri came to tell us the wedding ceremony must take place soon and asked, "Are you still resolved to have the ceremony performed in the Queen's Chapel?" Lauzun replied: "Mademoiselle has only to command. She well knows that I shall do everything as she wishes."

I began to feel so many people were antagonistic that we would best not gratify ourselves by observing needless formalities and decided to send M. de Montausier to the King that very evening,

to ask his permission for us to go away to some house in the country, either to Eu or to Saint-Fargeau, for the wedding ceremony. He [M. de Lauzun] asked me to consider that these places were a three-days journey from the King and said he wished, if it were agreeable to me, that the ceremony should take place at some house from which he would be able easily to reach the King. He suggested Conflans, an attractive house which M. de Richelieu kept in fine condition.

In the evening M. de Lauzun came with M. Boucherat to sign the contract necessary for the bestowal of certain properties. I entered my cabinet to discuss this deed of gift with my attorneys, who drew up the paper by which I gave to M. de Lauzun the Duchy of Montpensier, the sovereignty of Dombes, and the Comté d'Eu, with their accompanying titles. When this was finished, we entered my salon, where there were a number of people, to whom I said, "Here is M. de Montpensier whom I present to you. I ask that in the future you call him by this name."

The intimate friends of M. de Lauzun knelt at my feet to express their appreciation of what I had done for him, while M. de Lauzun made me a thousand protestations of homage for my generous

thought of him. We decided that we should go the next day to Conflans for our marriage.

On Thursday I learned the marriage contract had not been signed and that we must wait another day for our marriage. This delay was a keen disappointment, for I did not wish to be married on Friday. In the evening M. de Lauzun came to the Luxembourg and when we were alone we talked over our plans. I was to start the next day at four o'clock. M. de Colbert was even now carrying the marriage contract to the King, the Queen, and the dauphin for their signatures. As for Monsieur and my other relatives, it was not necessary to consider them, because of their opposition. After talking with me a long time, M. de Lauzun went away, leaving me in tears though I did not know just why I wept.

[December 18, 1670] At half-past eight o'clock I was told an orderly of the King demanded an audience with me; he brought word that the King commanded me to come to him. I replied that I would order my carriage at once, but I was in despair, for I seemed to feel that this, in some way, was to be the end of my happiness. I went away in a daze and when I arrived the orderly led me by a stairway to the King's chamber. The door was closed behind

me. I found myself alone with the King, who seemed moved and sad.

"I am in despair," he said, "at what I must tell you. I am told that the world says I am sacrificing you in order to make M. de Lauzun's fortune; that this will injure me abroad, and that I ought not to allow this affair to be concluded. You have reason to complain of me; beat me if you wish. I will bear the weight of any expression of anger in which you may indulge. No rage of yours can surpass what I deserve and will endure."

"Ah!" I cried. "Sire, what are you saying? What cruelty! I beg you most humbly" (and I threw myself at his feet) "not to forbid me to marry him. I have already told your Majesty that I cannot find happiness or peace unless I pass the rest of my life with this man, who each day shows me new devotion. I beg you to kill me rather than place me in such a position. Your Majesty knows many people who are opposed to this affair because of possible aversion to M. de Lauzun or envy of my wealth, and yet there are examples of sisters and daughters of kings who have married private persons lower in rank than M. de Lauzun, who is by birth and merit greater than these people. Do you wish to destroy the fortune of a man because he is more devoted to

your service than these others? I beg you, I repeat, to kill me rather than to forbid me to marry M. de Lauzun. What will become of me? . . . Where is he, sire—M. de Lauzun?"

"Do not be anxious about him; nothing will happen to him."

"Ah, sire, I fear everything for him and for myself, since our enemies have prevailed over your kindness for him." He threw himself on his knees beside me and embraced me. For three quarters of an hour he held his cheek against mine. He wept as bitterly as I did. "Ah; why did you give me time to reflect? Why did you not make haste?" he asked.

"Alas, sire! who could have distrusted your Majesty's word? You have never broken it to any one, and you begin with me and M. de Lauzun! I shall die, and I shall be too happy to die; I love, passionately and truly, the most worthy man in your kingdom. I have never before loved any one. His elevation was the pleasure and joy of my life. You gave him to me; you take him from me. It is like tearing out my heart. I shall love you no less; but my grief is all the more cruel, because it is caused by the one I love best in all the world. . . . What sire, will you not yield to my tears?"

"This is one of the deepest sorrows I have ever

felt," he said, "but kings must satisfy the public. It is late; I can say no more, nor differently, even if you remain longer." He embraced me and conducted me to the door. I ran to my house to weep aloud, free from spectators. I remained in bed almost without consciousness. In the morning M. de Créqui came to tell me that the King wished to pay me a visit, but I begged him to have it postponed until the next day.

When the King entered, I cried bitterly while he embraced me and held his cheek against mine for a long time. He begged me to find some comfort and assured me he would treat me in such a manner as to put to shame my enemies. He had approved, he said, of what I had wished to do, but this affair had made such a furor in the world that he was forced to act as he had done. I replied that nothing in the world, nor in life itself, longer interested me, so that if he were unwilling to accord me this happiness he would have to answer before God for being the cause of my death. He then said that he would do splendid things for M. de Lauzun. I asked if he would still permit me to see him [M. de Lauzun], as without him life would not be endurable."

"I do not forbid you to see him," the King said. "Assuredly you cannot take advice of a worthier

man with regard to any of your affairs than Lauzun."

"This, certainly, is my intention, sire," I answered, "and I am most happy that you desire that he shall continue to be my best friend; but at least, sire, you will not change your mind as you have just done? What you say are, after all, only words, while the evils which I experience are very real and very keen."

M. de Créqui came from Monsieur to ask if a visit from him would give me too much pain. If I would permit him to come he would talk of—just nothing. I was still in bed when he arrived. He talked the entire time of perfumes, of which I knew so little as to make no reply.

The next day M. de Lauzun came and on seeing him I cried aloud, while he could scarcely refrain from weeping.

"You have such strength of mind," I said to him, "that every one will believe you to be indifferent to me. What do you advise me to do?" and I sobbed with each word.

"If you wish my counsel," he replied, "you will go to-morrow to dine at the Tuileries and will thank the King for the honor that he has done you, in having prevented an action which you might have

repented throughout the rest of your life." But then he wept. He could not speak, nor could I. I could only say: "What! Am I never to see you more? I shall certainly die."

During the next few days I received a number of people, but as I did not sleep, nor eat, nor drink, I became very pale and thin, and all the time that I was alone I wept in a manner to arouse compassion. Sometimes I consoled myself by believing that all the evils of life carry some cure, if only that of death. These reflections, however, did not greatly console me. My wish to die was my most frequent thought. Never a grief like mine! God, alone, could understand it.

The night before Christmas I went to the Tuileries and as I passed the room in which the King had told me of my shattered marriage plans, so deep a pain laid hold of my heart that I nearly fell. When we had joined the King in the gallery, I made the promenade with him, but on the second turn I couldn't keep from weeping and in such a manner that I had to hide myself in a window in order not to furnish a comedy to the spectators. When the King had finished his promenade he sought me out and said:

"Your weeping gives me real concern. I am more

sorry than I can tell you, since it is I who have caused these tears. I do not disapprove them. You have reason to weep." I saw with much gratification that he, too, was likely to weep.

We talked of M. de Lauzun. "He must never forget," the King said, "the honor you wished to do him, and he will be very blameworthy if he does not give you his loyal devotion throughout the rest of your life." Then the King asked, "Does your health permit you to come to Versailles with us to-morrow?"

I replied that I was not equal to going. When I reached the Luxembourg, I had to be undressed and put to bed. I could no longer keep up appearances.

The next evening M. de Lauzun came to pay me a visit. He was very much dressed up and entered my chamber with a manner almost gay. There were tears in my eyes, but he was quite successful in keeping a smiling face. I suggested that as everything in life changes, perhaps the King would have pity on us and allow us to marry. He said: "How can you believe that? We must convince ourselves that he will never change his decision."

We talked for two hours, and as I wept as he was leaving, he begged me to take more rest; sug-

gested that I withdraw from the world, give myself to God and His service, so that I might find grace to help me bear these evils which had come to me. He added that if I wished him to come to see me every day, I must stop weeping. . . . I went away to the Convent of the Carmelites to pass the Christmas festivities. I wore no colors. Here, I should not have to listen to the violins of the court.

The King proposed that the court should pass three days at Vincennes. There were to be plays and balls in the evening and hunting every morning. Every one was to wear a splendid costume on the first day, a toilette suitable for the hunt on the second day, and go masked on the third day. All this dressing up would completely fill up the time for both the men and women. I very humbly begged the King to excuse me. I was hardly in the mood to enjoy amusements, but he replied that he most definitely wished me to go and forbade my going to Eu to spend the days given over to these gaieties.

M. de Lauzun came to my house to urge me to accept the King's invitation and said I must appear more elegantly attired than any of the other women; I was neglecting my toilette and this was the time to deck myself out as I had been accustomed

to do before our affair. Then he told me a thousand trifling and amusing things in order to make me forget my grief, but he only succeeded in making me realize the joy I should have had had I been allowed to spend the rest of my life with a person who had more charm than any one whom I had ever seen. And so I did as he desired and played and wore elaborate costumes as did the other women and danced *une courante* with the Duc de Villeroy, but always I was in a mood to weep.

The ministers advised the King to write a letter to all his foreign ambassadors, in order to acquaint them with his reasons for breaking off my marriage. Many of my friends believed the King would forbid me to see M. de Lauzun after our affair was terminated; they were surprised that we had not changed at all in our behavior.

The court went to Chantilly and while we were there a tragic thing happened. A *maître d'hôtel* (Vatel) who had the reputation of being a very able man, killed himself when he learned that the Prince de Condé was angry because a certain service of fish had not arrived in time for the King's supper.

M. Colbert, our ambassador to England, came to tell me that at the time my affair with M. de

Lauzun was broken off, the King and many persons of rank in England had been regretful because of the esteem in which we were held. The King of England even said to him, "I am convinced of his [M. de Lauzun's] worth, since Mademoiselle has preferred him to me!"

M. de Lauzun sent me word that he was leaving for Brussels. He left without saying *au revoir* to me. When he returned I saw him at the Queen's and he told me of his journey in Flanders. I reproached him for leaving without saying adieu. I wanted to be angry with him, but as soon as I saw him I lost the desire to work myself into a fury. Often I was in a mood to scold him, and then he took away the desire by his manners, which I cannot describe, so charming and distinguished were they.

M. de Lauzun came to tell me of the death of the little Duc d'Anjou and I went at once to see the King, with whom I wept, since he was deeply afflicted, as well he might be, for that child was very promising.

The court went to Versailles for the hunt in honor of Saint-Hubert, where we remained four days. I went on to Saint-Germain, where the Comte d'Ayen

came from Paris to tell me that every one was saying we (M. de Lauzun and I) were married. Only my intimate friends dared to speak to me of this bit of gossip, and as I did not take the trouble to answer their questions I allowed them to imagine what they wished. I was convinced, however, that the King would never believe M. de Lauzun and I would act in a manner so contrary to the orders that he had given us.

[November 26, 1671] Wednesday evening, while I was at supper, the Comtesse de Fiesque entered hurriedly and said: "M. de Lauzun has been arrested. M. de Rochefort took him from his chamber at Saint-Germain last evening. He is already on his way to the provinces."

I will not speak of the grief I suffered at this news, but I wonder that I did not die. I went at once to Saint-Germain, arriving in the evening while the King was at supper. I looked at him with tears in my eyes, and he regarded me with a sad and embarrassed air, but said nothing. I believed it was wiser for me not to speak to him and I learned the next day that my behavior had pleased him, for in returning to the ladies he said, "My cousin was very courteous; she was silent."

The King went the next day to Versailles to welcome Monsieur and Madame, his bride,¹ who had just arrived. He was charmed by her splendid qualities. When she reached Saint-Germain, she was dressed all in brocade, although it was in the depth of winter. Since the toilettes in Germany are ordinarily trimmed with fur, she believed, doubtless, that it was better to abandon the mode of her country and thus had gone to the other extreme in dress. There was a ballet given in her honor. It was composed of steps chosen from various earlier ballets. I attended it only because I was advised to do so, but my mind was occupied with nothing but the sad plight of M. de Lauzun, while I wondered what he had done to displease the King, for whom he had only the tenderest regard.

I feared a thousand afflictions for him. To think that he was absent; that it was bitterly cold and was snowing heavily while my beloved was on the open road on his way to prison! To picture his sufferings and his pitiable condition, made my heart ache. I believed it would deceive those who should have been there with him, to see me here. They would not realize the torture it gave me.

My one consolation was that these constant sacri-

¹ Princess Elisabeth-Charlotte of Bavaria.

fices I was making for the King might in the end arouse his pity for M. de Lauzun and renew his tenderness, for I could not believe that he [the King] no longer cared for him. I should be too happy if my sacrifices could accomplish any results. This was my motive for remaining near the court after M. de Lauzun's imprisonment, and it forced me to do, from a sense of duty, many things which I should have avoided if I had been free to consult my own inclinations. When one has a broken heart, one would so much more willingly remain at home in solitude than drag oneself through the gay scenes of court festivities.

As soon as this fête was over I went to Paris, where I saw Baraille,¹ who told me that d'Artagnan with a company of musketeers had conducted M. de Lauzun to Pignerol²; that he was in good health—news which gave me some relief, although I was so affected by the midnight mass on Christmas Eve that I had to leave before it was finished and hasten to bed.

[1672] I was far from well and a victim of most painful thoughts. There were comedies and ballets

¹ An officer in the service of the Comte de Lauzun.

² In Piedmont, not far from Turin.

and an opera, I believe. I say I believe, because I cared so little for these pleasures that I attended them only with the greatest reluctance. One evening when the King had finished supper and descended to the salon of the ladies, while the Queen amused herself by chatting in front of her mirror, I saw d'Artagnan, whom I envied because he had seen M. de Lauzun since I had, near the door of the King's chamber. For a long time I had been seeking an occasion to speak with him. Now as he walked in the salon I told him that because of the heat I felt faint and asked him to open the balcony door for me, that I might get some air. He made haste to carry out my orders and followed me.

I told him I should be very glad if he would come to my house the next day at six o'clock in the evening, when I should be alone, for I wanted very much to talk to him. I asked him if M. de Lauzun had been ill on the journey and he replied that he had not, and that he could speak with assurance since he had traveled in the carriage with him, always slept in his chamber—in brief, did not leave him. I could not refrain from asking him if he [Lauzun] had spoken of me. He answered:

“Yes, Mademoiselle, very often, and next to the grief he feels at having displeased the King, I am

convinced that the knowledge of what your Royal Highness suffers gives him the greatest pain."

"That is enough," I rejoined. "You will tell me more to-morrow evening."

The next day seemed very long and I was in constant fear that at the hour I had indicated there would be some visitors whom I must receive. He came exactly at six. After he had paid me his respects he told me that before M. de Lauzun's misfortune he had known him to be a man of reserve and elegance and so scornful of every one that when he learned he was to accompany him upon this journey he felt many misgivings. During the first four or five hours they looked at each other without speaking, as M. de Lauzun seemed overwhelmed with grief.

"But later he spoke of the obligations he owed to you because of your great goodness to him and your wish to load him with wealth and honors. His heart was broken. He had done nothing, he said, unworthy of the esteem which you had for him, and he assured us he was more unfortunate than guilty, while he spoke in a manner so touching that we wept and from that moment became firm friends."

The details of this conversation brought me such peace and happiness that I made him repeat the en-

tire recital. Then I asked him in what way M. de Lauzun had displeased the King, but I soon understood that he was unable to tell me more.

The King left, to begin his war in Holland.

[June, 1672] Some one came to tell me that the Queen had received news from the front—distressing news. A great many people of rank had been killed at the crossing of the Rhine.¹ I was deeply touched by the afflictions of my friends. Although I had suffered inconceivably in the past seven or eight months because of the imprisonment of M. de Lauzun, I now regarded this as a great blessing, both for him and for me. Knowing his courage, as I did, I was confident that he also would have been killed at this crossing of the river. So I said to myself, “God has suffered him to be imprisoned in order to preserve him for me,” while I tried to believe that He would soon bring to an end this cruel imprisonment. I prayed for the peace which would help me to be worthy of His mercy.

The great victories of the King astonished the Hollanders and their neighbors. The King of England sent the Duke of Buckingham to make pro-

¹ Near Tolhus.

posals of peace to the King, which were said to be very advantageous to us. M. Buckingham, a close friend of M. de Lauzun, was distressed to learn of his misfortunes and spoke to the King of all the loyalty and devotion that he [M. de Lauzun] had for his Majesty. The King told him in reply that he had special reasons for placing M. de Lauzun where he now was, and that while his case was not hopeless, the time had not yet come for bringing his punishment to an end. Meanwhile, the enemies of M. de Lauzun were working to destroy the favorable impression that the words of M. de Buckingham had made upon the mind of the King. And all this time M. de Lauzun suffered the most rigid and exacting imprisonment at Pignerol. I was grieved to the heart by the King's bitterness.

[1674] While I was in Paris many people came to the Luxembourg, among others the wife of the Maréchal de Créquy, who drew me aside and told me that M. de Lauzun had been at the point of death, but was now out of danger. I questioned her and thanked her fervently.

I thought of entering a convent. I told Baraille of this plan, but he strongly disapproved of it, saying that to go into seclusion would be disadvan-

tageous both for me and for M. de Lauzun. It would appear to others that I was abandoning his interests. However, I often passed the day at the convent of the Carmelites, returning each evening.

[1679] M. de Lauzun tried to escape from prison. He succeeded in cutting a hole through his fireplace, reached the outer citadel, and had only one more gate to pass when he was discovered. He was taken back to the same cell, and was guarded more closely than ever.

Baraille returned from Pignerol. He had recently talked with Madame de Montespan, who expressed her desire to serve M. de Lauzun if the slightest opportunity was presented. As a result, I often went to the house of Madame de Montespan, who seemed to me to have much sympathy for the fate of M. de Lauzun. One day she said to me, "Think how you can make yourself agreeable to the King, that he may give you what you so deeply desire."

These suggestions which she threw out from time to time gave me the idea that she was thinking of my fortune. I remembered, too, that Pertius, one of M. de Lauzun's friends, had once said to me, "Why don't you lead them to believe that you might bestow

some of your property on the Duc du Maine?"¹ I often saw the children of Madame de Montespan at her house. They were attractive and amused me, especially M. du Maine, who, though slightly lame, was very handsome and had much intelligence.

After giving this matter careful consideration for several days, I finally resolved to make M. du Maine my heir, provided the King would send for Lauzun and consent that I should marry him. Madame de Montespan highly praised me because of my devotion to the welfare of M. de Lauzun and added that she believed this wish of mine to bestow my property on M. du Maine would greatly please the King and give me my heart's desire.

"But you must tell the King," she said, "of your affection for M. du Maine and that this desire has come to you because he delights you. You must also mention M. de Lauzun. It may be his Majesty wishes for his release quite as much as you, while you will place the King in the position of saying to the enemies of Lauzun, 'Since my cousin has treated me in so generous a manner, I can refuse her nothing.'"

However, I wished her to be the one to speak to

¹ Son of Madame de Montespan and Louis XIV.

the King and we arranged that on the next day when the King came to the Queen's apartment he would accompany me into the small cabinet. This took place as we had planned and the King said to me:

"Madame de Montespan told me, yesterday evening, of your generous kindness to the Duc du Maine. I am deeply touched, for I feel that you do this because of your affection for me, while he [the Duc du Maine] is only a child and does not merit it. I hope that some day he will be a brave man and make himself worthy of the great honor which you have wished to give him. As for me, I assure you that I shall show you on every occasion every mark of my affection."

Madame de Montespan was overjoyed at this step. She was untiring in her efforts to please me. She came to see me frequently. We took long walks together. She had always charmed me by her conversation. And now the King talked to me more frequently than he was accustomed to do; but never a word of M. de Lauzun. When I spoke of this neglect to Madame de Montespan, she always replied, "But you must have patience." The little Duc du Maine came one evening to give me a thousand thanks and to bring me a gift of a golden cup set

with diamonds—a lovely thing. Of course, all this consideration pleased me but . . .

Madame de Montespan proposed to Baraille that I make a donation of the Principality of Dombes and of the Comté d'Eu. I replied that I could dispose of these only in my will. Madame de Montespan said quite emphatically that "the King must not be played with. When a promise is made, it must be kept."

"But," I objected, "I wish the freedom of M. de Lauzun; and suppose that after what I have done I should find myself deceived, and my friend should not be liberated."

All these conversations gave me the greatest anxiety and many sleepless nights, for they were demanding precisely what I had already given to M. de Lauzun, and I could not, without the deepest grief, take back my gifts from my dearest friend. When Baraille was last at Pignerol, he had told M. de Lauzun that I was giving some property to M. du Maine, because his liberty depended upon it. He had thanked me and consented to my plan of dispossessing him of the Comté d'Eu, which I had already given to him by a *contrat de vente*.

After all this coming and going, some one intimated to Baraille that if I did not carry out what I

had promised, he [Lauzun] might be placed in the Bastille. This greatly alarmed me, so finally I yielded to their wishes and made a donation of the principality of Dombes and the Comté d'Eu. The deed of gift was signed (February 2, 1681) at the house of Madame de Montespan, who spoke for M. du Maine, this power having been given her by the King.

"I cannot refrain from telling you," she said, "that you are going to be the happiest person in the world and that your enemies are going to be disconcerted. The King will hereafter consider only how he may best show you his gratitude, while he will wish the whole world to see the consideration he has for you."

I felt a great hope, for I believed that she spoke in good faith. All this praise would have mounted as incense to my head had I not, as soon as I reached my chamber, let fall my heavy mirror of rock crystal. Whereupon I said to Baraille, "I am dying of fear lest this be a bad omen and that I repent of what I have just done." He only laughed at me.

At supper the King regarded me very pleasantly and conversed with me. This was most charming. The next day he came to find me at Madame de Montespan's and said:

"I am overjoyed that this affair is finished. You will not be sorry, for it will form a bond between us that nothing can break. Don't be afraid; I will protect you."

I was too happy.

I spoke often to Madame de Montespan of M. de Lauzun and she seemed eager for his release. One day she said to me:

"You must not deceive yourself; the King will never consent to your marriage with M. de Lauzun, nor will he permit him to be addressed as M. de Montpensier. He will make him a duke, however, and if you wish to marry him, he will not appear to know it. Those who speak to him of it, he will scold. Will not this be the same thing for you?"

"What, madame!" I cried. "He will live with me as my husband, but will not be openly declared such? What will not every one say and believe of me?"

"One will never believe anything of you but what is good," she replied. "Your conscience will not reproach you, while respect for the King and the consideration that one has for you will keep the world from talking. Believe me, you will be a thousand

times happier, and M. de Lauzun will love you even more. Secrecy has a savor!"

I was often impatient because of the length of time it took to secure M. de Lauzun's liberty, but I did not speak to the King about it, for it seemed to me that what I had done was a continual entreaty, while the presence of M. du Maine would remind him each time he saw him of what he [the King] was to do for me.

All my life I have wanted to own a house near Paris. Some one told me now of a place on the Seine two leagues from Paris, in a village called Choisy. I hastened to look at it and it pleased my fancy. At least the situation did, for there were no buildings. I purchased it for forty thousand livres. I took Le Notre to see it, but he told me that it would be necessary to cut down much of the woods. This suggestion displeased me, so I gave him the slip and engaged Gabriel, a very good architect, who closely followed my plans for a great *corps de logis* flanked on each side by conservatories and orangeries, a broad terrace which overlooked the garden, and beneath this a parterre stretching to the river, with clusters of trees and as many fountains as were needful. From my bed I was to see the boats as they

passed at night, and, most agreeable of all, from all parts of the house and from all the alleys in the garden one could see the river—on one side as far as the Arc de Triomphe, on the other, the forest of Senart.

My house has distinction and is quite spacious, with a fine gallery, a chapel beautifully ornamented by La Fosse, the best painter of our day after Le Brun, and a cabinet decorated with miniatures of all the King's victories, executed by Vander-Meulen, one of the cleverest artists of this genre. The portrait of the King is everywhere as the handsomest ornament one could have and surely the one most to be desired by me. My dining-room is hung with portraits of all my nearest relatives—the King my grandfather, the Queen my grandmother, King Louis XIII my uncle, and his wife Anne of Austria, my aunts the Queens of Spain and of England. All these give a justifiable pleasure to a Granddaughter of France whose mother was a Bourbon. Each portrait has its name written across it, so that if there should be any one with an ignorance so crass as not to recognize it, he would have recourse to the name. The portrait of M. de Montpensier is also there, with that of his wife, Catherine-Henriette de Joyeuse. On the chimneypiece is my portrait, with one of my father, and one of the King on horseback.

[April, 1681] The court left for Saint-Germain. One day when I was listless with waiting, Madame de Montespan sent to pray me to come to walk with her, as she must speak to me. My heart beat cruelly, for I judged that this had to do with M. de Lauzun. When we had reached the Val, which is a garden at the end of the park, she said to me:

"The King has asked me to tell you that he will release M. de Lauzun from Pignerol, in order that he may go to the Baths at Bourbon."

"What!" I exclaimed. "He is not to return directly here after all that I have done?" I burst into tears.

"You are indeed difficult to please," she answered. "The King has also asked me to tell you that he does not wish you to dream of ever marrying M. de Lauzun—at least, officially. The letters he has had sent to his ambassadors in foreign countries announcing the breaking off of the *Affaire-Lauzun* have tied his hands."

Upon this I again began to weep, and I spoke of the gifts I had made only on this one condition, to which Madame de Montespan said, "I have promised nothing." She had closed her account.

The King came to supper and I had to thank him

for granting M. de Lauzun his liberty, but added that this favor was not complete so long as he [M. de Lauzun] did not have the honor of seeing him or being near him; that freedom without that was nothing. As for me, I could not tell him all I suffered in my heart, from fear of weeping before all the court.

I wrote to M. de Lauzun, asking him to see no one at Bourbon, that he might thereby show he thought only of seeing the King; that he was indifferent to everything but that.

The wife of the Maréchal d'Humières, who had been there [at Bourbon], came to dine with me at Choisy and told me M. de Lauzun saw no one, and had high hopes of regaining his commission in the army and of soon returning to serve his quarter. Imagine if this conversation delighted me!

On the evening of Saint John's Day I mounted my coach to go to Versailles. Think of my dismay when on my going directly to Madame de Montespan's, she exclaimed: "You will be astonished at the news this day. I have just learned that M. de Luxembourg will serve his [Lauzun's] quarter in the army."

"Who would have believed that the King would

choose him [M. de Luxembourg] for the place nearest his side, after all I have done for the King?" I answered. I was deeply hurt and immeasurably sad. All this time I had counted upon the commission for M. de Lauzun and he had expected it, and now—this.

As the season for taking the waters at Bourbon drew to an end, he [Lauzun] was obliged to go elsewhere. He was sent to the citadel of Chalons-sur-Saône. I had been given the choice of two or three places, but as this was nearer and more agreeable than the others, I chose it. M. de Lauzun was greatly displeased at my choice and when he heard of the selection of M. de Luxembourg for his position at court he was in despair. All my time was now spent in working for the complete freedom of M. de Lauzun.

The King gave me his permission to bestow more of my wealth upon his prisoner, the Duc de Lauzun. To compensate him for the loss of the estates given to the little Duc du Maine, I gave him the duchy of Saint-Fargeau and other estates in the provinces, which gave him an annuity of forty thousand livres. And yet, in place of being grateful for these gifts, M. de Lauzun complained I had given him so little that he had some difficulty in accepting them.

The King decided to take a journey into Germany and asked me to accompany the Queen, but I did not wish to go. While the court was away I remained at Choisy, where the King wrote me asking that I be so gracious as to make known what I had done for M. du Maine. When this piece of news was divulged through the "Gazette," some admired what I had done, but many criticized me. Naturally, the friends of Madame de Montespan and the court people who were still in Paris drove out to pay me their compliments.

I received a letter from M. de Lauzun, now at Amboise, begging to return, saying that the air was killing him; that he saw no one, was bored to death; and unless God helped him it would be worse than Pignerol. I hurried off to see M. Colbert, who only said to me, "You must have patience." Everything M. de Lauzun did was known and his conduct pronounced reprehensible. The Marquise d'Alluye had been sent to Amboise, where her husband was the governor. Many people from Paris who had houses in that part of the country saw M. de Lauzun constantly with *la marquise*. He has the *air galant* with every woman.

The King at length consented to his return and to receive him once. He might live in Paris or where-

ever he liked, so long as he did not remain at court. This was a great favor, but, from fear that he might not conduct himself well, there were times when I was not certain whether or not I wished him to return. All the court came to congratulate me upon his return.

The King went to dine at Versailles the day M. de Lauzun arrived, and asked Madame de Montespan to invite me. When I reached her apartments—there he was. He had just finished his interview with the King. He wore an old undress uniform with short waistcoat, almost in rags, and a very ugly wig. He sank at my feet with much grace. Madame de Montespan said, "You will be glad to speak together." I was silent; astonished. She then went away and I followed her, while M. de Lauzun went to pay his respects to the Queen. Upon his return he told me that no one could have been more graciously received by the King than he, and that it was to me he owed this obligation; that never would he have received such favors had I not made them possible. He said other gracious things, but I found him greatly changed.

I remained four days after the arrival of M. de Lauzun, and then we went away in the morning to

Choisy. One day while here he entered while my toilette was being completed.

"I was astonished," he began, "to see the Queen with many-colored ribbons in her hair."

"You must find it wrong, then," I said, "that I, who am older than she, should wear them."

He did not reply, so I told him that persons of rank were permitted to wear decorations for a longer time than other people and that I wore them only in the country and with my *robe-de-chambre*. However, I perceived that his experience of imprisonment had not decreased his spirit of criticism.

It was perfect weather, so we spent one whole day in walking, during which time he was in the best of humor. At five o'clock he said:

"I have a rendezvous at seven o'clock with M. Colbert, whom I've not seen. I must not be late. I am in despair at leaving you, but I shall have the honor of seeing you this evening when I return at eight. I have found Choisy delightful."

Later in the evening Baraille came to give me his [Lauzun's] excuses. He was too wearied to return and had retired. I asked Baraille, "Are you telling me the truth?" He replied: "I think I am. I left him at Rollinde's." The next morning a number of

people called at the Luxembourg, among them Madame de Langlée, who said: "Yesterday evening he [Lauzun] paid me a visit, during which he threw himself into a chair and exclaimed, 'I shall certainly die if Mademoiselle continues to walk me about as she did to-day.'" This conversation and this visit, after the message he had sent me, surprised me a little, I confess.

M. de Lauzun came to my house for a moment each morning. He kept urging me to speak to the King, that I might obtain permission for his return to court. "You have not sufficient interest," he said, "to obtain for me that which I hope for from the King."

"I have done and still will do for you more than any other person," I said, "but if you destroy all my efforts by your bad conduct, you alone must take the responsibility for such actions, for most willingly would I cease to interest myself in your affairs."

The next day he returned with a softened and most flattering manner. But often he seemed to me covetous and selfish. I could not have believed it, nor could others who knew him before his imprisonment. He ought never to have shown himself except when things were going prosperously with him. His

imprisonment, instead of correcting his faults through suffering, had only helped to exaggerate them, until he was no longer master of himself.

We went to Saint-Germain early in the season and found the weather rudely cold. M. de Lauzun complained that he would die of it, but then he was in an unpleasant mood and considered himself the most unfortunate man in the world because I would not interest myself in his return to favor.

On Holy Wednesday Madame de Montespan accompanied us to chapel, but the service had hardly begun when she had a fainting fit. We had to take her into the garden and remain with her there for two hours, although the day was bitterly cold.

M. de Lauzun again began to complain, but this time by saying that if I had not meddled in his affairs he would now have his old position of Captain of the Guards. At this Madame de Montespan exclaimed:

"What are you trying to say? Never would you have been even free except for Mademoiselle. Without her no one would have thought of you."

She was quite as angry as I, but said to me laughingly: "When people are a long time in prison they come to believe what they have fancied. You must

pardon M. de Lauzun his fancies. Later he will return to his senses. But had you known his disposition, you scarcely would have done all that you have done. Truly, the King has shown him great consideration. It is seldom that one is treated so well after so deep a disgrace."

Thus I was beginning to know him and to be tired of him, but I wished to carry out the bargain. I was unwilling, after having done so much for him, to abandon him before reaching the desired goal—to see him made Duc de Montpensier and to obtain his restoration to court. No one, however, can understand the depth of my grief. The King came to see me. "What is the matter?" he asked. "You have the eyes of a woman who has wept much." I begged him not to mention it, lest I weep some more, but added that Madame de Montespan would tell him of my trouble. He said nothing more.

Before my departure for Eu I went to bid M. de Colbert adieu. We walked up and down in his cabinet, discussing M. de Lauzun. In the course of our conversation I asked him, "Will M. de Lauzun's position always remain as it is now?"

"He is not behaving well," he answered. "The

King is much displeased with him because he does not treat you with more consideration. As for me, I pity you exceedingly, Mademoiselle, in having conferred favors on a man who is so little grateful for what you have done and who causes you only anxiety. God grant that he may change, but I fear he never will."

Then I started for Eu, whither M. de Lauzun promised to follow me as soon as possible. It was three weeks before he came, but during this time he wrote me daily, telling me of his impatience to see me. He made rather poor excuses. When he arrived he found this château very handsome and was delighted with its air of grandeur. It is true that I had tried very hard to make it comfortable for him. One day we went hunting. He galloped ahead of me, got lost, and did not return until nine o'clock in the evening. During the seventeen days he was at Eu I saw very little of him and he behaved very badly.

[July 30, 1683] The King sent a page to Eu to inform me that the Queen was dead. The evening passed in lamenting her and the next day I set out for Paris, where nothing but the death of the Queen

was spoken of. I have heard later that the musketeers who escorted the body of the Queen to Saint-Denis galloped over the plains and the attendants in the coaches laughed aloud. When we entered the church at Saint-Denis, the sight of the lighted chapel where the Queen was lying in state was very startling to persons who had been in the habit of seeing her every day. The reflections which we made at Saint-Denis—the place where our fathers lie and where we, too, shall be interred some day—were very mournful. The Queen was a good woman and I cared for her. My only regret is that I had not paid her more attention. I could have been her favorite.

M. de Lauzun accompanied me from Choisy to Paris, by boat—a lovely one, all painted and gilded and hung with scarlet damask curtains with gold fringe. The King had had it built for me at Havre and given it to me. M. de Lauzun was in a merry mood and enlivened the journey by *mille singeries*.

The next time we were at Choisy, M. de Lauzun said while walking with me in the garden: "This is a most useless expense—this building of Choisy.

You needed only a small house here where you might come to eat your fricassee of chicken, without the need of a place to sleep. And these terraces have cost immense sums. Of what good are they?"

"I built them upon the advice of M. Colbert," I replied.

"You would have much better employed your money had you given it to me," he answered.

"I have given you a great deal already," I replied quite sweetly, "and I may continue to do so, that you may be content, but I have given something more than money to atone for your bad behavior."

"This kind of conversation—is it likely to continue a long time?" he asked.

"As long as it pleases me," I returned, and angrily now. "I have the right to say to you what I please and you are obliged to listen to it."

[April 22, 1684] The King set out to join the army on the frontier. That day M. de Lauzun, in a most terrible mood, came to see me. I tried to appease his anger by saying: "You must go away to Saint-Fargeau. Since you were not allowed to go with the King, you will be a laughing-stock if you remain in Paris, while I shall be very much

vexed if it is believed that it is I who have caused you to remain behind."

"I am going away," he replied, "and bid you farewell. I shall never see you again."

"It would have been better," I answered, "if we had never met."

"You have ruined my career," he continued; "you might as well have cut my throat. It is your fault that I am not going with the King; you asked him to leave me behind."

"Oh, as for that, it is false," I exclaimed. "He will tell you so himself."

Lauzun grew more and more angry, but I was very calm as I said, "Adieu, then," and I entered my boudoir. I remained there some time. On returning, I found him still there. The ladies present said, "Do you not wish to play cards?" I approached him, saying, "This is too much; keep your promise; go away."

He finally withdrew and went directly to Monsieur, to whom he said that I had driven him away *comme un coquin* and complained bitterly of me. The few days that he remained in Paris he played and lost much money. Then he went away to the siege of Luxembourg.

I stayed much at Choisy. I had a bad cough. M. de Lauzun sent a gentleman to present to me his compliments. I believe he had written me. I made no reply. He sent me a quantity of pretty Chinese curiosities. I was unwilling to accept them. I have a good memory and as a result, I forget nothing. Memories may keep one unhappy.

*The end of the Memoirs of Mademoiselle de
Montpensier*

PORTRAIT
of
MADEMOISELLE de MONTPENSIER

cc. 288

Written by herself at Champigny, November, 1657¹

I WILL begin with my exterior. I am tall; I am neither fat nor thin; I have a graceful and easy bearing; I am good-looking; my throat is well formed. My hands and arms are not beautiful, but there is great beauty in their flesh, and my throat also is very pretty. My leg is straight and my foot is shapely. My hair is a beautiful ash blond. My face is long and well shaped. The nose is large and aquiline. The mouth neither large nor small, but agreeably fashioned. My lips are the color of vermilion. My teeth are not handsome, but neither are they horrible. My eyes are blue, neither large nor small, but brilliant, gentle yet proud, like my whole appearance. I have a haughty but not vain-glorious air; I am courteous and friendly, but my

¹A frank analysis of physiognomy and personality. The writing of "portraits" was a fashionable literary diversion among the aristocratic men and women of letters of Mademoiselle's day.

manner is one to inspire respect rather than to cause the lack of it. I am indifferent about my dress, but my negligence does not go so far as untidiness. I hate that! I am neat, and whether I am laced or loosely robed, everything I wear looks well. This is not because I do not look incomparably better with tightly fitting garments, but it is because negligence and loose garments sit less ill upon me than upon another, for I may say, without boasting, that I become whatever I put on better than anything I put on becomes me.

I talk a good deal, without talking nonsense or using improper language. I do not talk of what I do not understand, like talkative people generally, who, having too much confidence in themselves, have a scorn for others. There are certain chapters about which one could easily lead me into a trap; these are narrations of events of which I have some knowledge and in which I have played some part; and although others may have played a part in them as well as myself, and although I speak well of them when I talk of them, it seems that I listen more willingly to the good that is said of me and that I seek more to court praise than to bestow it. I think this is the one point in which I am open to ridicule.

I am always ready to credit myself with many

virtues, but I pride myself on nothing so much as on being a good friend and very steadfast in my friendships, when I am fortunate enough to find persons of merit whose humor suits my own; since I do not choose to suffer from the inconstancy of others. I am most careful in the keeping of counsels, and nothing equals the constancy and consideration which I have for my friends—qualities which I wish one may have for me; for nothing attracts me so much as one's confidence, because it is a mark of esteem and is most appreciated by those who have feelings of sentiment and honor.

I am a very bad enemy, being passionate and easily losing my self-control; and this, my birth considered, may well cause my enemies to tremble; yet I have a good and noble soul. I am incapable of any base or dark action; thus I am more ready to render mercy than justice. I am inclined to be melancholy; I love to read good and worth-while books; the lighter ones bore me, except books of verse, and these I love of whatever kind they may be; and assuredly I am as good a critic of these things as if I were a scholar.

I love society and the conversation of gentle folk, and yet I am not too much bored with others, because persons of my rank must bear constraint,

being born for others rather than for themselves. Restraining my feelings has become such a habit that I am bored by nothing, although not everything amuses me. This does not prevent me from recognizing persons of merit when I see them, while I particularly admire those who have especial abilities in their own profession.

Above everything, I like soldiers, and to hear them talk of their profession; and although I have said that I talk of nothing I do not understand, I must confess I enjoy talking about war. I feel I am very brave; that I have much courage and ambition; yet God has placed the limits of my ambition so high, thanks to my birth and rank, that that which would be a defect in another is, with me, only the carrying out of His will for me.

I am quick in my decisions and firm in keeping them. To me nothing seems difficult in the service of my friends or in obedience to those on whom I depend. I am disinterested. I am incapable of any baseness and I am so indifferent to worldly things, because of my contempt for others and a good opinion of myself, that I would pass my whole life in solitude rather than restrain my proud temper in anything, even if my fortune depended upon it.

I like being alone; I show little complaisance

and expect much; I am mistrustful of others but not of myself; I like to please and to oblige, but I like also to vex and to tease. Since I do not love pleasures, I do not willingly procure them for others.

I love violin music better than any other; I love to dance more than I do, and I dance very well; I hate playing cards but love active games; I can do all sorts of needlework; it is one of my diversions, with hunting and riding. I am much more sensitive to sorrow than to joy, knowing the one better than the other, but it is difficult to notice this in me, for although I am very natural and never play a part so that one can see to the very bottom of my heart, yet I am so the master of myself when I wish that I show only that side [of my heart] which it pleases me to show. Never has one had so much control over himself and never has a mind been more the master of its body, so much so that I have sometimes suffered from it. The great disappointments which I have had would have killed another, but God has given me everything in so just a proportion, has granted me such unparalleled health and strength that nothing breaks me down, nothing fatigues me; it is even difficult to judge of my changes of fortune from my face, which rarely is altered.

I have forgotten to say that I have a healthy

color which corresponds to what I have just said. It is lively, not delicate. I am not devout. I wish I were, and indeed I am very indifferent to the world, but I fear this is not true detachment, for I do not despise myself, and it seems to me that self-love is not a quality useful in devotion. I have a great aptitude for business affairs; indeed, I am devoted to them and I am as suspicious of them as of all else. I love law and order even in the smallest things. I do not know if I am generous; I know that I like everything that has to do with pomp and magnificence and to give to deserving persons and to those whom I love; but as this is done to please my own fancy, I do not know if it can be called generosity. When I do good I do it with the greatest willingness in the world, while no one is so obliging to others as I. I do not like to praise others and I rarely blame myself. I do not speak evil of others, nor do I make fun of them, although I know better than any one the ridicule of others and often have the inclination to turn it upon those who seem to me to deserve it. I paint badly, but I write well and easily.

As to gallantry, I have no inclination that way, and one even finds fault with me because the poetry of passion is that which I like least, for I am not

tender-hearted; but if any one says I am equally insensible to friendship and to love, I deny it, for I do love those who are worthy of my love, while I am the most grateful person in the world. I am naturally abstemious and eating wearies me, and it wearies me to see others take too much pleasure in it. I prefer to sleep, although the least thing that requires my attention distracts me from my sleep but without discomfort. I am not a schemer; I like to know what is happening in society in order to keep away from it rather than from a desire to take part in it. I have a good memory and am not lacking in sound judgment. The thing that I wish is that if any one passes judgment on me, he will not be influenced by the events of my fortune, which has been so unhappy up to this time, in comparison with what it might have been, that such a judgment would perhaps be unfavorable to me. But assuredly, to do me justice, one may say that I have failed less in my behavior than Fortune did in her judgment, for had she had good judgment, she would certainly have treated me better.

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